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FOURTH READER

M·W·HAZEN

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO
AMERICAN · BOOK · COMPANY

Olive Lulu Wagner.
Duncannon, Pa.
Educ T 758.95.463

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HAZEN'S

FOURTH READER

BY

M. W. HAZEN, M.A.



NEW YORK :: CINCINNATI :: CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Educ 755.95.463

"THE WAY TO LEARN TO READ IS BY READING."

A COMPLETE COURSE IN READING

BY

M. W. HAZEN, M.A.

PRIMER AND FIRST READER: Words and Phrases from Pictures, Sounds from Spoken Words, New Words from Sounds and by Sight, Letters from Observation, Script from Models.

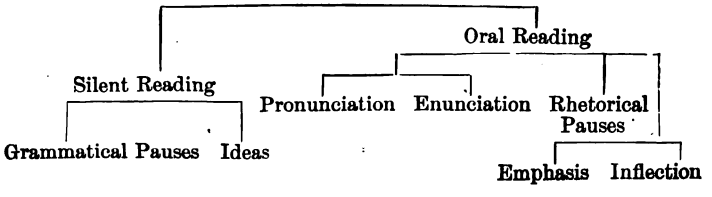
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Charts, covering Picture Study and Sight Work, Drill on Sounds, Word-building, Phrase and Sentence-making, Correct Expression, Form, Emphasis, Inflection, Tone.

READING INCLUDES



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OUTLINE OF THIS FOURTH READER.

Learning to Read.—The phrase "learning to read" has two meanings. The first belongs to little children, who, between their fourth and seventh years, come to attach meanings to the printed or written words. When the pupil has learned to know by sight a few hundred common words, and can, without help, understand and enjoy the simple stories suited to his age, he has, in one sense, "learned to read."

The more he reads, the better he is able to gain from a printed or written page the ideas conveyed. But his powers are only enlarged; they are not changed in their essentials.

The second meaning belongs to his whole life, and especially to his whole school-life. To read a dialogue so that the listener forgets that he is not really hearing the parties who are represented; an earnest conversation, so that none of its earnestness is lost; a story or description, so that it seems to be told rather than read,—gives oral reading its true place, and one who can do this has "learned to read" in the second and larger sense.

Importance of Vocal Drill.—To do this, the voice needs training in order to respond to the demands made upon it; and one who wishes to be a good reader or speaker should practice daily the drill given in this series of Readers on enunciation, tone, breathings, and expression, until the voice becomes as automatic in speaking as the feet in walking, and responds to the will without a conscious effort. If the work in the previous books of this series has been fairly well done, the pupils have gained the ability to think about what they read, and their tastes have kept even step with their improvement in reading. so that now they are able to appreciate lessons that may seem hard to others, and to enjoy the vigorous mind-exercise that the study of good authors gives to a bright and thoughtful pupil.

A Higher Standard in Reading.—While in some departments of study it has been the habit of schools to press pupils in advance of their powers, the reverse has been true of reading.

There should be a good class of matter in the readers; and a systematic drill on it from the start would open far-reaching avenues and draw pupils along them until their own interest is so aroused that they will prefer these ways to others.

If the school readers do not help in this work, and if the teachers are not ready for it, how and when can it be done for the great masses of children?

Careful Teaching.—"Read hard books, read books a little too hard for you, if you would have them do you good," was the wise saying of one of the wisest of teachers; and the extracts in readers should always lead upward, in knowledge, thought, expression, and power.

If this Fourth Reader is found too hard for a class, it will be because the pupils have not been led up to it through the rest of the series; and the teacher must go slowly and carefully, helping over the hard places and stimulating the pupil by her own appreciativeness of the lesson.

Standard Authors.—The selections are from standard authors in general, and cover history, biography, myths (which precede and overlap the authentic history of all nations), science, stories, and poetry. In the latter the selection has been based upon the recognition that truth may be of value even before the mind can grasp all its fullness.

> "Our reach is farther than our grasp,
> Else what were a heaven worth?"

says Tennyson; and it is of infinite value to fill the memory with grand thoughts and utterances, which, dimly guessed at first, will grow with one's growth and strengthen with one's strength for ever.

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A GUIDE TO ORAL READING.

Axiom 1.—Know exactly what you are to teach.

Axiom 2.—Know exactly each step in your plan of teaching.

Axiom 3.—Know exactly the action of the pupil's mind at each step taken.

Axiom 4.—Base all teaching on the known, and teach the nearest unknown.

Axiom 5.—Teach one thing at a time, thoroughly.

Haphazard teaching never amounts to much; but a graded plan, followed systematically, slowly, and thoroughly, will produce wonderful results.

READING is twofold: (*a*) Silent and (*b*) Oral.

Silent reading is reading for ideas. The power to gain from the written or printed page the ideas of an author, easily, rapidly, and without a conscious naming of the words, is the key to all studies.

Silent Reading stands first in the order of teaching as well as first in importance.

Oral Reading is reading aloud the words of an author so as to convey his meaning to the hearer. But, to express aloud fairly well the proper meaning, the author's ideas must be understood and then naturally expressed.

Oral Reading, then, depends: (*a*) on the ideas, which are obtained from silent reading; (*b*) on distinct articulation, which comes from proper phonic drill; (*c*) on the natural oral expression of the thought, which includes Emphasis, Inflection, and the proper Rhetorical Pauses.

Oral Reading will be treated under two heads: 1. ARTICULATION and 2. EXPRESSION.

A short exercise should be given every day on both Articulation and Expression.

1. ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the utterance of the elementary sounds that are found in spoken words.

An elementary sound is a simple spoken sound.

Speech consists of sounds combined into words.

These sounds are produced by emissions of the breath modified by the Organs of Speech. The Organs of Speech chiefly modifying the sounds are the tongue, teeth, lips, and palate. The nasal passages, lungs, larynx (in which are the vocal cords), pharynx, and windpipe (trachea) complete the list.

Elementary sounds are divided into *vowels* and *consonants*, which terms apply both to the *sounds* and to the *letters* representing them.

A vowel sound is a sound produced by an unobstructed utterance of the breath (as in whispering) or of the voice (as in speaking aloud).

Vowel sounds are *Simple* (having only one sound) or *Compound* (having two simple sounds united in utterance into a single sound).

A consonant sound is a sound produced by the partial or complete obstruction of the breath or voice by the vocal organs.

All sounds are formed or modified by the position of the *tongue*, the *palate*, the *lips*, or by the *motions* of the *lower jaw;* but the breath is not hindered from coming out freely in *vowel sounds*, while *consonant sounds* are produced by a partial or complete obstruction of the breath or of the voice by the tongue, teeth, lips, or palate, and are sometimes named from the organ by which they are formed, as LABIALS, DENTALS, PALATALS.

The following pages contain a complete vocal drill, covering the entire school course, and should be taught, little by little, slowly, carefully, and thoroughly, and, as fast as learned, should be applied to the Reading Lessons.

With most classes you may not be able to master half of this course. Select the drill suited to your pupils, and do your work so well that the course can be completed in the next grade without taking half the time to review the work attempted now.

TABLES. VOWEL SOUNDS.

Sounds of	macron ¯	breve ˘	dots ¨	dot ·	wave ~	circumflex ^	a = ă; e, o, and u = ĭ; u = ĕ; o = wŭ; u = w; y = ĕ.	Used by the International to indicate a long vowel unaccented, as ēnēmīte, īdēa.
a	māy	băg	äre a̤ll	ȧsk wa̤s	——	câre	any(ĕ)	
e	mē, they	bĕg	——	——	hĕr	thêre	pretty(ĭ)	
i	mīne	bĭg	poli̤ce	——	sĭr	——	——	
o	mōw	bŏg	do̤	wȯn wo̤lf	wŏrk	côrn	one(wŭ) women(ĭ)	
u	mūse	bŭg	rṳde	pṳll	——	fûr	quit(w) busy(ĭ) bury(ĕ)	
y	mȳ	hўmn	——	——	mўrrh	——	quay(ē)	
oo	mo͞on	bo͝ok	——	——	——	——	——	

2. EQUIVALENT VOWEL SOUNDS.

a̤ = ŏ	wa̤s, nŏt	o̤ = ṳ	wo̤lf, pṳll
a = ĕ	many, said, mĕt	ṳ = o̤	rṳde, do̤
e = ā	they, ve̤il, māy	o͞o = o̤	mo͞on, do̤
ê = â	thêre, thêir, câre	o͝o = ṳ	bo͝ok, pṳll
ĭ = ē	poli̤ce, mē	ou = ow	out, cow
ô = a̤	fôr, fa̤ll	oy = oi	boy, oil
ȯ = ŭ	sȯn, sŭn		
ȳ = ī	mȳ, mīne	ĕ = ĭ = ŏ = ȳ = ŭ	
ў = ĭ	hўmn, hĭm	hĕr, fĭr, wŏrk, mўrrh, ŭrge	

The sounds of these vowels (if indeed they have any sound) are so united with the sound of *r* following as to be practically lost; e in *servant* is either *ĕ* or *ă*.

3. CONSONANTS. REGULAR SOUNDS.

ç soft, like s (merçy); c hard, like k (cat); ch, unmarked, as in child; ch soft, like sh (chaise); g̃ (or unmarked) hard (g̃o); ġ soft, like j (aġe); th sharp, unmarked (thin); th flat, or vocal (thee); ng, unmarked (sing); n̨ (sink); x̣, like g̃z (exact); x, unmarked, like ks (extreme); s̨, like z (is); qu, unmarked, like kw (quite); wh, unmarked, like hw (when).

4. CONSONANTS. EQUIVALENTS.

gh = p (hiccough); gh = f (cough); d = t (looked); di = j (soldier); ph = f (Philip); c, ce, or ci = sh (ocean); s, se, or si = sh (nauseous, mission, sure); t or ti = sh (nation, partial, patient); sc or sci = sh (conscience); ph = v (Stephen); x = z (Xenophon); x = ksh (noxious, luxury); s or si = zh (vision); z or zi = zh (azure, glazier); t or ti = zh (transition); g = zh (rouge); f = v (of); sc = zz (discern); c = z (suffice); ss = zz (hussar).

VOWELS. (SOUNDS, NOT LETTERS.)

mā*y*, dā*y*, sā*y*, gā*y* . . . . . ā, ā, ā, ā (*long*)
mē, hē, bē, wē . . . . . ē, ē, ē, ē (*long*)
pī*e*, hī*gh*, tī*e*, lī*e* . . . . . ī, ī, ī, ī (*long*)
lō, nō, sō, gō . . . . . ō, ō, ō, ō (*long*)
ūs*e*, cū*e*, hū*e*, dū*e* . . . . . ū, ū, ū, ū (*long*)

*ā, ē, ī, ō, ū. mā, mē, mī, mō, mū.
m-ā mā m-ē mē m-ī mī m-ō mō m-ū mū

ăm, ăm . . . ă, ă (*short*) || mĕt, mĕt . . ĕ, ĕ (*short*)
ĭn, ĭn . . . ĭ, ĭ (*short*) || ŏn, ŏn . . ŏ, ŏ (*short*)
ŭp, ŭp . . . ŭ, ŭ (*short*) || ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ.

*mă, mă mĕ, mĕ mĭ, mĭ mŏ, mŏ mŭ, mŭ
m-ă mă m-ĕ mĕ m-ĭ mĭ m-ŏ mŏ m-ŭ mŭ

pä, pä . . ä, ä (*Italian*) || dọ, dọ . . . . . ọ, ọ
l*a*w, l*a*w . . ạ, ạ (*broad*) || pụll, pụll . . . . . ụ, ụ
åsk, åsk . . å, å (*intermed.*) || dâr*e*, dâr*e* . . . . . â, â

*mä, mä mạ, mạ må, må mọ, mọ mụ, mụ
m-ä mä m-ạ mạ m-å må m-ọ mọ m-ụ mụ

†ē, ā, å, â, ă, ä, ạ, ō, ọ
mē, māy, måst, mâre, măn, mä, mạw, mōw, mọ

†ī, ĭ, ĕ, ŏ, ŭ, ụ, ū
fīne, fĭn, fĕd, fŏp, fŭn, fụll fūme

* Use other consonants with these sounds in the same way as *m* is used in the above lines; *e. g.*, instead of m-ā mā, m-ē mē, etc., give the line, b-ā bā, b-ē bē, etc. Every vowel sound in our language is given on this page. There are many *equivalents*, but no other *vowel sounds*. † These combinations are given to teach the proper discriminations, and to develop the vocal organs. It is a good exercise to sing them to the scale, with one, two, or more utterances of each sound to each tone of the scale.

CONSONANTS. (SOUNDS, NOT LETTERS.)

bā*b*e,	ĕbb . .	b,	b,	b,	b . .	b-ā-b*e*,	ĕ-bb.
e*c*ăt,	tă*c*k .	k,	k,	k,	k . .	e-ă-t,	t-ă-e*k*.
dā*y*,	băd . .	d,	d,	d,	d . .	d-ā*y*,	b-ă-d.
făt,	ŏff . .	f,	f,	f,	f . .	f-ă-t,	ŏ-ff.
g̃ō,	ĕg̃g̃ . .	g̃,	g̃,	g̃,	g̃ . .	g̃-ō,	ĕ-g̃g̃.
hē,	hăt . .	h,	h,	h,	h . .	h-ă-t,	h-ē.
joy,	ā*ġ*e . .	*ġ*,	*ġ*,	*ġ*,	*ġ* . .	j-oy,	ā-*ġ*e.
Kā*t*e,	tāke . .	k,	k,	k,	k . . .	K-ā-t*e*,	t-ā-k*e*.
dŭll,	lŭll . .	l,	l,	l,	l . .	l-ŭ-ll,	d-ŭ-ll.
mā*y*,	ā*i*m . .	m,	m,	m,	m . .	m-ā*y*,	ā*i*-m.
fŭn,	nŭn . .	n,	n,	n,	n . .	n-ŭ-n,	f-ŭ-n.
pīpe,	pĭp . .	p,	p,	p,	p . .	p-ĭ-p,	p-ī-p*e*.
răt,	tär . .	r,	r,	r,	r . .	r-ă-t,	t-ä-r.
săp,	pa̋ss . .	s,	s,	s,	s . .	s-ă-p,	p-a̋-ss.
tă*c*k,	e*c*ăt . .	t,	t,	t,	t . .	t-ă-e*k*,	e-ă-t.
vălv*e*,	e*c*āv*e* . .	v,	v,	v,	v . .	v-ă-l-v*e*,	e-ā-v*e*.
wē,	wĭll . .	w,	w,	w,	w . .	w-ē,	w-ĭ-ll.
yĕs,	yĕt . .	y,	y,	y,	y . .	y-ĕ-s,	y-ĕ-t.
zĕst,	bŭzz .	z,	z,	z,	z . .	z-ĕ-s-t,	b-ŭ-zz.
sĭng,	rĭng . .	ng,	ng,	ng,	ng .	s-ĭ-ng,	r-ĭ-ng.
thĭn,	nôrth .	th,	th,	th,	th .	th-ĭ-n,	n-ô-r-th.
thĕn,	wĭth .	th,	th,	th,	th .	th-ē-n,	w-ĭ-th.
chûrch,	lûrch .	ch,	ch,	ch,	ch .	ch-û-r-ch,	l-û-r-ch.
sē*i*zur*e*,	āzur*e* .	z,	z,	z,	z . .	s-ē*i*-z-u-r*e*,	ā-z-u-r*e*.
shē,	wa̤sh .	sh,	sh,	sh,	sh .	sh-ē,	w-a̤-sh.

NOTE.—Pronounce both words slowly, dwelling on the sound you wish to teach. After giving the word several times, make the word from the sounds. Begin with one easy word, and go very slowly.

REPRESENTATIONS OF ALL VOWEL SOUNDS.

ā : āt*e*, āi*d*, mā*y*, bre*a*k, ġā*u*ge, ġā*o*l, ā*y*e.

ă : ăt, plăi*d*, g*u*ărăntē*e*.

ä : ärm, ä*u*nt, he*a*rt, g*u*ärd, bazä*a*r.

â : dâr*e*, fâi*r*, be*a*r, prâ*y*er, *A*âron.

ȧ : ȧsk (when followed by the smooth *r*, it becomes â).

ą : fą*l*l, ą*w*e, frą*u*d, ą*w*l.

ą : wąs.

â : senât*e*, ravâg*e* (long ā in unaccented syllables).

a : (unmarked = ĕ) many, sa*i*d, sa*y*s; (a = û) liar; as in final (marked by Worcester as obscure; left unmarked by Webster).

ē : mē, ē*a*t, bē*e*f, thi*e*f, decē*i*t, kē*y*, pē*o*ple, Portug*u*ēse, *A*ēgis, *o*ēsophagus.

ĕ : mĕt, hĕ*a*d, di*a*ĕresis, hĕ*i*fer, jĕ*o*pardy, fri*e*nd, *O*ĕdipus, g*u*ĕst.

ę : the*y*, vęil, mêlę*e*.

ê : thêr*e*, thê*i*r, mêlę*e*.

ĕ : hĕr, hĕ*a*rd, g*u*ĕrdon.

ê : êvent, crêat*e* (long ē in unaccented syllables).

e : (unmarked = ĭ) pretty, be*e*n; (= ä) serge*a*nt; rēcent (marked by Worcester as obscure; left unmarked by Webster).

ī : īc*e*, dī*e*, g*u*īd*e*, hī*gh*t, *a*īsl*e*.

ĭ : fĭr.

ĭ : ĭt, dutĭ*e*s, b*u*ĭlt, captaĭn, foreĭgn, carrĭage, tortoĭse.

ĭ : ĭdēą (long ī in unaccented syllables).

ĭ : polĭc*e*.

ō : nō, ō*a*ts, blō*w*, fō*u*r, hō*e*, dō*o*r, *y*eōman, ō*w*e.

ŏ : ŏn, *k*nŏ*w*led*g*e, lŏ*u*gh.

ǫ : dǫ, blǫom (or ōō), shǫe.

ô : bôrn, bô*ugh*t, brôad, Geôrge, extraôrdinary

ǫ : wǫlf, brǫok (or ŏŏ).

ō : wōrk.

ô : sôn, natiôn (ti = sh), tô*u*ch, blôod, dôes, porpôi*s*e, cushi*o*n, dun*g*eôn.

ō : ōbe*y* (long ō in unaccented syllables).

o : (unmarked = ĭ) women.

ū : ūse, hū*e*, jū*i*ce, li*e*ū, b*ea*ūty, mantū*a*-maker, n*e*ūter, *yo*ūth, *y*ū*l*e.

ŭ : ŭs, nervoŭs.

u̱ : ru̱d*e*, gro*u*̱p, tru̱*e*, fru̱*i*t, man*oe*u̱vr*e*.

û : fûr, sc*o*ûrg*e*.

u̇ : fu̇*ll*, wo*u*̇*l*d.

ṻ : ṻnit*e* (long ū in unaccented syllables).

u : (unmarked = ĭ) busy ; (= ĕ) bury ; (= w) quit.

ȳ : mȳ, b*u*ȳ, rȳ*e*, *a*ȳ*e*, *e*ȳ*e* (= ī).

y̆ : hy̆m*n* (= ĭ).

ӯ : mӯrtle (= ī).

y : (unmarked = ē) q*ua*y.

ẏ̈ : hẏ̈ena (long ȳ in unaccented syllables).

DIPHTHONGS.

A real, or proper, diphthong consists of two vowel sounds in one syllable. When two vowels are written together, and one is silent, it is an improper diphthong. All the long vowels but ē are real diphthongs, while most of the apparent diphthongs are improper.

oi (ô-ĭ or a̱-ĭ) = oy (ô ô-y̆ y̆) = eoi, boil, boy, bourg*eois*e.

ou (ä-u̱ or ä-o͝o) = ow = eo . . . out, crowd, Macleod.

PECULIAR EQUIVALENTS.

hautboy (au = ō), beau (eau = ō), sew (ew = ō).

grew (ew = o̱ = o͝o), dew (ew = ū), few (ew = ū).

view (iew = ū), ewe = ū, beaufin (eau = ĭ or ō).

PUNCTUATION AND DEFINITIONS.

The **period** (.) is used after a statement or a command, and to show that letters are omitted.

The **comma** (,), **semicolon** (;), and **colon** (:) are used between the parts of a sentence to make the meaning plain.

The **apostrophe** (') is used to denote ownership, and to show that letters have been omitted.

The **quotation marks** (" ") are used to denote that the words inclosed by them were spoken exactly as they are printed.

The **exclamation point** (!) shows surprise, astonishment, or alarm.

The **interrogation point** (?) is used at the end of a question.

The **hyphen** (-) connects the syllables of a word, and also the words that form a compound word.

Parentheses ( ) inclose explanations or illustrations of the regular text.

The **dash** (—) is used to denote an unfinished sentence, a break or sudden change in the sense; to increase the length of a pause, and, instead of stars (* *), to show that letters or words are omitted.

1. A **name-word** (or **noun**) is the name of anything.

(*A noun is said to be in the singular number if it means but one, and in the plural number if it means more than one.*)

2. An **action-word** (or **verb**) is a word that expresses action.

3. A **pronoun** is a word that takes the place of a noun.

4. A **quality-word** (or **adjective**) is any word that tells the quality of any object.

5. A **describing-word** (or **adverb**) is a word that tells how, when, why, or where an action is done.

6. **Connecting-words** (**prepositions** and **conjunctions**) are words that connect other words, and show how or why they are joined together.

7. An **interjection** is a word expressing surprise, alarm, astonishment, or pain.

8. A **sentence** is the complete expression of a thought in words. (A sentence must always contain at least two words—a noun or pronoun and a verb—expressed or understood, and should always begin with a capital letter.)

9. A **question** is a sentence used to ask something.

10. A **statement** is a sentence used to state something.

11. An **exclamation** is a sentence used to express pain, astonishment, alarm, or surprise.

Exercises for Drill on Sounds.

Be boys, but be not bad boys. Bravely and blamelessly, before the band of brothers, he bore the bright blue banner blazoned with stars. "Come, countrymen, conquer the coming cohorts, or die doing deeds of dreadful daring." Fast flew the fiend, feeding the fiery flames flashing fearfully forth. The great giant gazed gloomily on the glassy glacier, his haughty head heaved high and his hands held heavenward. How had he hired a horse? King Cole kicked kettles and kites. Low lies the lily lingering in the lane. Man, master, maid, made mad by many mishaps, moved much more mechanically 'mid mud and mire. No, not, none, neat, are not nouns. Only on other oceans Ossian ofttimes ordered obnoxious offerings. Put Peter Pepper's prangly pears in pots and pans. Quite queer and quaint, the queen. Round the rude rock the rugged rascal ran, singing soft, sad, sobbing sounds. To teach tom-tit to talk. Vineyards veil vales with vines. We want wide ways well wet. Zounds, zealous zouave!

Cognate Labials.

Two sounds are called *Cognate* sounds when they are made with the organs of speech in the same position; for example, *p*, *b*. As the sounds of all the Italic letters in this exercise are produced with the lips in the same position, they are called lip-letters, or *Labials*. The vowel sounds, being produced in the open mouth, are called open sounds, or *Vocals* (Tonics). When the sound of a letter is made in the throat, it is called a *Sub-vocal* (Sub-tonic). When a breathing (or aspiration) is formed into sound by the organs of the mouth (tongue, teeth, lips, etc.), the sound is called an *Aspirate* (Atonic).

*p*ig, *b*ig—*p*ale, *b*ale—*p*et, *b*et—*p*ug, *b*ug—*p*ond, *b*ond—*p*i*b*, *b*i*b*—cu*p*, cu*b*—*Wh*ig, *w*ig—*wh*ey, *w*ay—*wh*ales, *W*ales—*f*ail, *v*ale—*f*ain, *v*ane—li*f*e, li*v*e—*f*i*f*e, *f*i*v*e—*t*art, *d*art—*t*ie*d*, *d*ie*d*—*t*ale, *d*ale—*t*ug, *d*ug—*t*o*t*, *d*o*t*—ha*t*, ha*d*—sa*t*, sa*d*—ma*t*, ma*d*—fi*sh*er, vizier—*th*en, *th*ine—ba*th*, ba*th*e—brea*th*, brea*th*e—ga*s*, ga*z*e—ma*ss*, mai*z*e—hi*ss*, hi*s*—ta*k*e, ta*g*—la*k*e, la*g*—lo*ck*, lo*g*—lu*ck*, lu*g*—bun*ch*, bu*dg*e—lun*ch*, *j*u*dg*e.

COMBINATIONS.

Brag, brags, brag'st, bragged, bragg'd'st.
Breed, breeds, breed'st, bred, bred'st.
Grab, grabs, grab'st, grabbed, grabb'd'st.
Bluff, bluffs, bluff'st, bluffed, bluff'd'st.
Nibble, nibbles, nibbl'st, nibbled, nibbl'd'st.
Draggle, draggles, draggl'st, draggled, draggl'd'st.
Straddle, straddles, straddl'st, straddled, straddl'd'st.
Frame, frames, fram'st, framed, fram'd'st.
Trifle, trifles, trifl'st, trifled, trifl'd'st.
Smooth, smooths, smooth'st, smoothed, smooth'd'st.
Quake, quakes, quak'st, quaked, quak'd'st.
Crackle, crackles, crackl'st, crackled, crackl'd'st.
Thrill, thrills, thrill'st, thrilled, thrill'd'st.
Plan, plans, plan'st, planned, plann'd'st.
Twirl, twirls, twirl'st, twirled, twirl'd'st.
Grasp, grasps, grasp'st, grasped, grasp'd'st.
Trundle, trundles, trundl'st, trundled, trundl'd'st.
Hang, hangs, hang'st, hanged, hang'd'st.
Thank, thanks, thank'st, thanked, thank'd'st.
Whittle, whittles, whittl'st, whittled, whittl'd'st.
Dwarf, dwarfs, dwarf'st, dwarfed, dwarf'd'st.
Thwart, thwarts, thwart'st, thwarted, thwarted'st.
Judge, judges, judg'st, judged, judg'd'st.
Charge, charges, charg'st, charged, charg'd'st.
Scorn, scorns, scorn'st, scorned, scorn'd'st.
Dart, darts, dart'st, darted, darted'st.
Ask, asks, ask'st, asked, ask'd'st.
Curb, curbs, curb'st, curbed, curb'd'st.
Swerve, swerves, swerv'st, swerved, swerv'd'st.
Pinch, pinches, pinchest, pinched, pinch'd'st.
Adopt, adopts, adopt'st, adopted, adopted'st.
Herd, herds, herd'st, herded, herded'st.
Arm, arms, arm'st, armed, arm'd'st.

Dazzle, dazzles, dazzl'st, dazzled, dazzl'd'st.
Harp, harps, harp'st, harped, harp'd'st.
Range, ranges, rang'st, ranged, rang'd'st.
Love, loves, lov'st, loved, lov'd'st.
Circle, circles, circl'st, circled, circl'd'st.
Milk, milks, milk'st, milked, milk'd'st.
Help, helps, help'st, helped, help'd'st.
Indulge, indulges, indulg'st, indulged, indulg'd'st.
Lurk, lurks, lurk'st, lurked, lurk'd'st.

His small eyes seemed drowned in his tears.
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

With all his care,
His two small legs
Could scarcely bear
The weight of two small eggs.

When asked her age, her rage was too great for utterance.
Her heir smooths her hair, but tries to conceal his acts.
She wished him to row her over in her uncle's old boat.
Washington was skilled in war. Who can know the height, depth, length, width, breadth of eternity?
In a unit there are three thirds, four fourths, five fifths, six sixths, seven sevenths, eight eighths, nine ninths, ten tenths, eleven elevenths, or twelve twelfths.
The beasts straggled through the thickest forests.
See this, mother! It is our chain. Its links are over our own arms. That lasts till night. That last still night.

Amidst the mists, with wildest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle,

the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do *un*twist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

2. EXPRESSION.

Expression will be treated under four heads: 1. TONE; 2. INFLECTION; 3. RHETORICAL PAUSES; 4. EMPHASIS.

Good reading is simply the natural expression of the ideas.

This does not mean that reading should be like talking.

Few people express themselves naturally in conversation.

Children readily fall into the mannerisms of their associates. These mannerisms are generally faulty grammatically and rhetorically (in pitch, inflection, articulation, emphasis, time, volume, and quality). Even if children expressed their own ideas correctly, they should not read as they talk, except when the matter read represents them (or others) as talking.

Reading is different from talking, though having elements in common. In talking, one expresses his own ideas in his own words, with sentences adapted in length and form to his natural habit of speech. In reading, one expresses the ideas of the author, written in his own style. The choice of words, their combinations, and the length of sentences are all his own, and are generally different from the reader's natural form of thought and expression.

Reading matter is divided into two classes, (*a*) Conversational ideas and (*b*) Rhetorical ideas.

Conversational Ideas.—These should be read *as the author would say them* in talking, provided he talked naturally.

Unless his form of expression is the same as the reader would use, the latter has no *natural* way of reading, but must try to give the author's meaning as the author *should* naturally talk it.

A child stands before you with a lead pencil in his hand. You ask, "What have you in your hand?" He replies naturally, "I have a lead pencil." Now, if you insist that he shall reply, "I have in my hand an instrument used for writing and drawing, consisting of a strip of graphite enclosed in a small cylinder of wood," do you expect him to say it *naturally* even after he has learned it? Certainly not. He never would have described a pencil in this way, and hence is not natural in his way of expression. He must be taught to express himself as the author naturally would or should.

Rhetorical Ideas.—These cannot be "talked," and, in order to read them well, the reader must understand the meaning, the surrounding circumstances, and the impressions the author seeks to convey. Then the reader will express the thought naturally in a true sense. The drill on the Common Elements of Reading and Talking is given to show what natural expression is, and to correct faults gained by association and example.

Tone.

All vocal sounds are called **tones**. Every person has a natural tone—that is, a tone in which he naturally speaks. This natural tone is the starting point from which to work.

If you notice different persons speaking, you will find that one speaks in a high tone, another in a low tone (called *Pitch* or *Key*); one speaks fast, another slowly (called *Movement, Speed*, or *Time*); one speaks softly, another loud (called *Force*); one opens his mouth so that the words come out round and full, while another only half opens his mouth, and the voice is flat and thin (called *Volume* or *Quality*).

These personal peculiarities are often from force of habit, the result of imitation or of improperly trained vocal organs. These

organs should be carefully trained from the very beginning of the course, first by a system of breathings, second by constant drill on the Tables, and third by practice on the elements of expression.

There is a proper medium for pitch, movement, force, and volume in ordinary unexciting talking and reading. This is called *middle* pitch, *moderate* movement, *medium* force, and *common* volume. The variations of these modulations are called *high* and *low* pitch, *slow* and *fast* movement, *soft* and *loud* force, and *full* and *slight* volume.

If the matter read is not intended to arouse or to depress, but simply to please or to inform, it should be read with middle pitch, moderate time, medium force, and common volume. This is the natural way of expressing such thoughts.

When the mind is aroused by joy or indignation or defiance, the natural expression is in a higher pitch, louder tone, more rapid movement, and fuller volume; while pity, sorrow, affection, reverence, and awe generally require low pitch, slow movement, soft force, with common or full volume. Hate and terror may be so great as to be expressed with intensity, and yet almost in whispers, with slight volume, soft force, and either slow or rapid movement. The state of mind producing the expression is the key to its being naturally rendered.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

1. *Attitude.*—Perfectly erect, the weight on one foot, arms akimbo, diaphragm raised, head erect, with the chin drawn in as closely as possible to the neck.

2. *Deep Breathing.*—In this position, draw in and give out the breath very fully and very slowly from five to ten times.

3. *Effusive Breathing.*—Draw in a full breath, and give it forth in a prolonged sound of "h."

The teacher should be careful not to exact too much of young pupils. Their lungs are tender. The time occupied in a single breathing should be from fifteen seconds at first to about two minutes after three years' practice. All inspirations to be through the nose unless otherwise directed. Each exercise should be repeated from five to ten times, with long rests between the different exercises. Only two or three exercises should be tried at first.

4. *Expulsive Breathing.*—Draw in a full breath slowly, and force it out in about half the time of the last breathing.

5. *Explosive Breathing.*—Draw in a full breath slowly, and force it out in a sudden "h."

6. *Full Inspiration.*—Draw in through the mouth a sudden and full inspiration, as in sighing, and force the breath out strongly through both nose and mouth.

7. The same as 6, except that the inspiration should resemble a series of prolonged sobs.

8. A full inspiration, like gasping, slowly breathed out.

9. Breathe in suddenly and fully, like panting, and let the air forth with less violence.

10. Draw in a full breath, and repeat in a whisper as much of the table on page xiii as you can, slowly, without taking a second breath.

11. Draw in a full breath, and whisper the same as in 10, *expulsively.*

12. Draw in a full breath, and whisper the same as in 10, *explosively.*

13. Draw in a full breath, give *do* softly, increase the sound, and then diminish to the end, thus:

doooOOOooo

This should be prolonged from ten seconds at the start to about a minute after three years' practice.

14. Draw in a full breath, repeat *do,* beginning softly, and increasing and diminishing as before:

do, do, do, do, do, do. do, do.

15. Draw in a full breath, and repeat naturally this stanza without taking a second breath:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

Now repeat this stanza slowly, in the common pitch, moderate time, medium force, and common volume.

16. Draw in a full breath, and read this stanza with high pitch, rapid movement, loud force, and full volume:

Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
  God, and your native land!

17. Draw in a full breath, and read this stanza with low pitch, slow time, soft force, and slight volume:

And now—farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!

NOTE.—If pupils fail to hold the breath sufficiently to give all of any exercise, let each stop when a single breath is used.

INFLECTION.

Inflections are slides or turns of the speaking voice from one pitch or key to another.

There are two kinds of inflection, SIMPLE and COMPOUND.

1. **A Simple Inflection** is a single slide of the speaking voice upward, called the *Rising Inflection* (marked ′), or downward, called the *Falling Inflection* (marked ‵).

2. A **Compound Inflection** is the union of the rising and falling inflections, and is called the *Rising Circumflex* (marked ˇ) when it begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide; and the *Falling Circumflex* (marked ˆ) when it begins with the rising and ends with the falling slide.

3. **Monotone.**—When no inflection is used, and the words are repeated in an even tone, they are said to be uttered in a monotone (marked ¯), which means *one tone* or *the same tone.*

Whenever any inflection is used, a positive, complete assertion takes the *falling* inflection (simple or compound), and all other ideas take the rising inflection.

I have read my lesson\.
I will not do this again\.
Will you go′? No\.
Do wrong′, and you will not be happy\.

When a question that can be answered by *yes* or *no* is asked simply for information, it contains no assertion, and, therefore, always requires the *rising* inflection. And the answers to direct questions always have the *falling* inflection if they simply give the information asked for.

But direct questions and the replies may contain a positive assertion, and, therefore, have the falling inflection.

Are you going now′? No\.

If this question was not answered at first, and was repeated, it might be given: "Are you going *now\?*" because it contains an assertion that it has been asked before. In full, it would read, "I have asked you once, and want you to say if you are going now\." Still, the answer, expressing positive assertion, might be, "No\." But if one were a little doubtful about going just at this time, the answer might show this by the emphasis of time and the rising (or circumflex) inflection: "N—o′."

They have mouths′,—but they speak not\:
Eyes have they′,—but they see not\:
They have ears′,—but they hear not\.

"They have mouths\," would be a direct complete assertion, but the rising inflection given in the exercise shows that it is incomplete as used, and is to be followed by something else.

The same is true of such sentences as "Will you walk′ or ride\?" "Will you take tea′ or coffee\?" The rising inflection on *ride* and *coffee* changes the meaning and makes the two sentences direct questions:

Will you ride′ or walk′? Will you take tea′ or coffee′?

Sink′ or swim\, live′ or die\, survive′ or perish\, I give my heart and my hand to this vote\.

"Sink′ or swim\, live′ or die\," like "Will you ride′ or walk\," contains an assertion that one of the two will be done, and, therefore, takes the falling inflection on the last word. The expression means

I shall either sink or swim. I shall either live or die. I am willing to risk either on this vote.

My̌ father, sir, did never stôop so low—
He̊ was a gentleman, I'd have you know.

The assertion in the last line ends in *gentleman*, which therefore has the falling inflection. The sentence really reads

I'd have you know that he was a gentleman.

This shows the reason for reading "I'd have you know" without special inflection.

PAUSES.

There are two kinds of pauses—the GRAMMATICAL PAUSE and the RHETORICAL PAUSE.

1. **Grammatical Pauses** (punctuation marks) are used to show the grammatical formation of the matter, so as to make

the meaning clear. No attention should be paid to them in reading aloud, further than as they help to give the reader the meaning of the piece he is reading.

2. The **Rhetorical** (or reading) **Pause** (| or ||) is a suspension of the speaking voice to give exactness or emphasis to the ideas as read.

Add to your *faith'* | virtue\; || and to *virtue'* | knowledge\; || and to *knowledge'* | temperance\; || and to *temperance'* | patience\.

When grammatical pauses are properly inserted, it will be found that each of them, except the comma, has a corresponding rhetorical pause, while there are many rhetorical pauses not indicated by the punctuation. The comma, however, is often neglected in reading.

Oh, the grave', | the grave. || It buries every error, | covers every defect, | extinguishes every resentment.

No, sir! | no, sir! | There can never | again | be peace | between us.

In these extracts three commas have no corresponding reading pauses, and the exclamation points have pauses varying greatly in length. Slight rhetorical pause can also be made after *buries, covers, extinguishes,* unless the entire sentence is read in a prolonged monotone.

Emphasis.

Emphasis is the mode of calling special attention to one or more ideas in a sentence, as being more important than the rest.

Emphasis is given by speaking the words representing the more important ideas louder or softer (force), faster or slower (time), in a higher or a lower tone (pitch or key), with smoother or harsher tone (quality), with longer or shorter pauses before or after them, and by inflection.

A syllable is called long or short in relation to the time taken to utter it (quantity). *Accent* is force given to a syllable of a word.

1. **Emphasis by Force.**—You are sitting at the window and see a dog in the yard. You say, "There is a *dog* in the yard." A cow gets into your flower garden. You say, "*Mother*, there's a cow in the *flower* garden." You see flames bursting from the barn, and cry out, "FIRE! FIRE! the BARN'S afire." Your sister dies, and you say to a playmate who calls to inquire, "She is *dead*," and the lower tone with which you utter the last word makes it emphatic.

The *dog* was the thing out of place in the first illustration. You said so by speaking the word "dog" louder than the rest of the sentence. You wished to give more emphasis to "cow" than to "dog," and therefore spoke it louder; while you almost shouted "fire," to give it the greatest emphasis. The more you vary from your natural force, the greater the emphasis given to the idea.

Did he ride to town *to-day?* No; he went *yesterday.*
Did he ride to *town* to-day? No; he rode to the *shore.*
Did he *ride* to town to-day? No; he *walked* to town.
Did *he* ride to town to-day? No; *she* went in his place.
Did he ride to town to-day? Yes, he *did;* he *would* go.
King Agrippa, believest thou the *prophets?* I *know* that thou believest.
A *good name* is rather to be chosen than *great riches.*
If you touch *fire,* you will be *burned.*
If you touch *pitch,* you will be *defiled.*
If you have *bad* associates, your character will be *stained.*
You *can* succeed if you *think* so and *try.*
Man is the only animal that makes *bargains.*
Reading maketh a *full* man.
Writing maketh an *exact* man.
Speaking maketh a *ready* man.
The *war* is *inevitable,* and LET IT COME. I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME.
Treason! cried the Speaker. *Treason!* TREASON! TREASON! re-echoed from every part of the House.
The ends *I* aim at shall be my COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S, and TRUTH'S.
Our motto shall be, *Our country,* OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.
Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was DEAD.

In order to know what to emphasize, you must understand the piece to be read. Every *new important idea* is emphasized. The degree and kind of emphasis depend on the idea and the degree of importance given to it.

Unless additional emphasis is desired, the repetition of an idea is not emphasized. In the above illustrations "FIRE, FIRE" and "TREASON, TREASON" are used as single expressions.

2. **Emphasis by Time.**—Emphasis is sometimes given to a word or an expression by speaking it more slowly or more rapidly than the rest of the sentence, or by stopping before or after it. This calls special attention to it, in many cases more than mere *force* could.

O-h, d-e-a-r! How *hot* it is!
Run for the doctor! Run for the doctor! Mary has hurt her arm.
Hope—ye—mercy—still?
We find him—guilty—of murder—in the first degree.

3. **Emphasis of Pitch.**—Emphasis is often given by using a higher or a lower pitch than usual.

Silence how dead, and darkness how profound.

Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!

Read the second line louder and in a higher tone than the first, the third louder and in a higher tone than the second, and the fourth in a lower key than the other three lines, but as loud as either.

4. **Emphasis of Quality.**—The tone may be sharp and shrill, round and full, clear and smooth, aspirated or guttural. Any change of quality adds emphasis.

If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thousand times.

I hate him! I loathe him! I abhor him! but I fear him more.

5. **Emphasis of Inflections.**—There is what might be called a natural (or usual) way of modulating or turning the voice in ordinary expression, which gives no emphasis. The same expression may be made very emphatic by a change of inflection.

"I am going home\." It is natural to speak these words in an even tone and to drop the voice at the close of the sentence. This gives no emphasis, but simply indicates that the sentence is finished.

Any variation from the usual way of speaking, whether in time, quality, quantity, force, pause, or inflection, gives emphasis

"I *am*\ going home."

"On *you*\ and on your *children*\ be thē pērīl ōf thē īnnōcēnt blōōd whīch shāll bē shēd thīs day\."

"*Hence*\, *home*\, you idle creatures\ ; get you *home*\."

"I said an *elder*\ soldier, not a *better'*."

"My̆ father's trade? Ah, really, that's too bad.
My̆ father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My̆ father, sir, did never stoop so low—
Hĕ was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Thē hēavens dēclāre thē glōry ōf Gōd, ānd thē fīrmāmēnt shōwēth hīs hāndīwōrk."

These various inflections add to the emphasis of force or give an emphasis of their own. Sarcasm, astonishment, sorrow, sublimity, and awe depend for their proper emphasis more on time, speed, quality, and inflection than on mere force.

POETRY.

Poetic Form.—It is difficult to define poetry, but its form is well understood. A great deal of so-called poetry is simply prose put into poetical form. Any ordinary fact can be made to assume that form, but it will be as far from being poetry as ever.

An old mill once stood at the foot of the hill.

At the foot of the hill
Once there stood an old mill.

The prose fact has taken on the poetic form, but it is still prose.

It is said that poetry always unites fiction with meter; but if this were true the "Thanatopsis" would be prose, since it contains the grandest facts clothed in poetic expression.

There may be poetry in the form of prose as well as prose in the form of poetry, since poetry is rather the *im*-pression than the *ex*-pression of the exalted mind.

Any one can learn the mechanics of poetry, and almost any one can change the prose to the poetic form; but the true poet is "born, not made," and no practice or study could have evolved—

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed"

out of the simple story of the Marriage Feast in Galilee.

Poetic form consists of lines beginning with capital letters, with the syllables arranged according to certain rules in regular numbers called feet.

It has two divisions: Rhyme and Blank Verse. In Rhyme the terminating syllables, including the last accented syllables, in two or more lines, correspond in sound. In Blank Verse there are no rhyming words.

A verse is a line arranged in poetic form.

NOTE.—The word "verse" has four uses: 1. A poetic line. A short division of any composition. 3. A poem. 4. A stanza. The last use is considered incorrect, but it is almost universal among the masses, and, as the meaning of a word comes from the masses generally, it may be expected that the technical meaning of verse will disappear in its second meaning.

Poetic Feet.—A standard poetic foot contains two or three syllables, one of which is long, and is named according to the arrangement of its long and short syllables.

The accented syllables are considered long (¯), and the unaccented ones short (˘). There are four standard feet in English verse, as follows:

Regular Feet.—

Iambus ˘ ¯ "The way was long, the wind was cold."

Trochee ¯ ˘ "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

Anapest ˘ ˘ ¯ "I am monarch of all I survey."

Dactyl ¯ ˘ ˘ "Hark to the bird's morning echo of happiness."

All English poetry is founded on one or another of these standard feet, and there is no poem in the language consisting entirely of the irregular feet that are used to break the monotony of the standard measure.

In the following examples the irregular feet are shown as they occur in connection with the regular feet.

Irregular Feet.—

Spondee ¯ ¯ "That host | on the mor|row lay with|ered and strewn."

Pyrrhic ˘ ˘ "The min|strel was | infirm | and old."

Amphibrach ˘ ¯ ˘ "Colliding, | projecting, | receding, | retreating."

Tribrach ˘ ˘ ˘ "When in the | dark, deep | wave."

Broken Feet.—Broken (or parts of) feet are often used to great

advantage, but only a single syllable is used in this way. In many cases the understood words would make the foot perfect.

"Break, | break, | break
On thy cold | gray stones, | O sea!"

Break is imperative. *Do thou* is grammatically understood. When supplied, it makes the measure regular, but spoils the verse.

"Dawn on our | darkness and | lend us thine | aid."

"The storm | was long, | and in wild | commo|tion
It swept | into moun|tains the bil|lowy o|cean."

In the first extract a long syllable ends the line. In the last extract a short syllable is used. Both are broken feet.

In a few cases some writers admit a foot having four syllables, giving the four the same metric time as three.

"The Assyr|ian came down | like the wolf | on the fold."

Generally, however, if not always, this irregularity comes under what is called poetic license, which allows poets to unite two syllables in a single utterance, or to make two syllables of one.

"The sa|cred bower | of that | renown|ed bard."

Bower is here pronounced *bow'r*, and *ed* in *renowned* is made a separate syllable.

"On ev|ery side | with shad|owy squad|rons deep
And hosts | infuriate shake | the shud|dering ground."

Here the last two syllables of ev*ery*, shad*owy*, infur*iate*, and shud*dering* are to be sounded as one syllable, or the first syllable should be sounded so rapidly as to seem a part of the second.

Sometimes the meter will help to give the exact meaning by

showing the accented words, and at other times the accented words will show the meter.* The two should be studied together.

Poetic Movement.—There is a certain movement in poetic forms, a peculiar flow of words, a regular irregularity of sounds, that attracts nearly every one, so that a poem in an unknown language, properly read, pleases, something like sweet music; but to be pleased with music and to appreciate it are two very different things. To "like to read poetry," and to have even the slightest appreciation of exalted sentiment, may be as different as are poetry and prose.

To be a true lover of poetry one must be a poet in his innermost nature; and to study poetry, or to read it fairly well, one must enter into the mood of the poet himself.

Varieties of Poetry.—The principal divisions, or classes, of poetic composition are the Epic, the Lyric, and the Dramatic. The ballad belongs to Epic poetry. The Lyric includes the varieties of song, the hymn, the anthem, the ode, the elegy, and the sonnet. Drama embraces tragedy and comedy. Didactic and satirical compositions form a class by themselves, but are sometimes excluded from the ranks of poetry. The Epic form is the highest type, since it includes the Drama with narration. The characters are made to speak and to act with sustained interest.

The gifts and qualities essential to the greatest poets are, in their order: first, imagination, combined with action and character; next, feeling and thought; fancy, the next; and wit, the last. Thought alone does not make a poet. The mere conclusions of the understanding are only intellectual facts. Feeling, being a sort of thought without the process of thinking, may be the basis of a low class of poetry, which may please the beginner, but is discarded as he grows into a knowledge of and a love for the higher forms of poetic thought.

* The terms Short Meter, Long Meter, Common Meter, etc., as used in hymn-books, indicate the number of Iambic feet found in the lines of lyric poetry, to be sung to music corresponding in accent and syllables.



FOURTH READER

PART I.

I. SOMETHING CURIOUS HAPPENED.

1. A boy about ten years old was pushing a cart heavily loaded with pieces of board and lath taken from some demolished structure,—an every-day sight in most of our cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade tree. His feet were bruised and sore, his clothes were in rags, and his face was pinched and looked years older than it should..

2. What must be the thoughts of such a child as he looks out upon the world,—the fine houses, the rich dresses, the rolling carriages, the happy faces of those who have never known what it is to be poor!

3. Do such thoughts harden the heart and make it wicked, or do they bring a feeling of loneliness and wretchedness,—a wonder if the rich man's heaven is not so far from the poor man's heaven that he will never catch sight of the pinched faces there?

4. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was sound asleep. His bare feet just

touched the curbstone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled to the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

5. Then something curious happened. A laboring man—a queer old man with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment in the shade of the same tree. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn to him again, and at once he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, was poor. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger.

6. He tip-toed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. After this he walked carefully away, looking back every moment, but hastening out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

7. Men, women, and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human heart is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it.

8. A man walked down from his steps and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A

woman walked over and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy brought a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece.

9. Something curious had happened. The charity of a poor old man had unlocked the hearts of a score of people. The boy suddenly awoke, and sprang up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothes, the money, and the group of people waiting around. He knew that he had slept, and realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed.

10. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a grieved child. They had read him a sermon more eloquent than all the sermons of the churches. They had set his heart to swelling and jumping until it choked him. Poor, ragged, and wretched, and feeling that he was no more to the world than a stick or a stone, he had awakened to find that the world had regarded him as a human being worthy of aid and entitled to pity.

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1. Demolished, structure, loneliness, wretchedness, confronted, pedestrians, occurred, realized, entitled, exhausted, eloquent.

2. Something curious happened. What was it? In what way was it "curious"? What caused it? Was this the "one

touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin"? Describe the street, and the boy's home as you imagine it. What was the key that unlocked so many hearts?

Explain these expressions: "pinched faces"—"sound asleep"—"his face told a story"—"confronted by mocking shadows"—"his look was drawn again"—"he saw the picture"—"he tiptoed along"—"what a lever it was"—"there is need of a key to open it."

NOTE.—Great care should be taken to understand the various meanings a word may have—its meaning as used in the lesson, its synonyms, and to some extent the way in which many of its meanings have grown out of its primary use: *e. g.*, notice the different meanings *curious* may have.—1. Anxious to be correct. 2. Careful. 3. Artfully made. 4. Eager to learn. 5. Prying. 6. Singular or strange. 7. Not common (rare). 8. Nice. Besides these meanings, usage has given the word many lesser shades of meaning which the connection (context) will show. The common meanings are *strange* and *inquisitive*.

II. THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

1. I have read in some old marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

2. Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

3. White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound
The river flowed between.

4. No other voice nor sound was there,
   No drum, nor sentry's pace;
   The mist-like banners clasped the air,
   As clouds with clouds embrace.

5. But when the old cathedral bell
   Proclaimed the morning prayer,
   The white pavilions rose and fell
   On the alarmed air.

6. Down the broad valley, fast and far
   The troubled army fled;
   Up rose the glorious morning star,—
   The ghastly host was dead.

7. I have read in the marvelous heart of man—
   That strange and mystic scroll—
   That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
   Beleaguered the human soul.

8. Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
   In Fancy's misty light,
   Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
   Portentous through the night.

9. Upon its midnight battle-ground
   The spectral camp is seen,
   And with a sorrowful, deep sound
   Flows the River of Life between.

10. And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

11. Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,—
Our ghastly fears are dead.

1. Marvelous, beleaguered, spectral, pavilions, mystic, phantoms, portentous, cathedral, proclaimed, scroll.

2. Where is Prague? Why is it supposed that specters come in the night only? What phantoms "beleaguer the soul?" What drives them away? Does light drive away both phantoms?

III. A TALE OF TERROR.

1. We were once traveling in Calabria,—a land of wicked people, who, I believe, hate every one, and particularly the French. In the Calabrian mountains the roads are precipices; our horses got on with much difficulty. My companion went first, and a path, which appeared to him shortest and most practicable, led us astray.

2. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head only twenty years old? Whilst daylight lasted we tried to find our way through the wood, but the more we tried the more bewildered we be-

came, and it was pitch-dark when we arrived at a very black-looking house.

3. We entered, not without fear; but what could we do? We found a whole family of colliers at table; they immediately invited us to join them, and my young man did not wait to be pressed. There we were eating and drinking,—he, at least, for I was examining the place and the appearance of our hosts.

4. Our hosts had quite the look of colliers, but the house you would have taken for an arsenal. There were guns, pistols, swords, knives, and cutlasses on every side. Everything displeased me, and I saw very well that I displeased them. My companion, on the contrary, was quite one of the family; he laughed and talked with them; and, with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen, he told at once where we came from, where we were going, and that we were Frenchmen.

5. Just imagine! amongst our most mortal enemies, alone, out of our road, far from all human succor! And then, as if to omit nothing that might ruin us, he played the rich man, promising to give these people and our guide the next morning whatever they might wish, as a remuneration. Then he spoke of his portmanteau, begging them to take care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed. He did not wish, he said, for any other pillow.

6. O youth! you are to be pitied. Cousin, one would have thought we carried the crown diamonds. Supper over, they left us. Our hosts slept below; we were to pass the night in the upper room where we had supped.

7. A loft raised some seven or eight feet, which was reached by a ladder, was the resting-place that awaited us,—a sort of nest, into which we were to introduce ourselves by creeping under joists loaded with provisions for the year. My companion climbed up alone, and, already nearly asleep, laid himself down with his head upon the precious portmanteau. Having determined to sit up, I made a good fire, and seated myself beside it.

8. The night, which had been undisturbed, was nearly over, and I was beginning to reassure myself, when, about the time that I thought daybreak could not be very far off, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below; and, putting my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the one in the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these words spoken by the husband:

9. "Well, let us see; must they both be killed?" To this the wife replied, "Yes." I heard no more. How shall I go on? I stood scarcely breathing, my body cold as marble. To have seen me, you would hardly have known whether I was alive or dead.

10. It fills me with horror when I think of it now, —we two, almost without weapons, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! and my companion dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him, or to make a noise, I dared not: to escape alone was impossible. The window was not high, but in the yard below were two great dogs, howling like wolves.

11. In what an agony I was, imagine if you can. At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard some one on the stairs, and through the crack of the door I saw the father, a lamp in one hand and in the other one of his large knives. He came up, his wife following him.

12. I was behind the door; he opened it, but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took. He then entered, barefoot, and from the outside the woman said to him, in a low voice— shading the light of the lamp with her hand— "Softly; go softly."

13. When he got to the ladder, he mounted it, his knife between his teeth, and, getting up as high as the bed—the poor young man lying there with his throat bare—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—O cousin! he seized a ham, which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice from it, and retired just as he had come.

14. The door was closed again, the lamp disap-

peared, and I was left alone with my reflections. As soon as day appeared, all the family, making a great noise, came to awaken us as we had requested. They brought us something to eat, and gave us a very clean and a very good breakfast, I assure you.

15. Two fowls formed part of it, of which we must, said our hostess, take away one and eat the other. When I saw these I understood the meaning of those terrible words, "Must they both be killed?" and I think, cousin, you have enough penetration to guess what they signified.

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1. Particularly, precipices, practicable, bewildered, arsenal, succor, remuneration, portmanteau, joists, distinguished, penetration, signified, collier, knives, communicated.

2. Where is Calabria? What mountains are meant? What is a precipice? What does "our horses got on" mean? How dark was it? Who are *colliers?* What is meant by "had quite the look of colliers"? What is an arsenal? What are the crown diamonds? What is the usual meaning of *introduce?* What is the meaning here? How did the chimney *communicate* with the lower room? What two meanings can you give for *distinguish?*

Explain these expressions:—got on—daylight lasted—pitch-dark—wait to be pressed—he played the rich man—where we had supped—which communicated with—perfectly distinguished—let us see—a long quarter of an hour—the crack of the door—from the outside—he mounted it—you have enough penetration.

IV. TWO GUNPOWDER STORIES.

I.

1. In 1847, during our war with Mexico, the United States army was rapidly approaching the City of Mexico. The approach was by a large causeway with a ditch on each side, and at one place across a bridge that was strongly fortified.

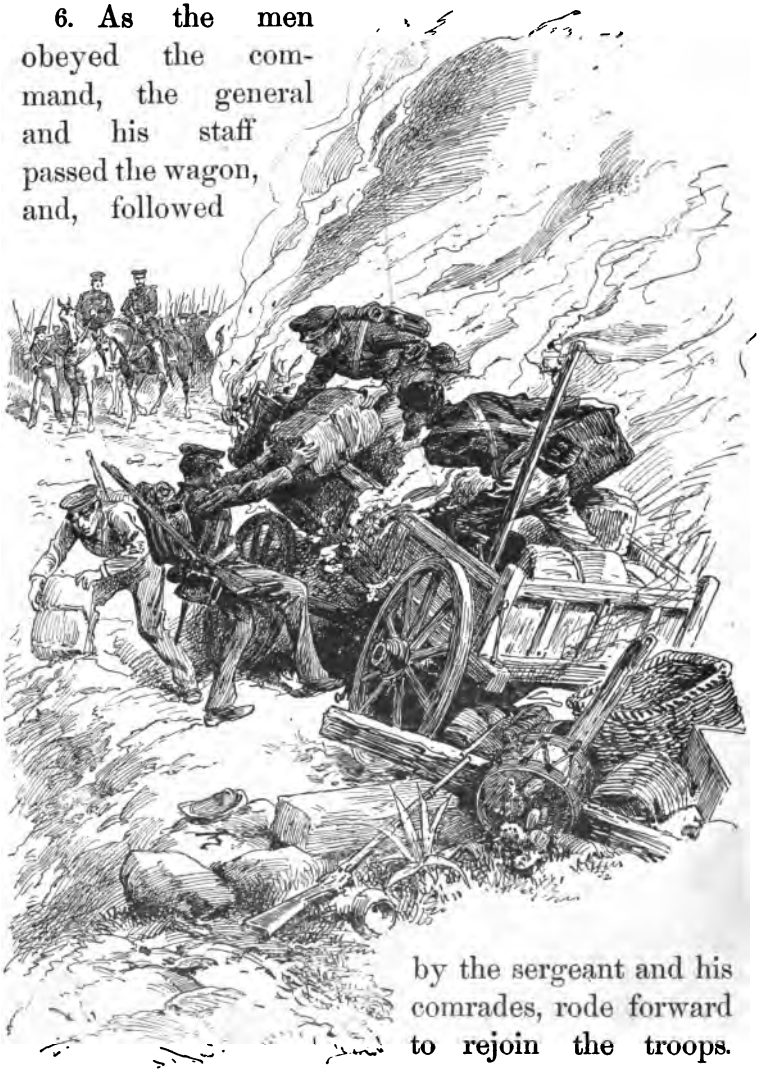
2. While the fight was going on upon the causeway, General Worth became separated from his troops by a large baggage wagon, laden with powder, which had been set on fire by the enemy's shot.

3. Sergeant A. M. Kenaday, of the Third United States Dragoons, with three comrades hurried to the wagon, determined at the risk of their lives to clear a passage for the general.

4. Before the general knew what they were doing, two of them leaped into the wagon and, seizing the boxes which were already on fire, tossed them rapidly to the other two soldiers, who as quickly rolled them down the banks of the causeway into the ditch below.

5. Box after box had been thus disposed of and the men were almost exhausted with heat and work, when the general saw them at their dangerous task and, spurring his horse, rode up to the wagon and ordered them away.

6. As the men obeyed the command, the general and his staff passed the wagon, and, followed



by the sergeant and his comrades, rode forward to rejoin the troops.

Scarcely were they out of danger when a loud explosion told them of their narrow escape, and, looking back, they saw the wagon and its contents completely disappear in the smoke.

7. On that very day the young sergeant was in the famous charge on the San Antonio gate of the City of Mexico, which was one of the bravest ever made, and of which the Mexicans say that it was no wonder they were defeated when attacked by demons in the form of men.

8. In this war the American soldiers, with hardly a repulse, advanced from the Rio Grande, through a series of hard-fought battles and brilliant victories, until they planted the stars and stripes in triumph on the ramparts of the City of Mexico.



II.

1. The women of America have not allowed the men to bear away the palm for bravery. They have borne their part always and everywhere. Timid, shrinking girlhood has leaped into heroism, and mothers have suddenly ceased the cradle-song to seize the gun and defend their homes against the cruel red man.

2. And so it happened that when, in 1777, Fort Henry, on the Ohio River, was attacked suddenly by a band of Indians led by a tory, it was saved by the bravery of a schoolgirl.

3. As soon as the presence of the Indians was known, the people hurried from their homes in the village into the fort, which was strongly built of logs. And it needed all its strength, for only twelve men were left to Colonel Shepherd, the commander of the fort, while outside hundreds of cruel Indians were thirsting for their blood.

4. But these men were good marksmen, and they withstood so bravely every attack of the savages that all were hopeful of the result, when suddenly they found that their small stock of powder was nearly gone. Then it was remembered that in one of the houses about sixty yards from the fort there was hidden a small keg of powder.

5. To get this was the only hope of success.

But how to get it was the question. With Indians in every direction and watching behind every tree, it seemed impossible for any one to reach the house and return in safety.

6. Still all were anxious to volunteer on this dangerous service, and, while they were disputing for the perilous honor, Elizabeth Zane, a school-girl of seventeen, begged that she might be allowed the privilege of going for the powder.

7. Of course the men refused her request. It was not a woman's place, they said, to expose her life when there were men ready to go. Whoever went would certainly be killed, and at least a man would stand a better chance, as he could run more rapidly.

8. But Elizabeth replied that she knew the danger, and that if she were killed or captured her loss would not be felt, while not a single man could well be spared from the little garrison.

9. At length, much against their will, the men yielded to her persistence, and she darted from the gate and ran like a deer toward the house, while twelve guns covered her path should the Indians try to capture her.

10. The Indians saw her as she ran across the open space, but did not fire at her, probably because they thought that she intended to escape into the woods to carry news of the attack to other garri-

sons; and they knew that, once in the woods, they could easily capture her.

11. While they hesitated, she reached the house and entered it, and in a few minutes she reappeared with the powder-keg, covered by a table-cloth tied round her waist.



12. For a moment she hesitated in the shadow of the house, and then darted into the clearing and

ran towards the fort. But now the Indians, recovering from their surprise, guessed her errand, and sent after her a shower of bullets and arrows.

13. As she neared the fort the gate was thrown wide open, and a part of the little garrison stood ready to rush out and bring her in should she be hit, while the rest used up their little remaining powder in replying to the volleys of the savages. But no bullet reached her or her burden, and she passed the gate in safety with the precious powder.

14. As she stood there panting from her exertion, with the blood of health tingeing her brown cheek, and her eyes sparkling with triumph, surrounded by the women in the fort, her mother cried out, "O Elizabeth! how could you do so brave a deed?" "Why, mother," she replied, "I trusted in God to take care of me, and ran as fast as I could."

15. The Indians soon renewed their attack on the fort, but the girl's act of heroism so inspired its defenders that they beat back every attempt with great loss to the assailants until relief came, and the savages, finding their task hopeless, burned the village and retreated into Canada.

16. The war soon ended, and peace again filled the valley with homes, but the memory of heroic deeds remained, and first among them was the gunpowder story of Elizabeth Zane.

1. Causeway, fortified, sergeant, determined, exhausted, explosion, completely, defeated, attacked, shrinking, heroism, ceased, presence, impossible, volunteer, perilous, privilege, garrison, yielded, persistence, renewed, inspired.

2. Where is Mexico? What is its form of government? What language is spoken there? What are "dragoons"? In what different ways can you tell anything? What is "a charge"? Can you give any instances of the bravery of women? What war was going on in 1777? How long would it take to run sixty yards? How could peace fill the valley with homes?

V. SPRING.

1. Dip down upon the northern shore,
   O sweet new year, delaying long;
   Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
   Delaying long: delay no more.

2. What stays thee from the clouded noons,
   Thy sweetness from its proper place?
   Can trouble live with April days,
   Or sadness in the summer moons?

3. Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
   The little speedwell's darling blue,
   Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
   Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

4. Now rings the woodland loud and long,
   The distance takes a lovelier hue,
   And, drowned in yonder living blue,
   The lark becomes a sightless song.

5. Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

6. Where now the sea mew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

7. From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

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1. Delaying, expectant, laburnums, drowned, tulips, orchis.

2. What is the meaning of "dip down"? "expectant nature"? "sweet new year"? "what stays thee"? Is spring addressed here as a person? Why are "thee" and "thou" and "thy" used instead of "you" and "your"? When does spring begin?

VI. POETRY.

1. To me the world's an open book,
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way toward the sea.

It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

2. The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tingeing life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poetry.

---

1. Crisps, wavelets, attributes, attunes, minstrelsy, tingeing.

2. How is the world like a book? What does the geologist read in it? What does the naturalist read in it? What does the poet read in it? What "whispers in the leaves"? Are the flowers the products of earth alone? How can stars be called "the poetry of earth and heaven"? What is "Nature's volume"?

VII. READING POETRY.

PART I.

1. Perhaps poetry is harder than prose to read well, because it is so easy for one to get into a sing-song tone, which spoils the sense.

2. When Ella came home from school one day, and

tried to read to her mother the little poem "Christmas Bells," she read it like this:

3. "*Hark* the *Christ*mas *bells* are *ring*ing,
*Ring*ing *through* the *frosty air*,
Happiness to *each* one *bring*ing,
And release from *toil* and *care*."

4. This made Mrs. Wiseman say, "If that is meant for reading I should call it poor, and if for singing, I do not like the tune."

5. In verse the accented and unaccented syllables follow each other with some degree of regularity. This is the reason it is so easy to "measure it off," as Ella did. The way in which these syllables are used is called the measure, or meter.

6. If a syllable is accented it is called long, if unaccented it is short; and our mistaken idea of the emphasis in the old Latin and Greek poems has tended to hinder us from reading English poetry well, by partly loading it with the necessities of the old-time verses.

7. The ancients probably read their poems with a steady, melodious flow, almost devoid of accent or of the emphasis of force, but filled with the emphasis of quantity and place. That is, they emphasized by putting words out of their usual places in the sentence, and by using, as desired, syllables that took more or less time to pronounce.

8. The verses written in this way could be read with a regular flow of long and short syllables. In scanning them we accent the long syllables, and this gives a sing-song tone to our method of reading Latin poetry, which is probably entirely different from the reading of the Romans.

9. In reading English poetry we must be guided wholly by the sense, and, unless the natural expression brings the long and the short syllables into their proper places for the kind of verse intended to be written, the meter is imperfect.

10. There are many kinds of meter, depending on the number and combination of the long and the short syllables in each verse, but there are only two kinds of verse. In both there are regular feet, but in rhyme the last syllables of certain lines, or the last accented syllable with any others following in the same line, correspond with each other in sound, while in blank verse they do not.

11. Poetry should be read as if it were prose, with the exception that, generally, there should be a slight pause at the end of every line, even when there would be none in prose, to bring out the melody and harmony peculiar to poetry.

12. If, however, the sense does not require it, and if the force of the rhythm can be sufficiently brought out without it, this pause should be omitted. To read poetry so as to give the sense as truly as if it

were prose, and yet to give the pauses and inflection so as to indicate the meter, is the highest art.

13. There is always supposed to be a pause, called the cæsura, in each line, but in very short lines, and sometimes in rapid movement, the cæsura is often imaginary. When it occurs it is simply the same pause that we give in prose to bring out the sense.

14. In reading poetry, then, notice the pauses required by the sense, generally make a slight pause at the end of a line even when there would be none in prose, and read it just as if it were prose; then, if the poet has done his part well, you will without effort drop into the flow of the verse as easily as a boat is drawn into the current, and find yourself reading with the harmonious and half-measured flow of sound that is so charming to the ear when it does not descend to sing-song.

15. A few verses marked may help you in marking and reading others.

"Ēternal sunshine || of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted || and each wish resigned."

In these verses the cæsura is marked to show that it is simply the rhetorical pause, and the syllables are marked long and short.

"Lightly | they'll talk | of the spir|it that's gone,
And o'er his | cold ashes | upbraid him;

But little | he'll reck | if they let | him sleep on
In the grave | where a Briton | has laid him."

16. Each perfect line contains a certain number of feet, and in this stanza each foot except one has two or three syllables. In the fourth line the middle foot has four syllables, but, in reading, the "a" unites so closely with the first syllable of "Briton" as to be hardly perceptible. In this extract one of the syllables in each foot is long, and the lines are so written that the sense requires the voice to dwell on the long syllable in each foot.

17. "The way was long, the wind was cold."

In this line a comma takes the place of "and," and the meter and rhythm are perfect. The reading sense would be the same if "and" were inserted.

"The way | was long | and the wind | was cold."

But one foot then would contain three syllables.

"In these deep shades || a flow'ret grows,
Whose leaves || a thousand sweets disclose."

These lines are perfectly regular, each having four feet of two syllables, with the accent on the last.

18. The first line of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" has the same regularity, but with the first syllable in each foot accented:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers."

The cæsura here comes after "not":

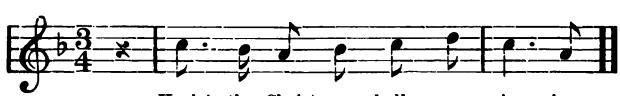
"Tell me not || in mournful numbers."

Notice how the sense would be changed by putting the cæsura after "me."

1. Regularity, necessities, scanning, melody, harmony, require, rhythm, cæsura, imaginary, harmonious, rhetorical.

2. Did Ella read the stanza right? Write it, mark the pauses and the words you would emphasize if it were prose, and read it aloud. If you wished to tell what were ringing, which word would you emphasize in the first line? If you wished to call attention to the kind of bells, which word would you emphasize? If you wished to tell what the bells were doing, which word would you emphasize? Did you ever notice that the music sometimes is not suited to bring out the beauty of the stanza sung? Which of the following measures is better adapted to the words?





VIII. THE LION-KILLER.

PART I.

1. The older people of Tunis, in Africa, often talk of the wonderful exploits of a lion-killer who was famous there forty years ago. The story is this, and it is said to be entirely true:

2. The lion-killer was called the Sicilian because his native country was Sicily, and, as the people of Tunis were mostly Mohammedans, he was known as the Christian. He was also called Herakles, on account of his strength. He was not built like Herakles, however; he was tall and finely proportioned, but nothing in his figure betrayed his powerful muscles. He performed prodigies of strength with such ease as to astonish all who saw them.

3. His part of the business, in connection with a traveling show company that visited Tunis, was not simply to perform feats that would show his great strength, but also to represent scenes by pantomime so that they would appear to the audience as if the real scenes were being performed before their very eyes. In one of these scenes he showed the people how he had encountered and killed a lion with a wooden club in the country of Damascus. This is the manner in which he did it.

4. After a flourish of trumpets the Sicilian came upon the stage, which was arranged to represent an arena and had palm trees in the middle. He was

handsomely dressed in a costume of black velvet, trimmed with silver braid, and, as he looked around upon the audience with a grave but gentle expression, and went through with the Arabian salutation (which was to carry his right hand to his heart, mouth, and forehead), there was perfect silence—so charmed were the people with his beauty and dignity.

5. Then an interpreter said, "The Christian will show you how, with his club, he killed a lion in the country of Damascus."

6. Immediately following this there came another flourish of trumpets and a striking of cymbals, as if to announce the entrance of the lion. Quickly the Sicilian sprang behind one of the three palms, whence to watch his enemy. With an attentive and resolute eye, leaning his body first to the right and then to the left of the tree, he kept his gaze on the terrible beast, following all its movements with the graceful movements of his own body so naturally and suitably as to captivate the attention of the spectators.

7. "The lion surely is there!" they whispered. "*We* do not see him; but *he* sees him! How he watches his least motion! How resolute he is! He will not allow himself to be surprised!"

8. Suddenly the Sicilian leaps; with a bound he has crossed from one palm tree to another, and with

a second spring has climbed half-way up the tree, still holding his massive club in his hand. One understands by his movements that the lion has followed him, and, crouched and angry, stops at the foot of the tree.

9. The Sicilian, leaning over, notes the slightest change of posture; then, like a flash of lightning, he leaps to the ground behind the trunk of the tree. The terrible club makes a whistling sound as it swings through the air, and the lion falls to the ground.

10. The scene was so well played that the wildest applause came from all parts of the audience. Then the interpreter came in, and, throwing at the feet of the Herakles a magnificent lion's skin, cried, "Behold the skin of the lion that the Christian killed in the country of Damascus!"

11. The fame of the Sicilian at length reached the ears of the Bey of Tunis. The royal dignity of the reigning prince would not allow him to be present at exhibitions given to the common people, but finally, having heard so much of the handsome and strong Sicilian, he became curious to see him, and said—

12. "If this Christian has killed one lion with a club, he can kill another. Tell him that if he will knock down my grand lion with it, I will give him a thousand ducats"—a large sum in those days, the

ducat being about equal in value to the American dollar.

13. At this time the Bey had several young lions that ran freely about in the courtyard, or garden of his palace; and in a great pit entirely surrounded by a high terrace a superb Atlas lion was kept in royal captivity. It was this lion that the Bey wished the Sicilian to meet in combat. The proposition was accepted without hesitation and without boasting.

14. The contest was to take place a week from that time, and the announcement of a duel between the Sicilian and the grand lion spread even to the borders of the desert. Every one, old and young, desired to be present, and the people were to be freely admitted to the garden of the Bey, where they could witness the combat from the top of the terrace,—the Bey himself looking on from the window of his palace.

15. During the week that intervened, the Sicilian performed every day in the show instead of two days a week as had been his custom. Never had he been more calm, graceful, and fascinating in his performances. The evening before the eventful day, he repeated his pantomime of victory over the lion near Damascus with so much precision as to elicit round after round of enthusiastic cheers. Every one who had seen him pretend to kill a lion was

now wild with curiosity to see him actually fight with a real lion.

1. Exploits, Mohammedans, prodigies, pantomime, encountered, arena, interpreter, cymbals, announce, resolute, captivate, applause, magnificent, terrace, intervened, fascinating, precision, elicit, enthusiastic.

2. Are the people in Tunis negroes? What is the climate there? Where is Sicily? What is its government? Who was Herakles (or Hercules)? Where was Damascus? Is the "Bey" the highest ruler of Tunis? How much is a ducat?

IX. THE LION-KILLER.

PART II.

1. On the following morning, in the early dawn, the terrace around the lion's pit was crowded with people. For three days the royal brute had been deprived of food in order that he might be the more ferocious and terrible. His eyes shone like two balls of fire, and he incessantly lashed his flanks with his tail. At one moment he would madly roar, and the next would rub himself against the wall, vainly trying to find a chink between the stones in which to insert his claws.

2. Precisely at the appointed hour the Bey and his court took the places that had been reserved for them. The Sicilian came a few steps behind, dressed in his costume of velvet and silver, and

holding his club in his hand. With his accustomed easy and regular step, and a naturally elegant and dignified bearing, he advanced in front of the royal party and made a low obeisance to the Bey. The prince made some remark, to which he responded with a fresh salute; then he withdrew and descended the steps which led to the lion's pit.

3. The crowd was silent. At the end of some seconds the barred gate of the pit was opened, and gave entrance, not to the brave and powerful Herakles, but to a poor dog that was thrown toward the ferocious beast, with the intention of still more exciting its ravenous appetite.

4. This unexpected act of cruelty called forth hisses from the spectators, but they were soon absorbed in watching the behavior of the dog. When the lion saw the prey that had been thrown to him, he stood motionless for a moment, ceased to beat his flanks, growled deeply, and crouched on the ground with his paws extended, his neck stretched out, and his eyes fixed upon the victim.

5. The dog, on being thrown into the pit, ran at once toward a corner of the wall as far as possible from the lion, and trembling, yet not overcome by fear, fixed his eyes on the huge beast, watching intently his every motion.

6. With apparent unconcern the lion creepingly advanced toward the dog, and then, with a sudden

movement, he was upon his feet, and in a second launched himself into the air. But the dog that same instant bounded in an opposite direction, so that the lion fell in the corner while the dog alighted where the lion had been.

7. For a moment the lion seemed very much surprised at the loss of his prey; with the dog, the instinct of self-preservation developed a coolness that even overcame his terror. The body of the poor animal was all in a shiver, but his head was firm, his eyes were watchful. Without losing sight of his enemy, he slowly retreated into the corner behind him.

8. Then the lion, scanning his victim from the corners of his eyes, walked sidewise a few steps, and, turning suddenly, tried again to pounce with one bound upon the dog; but the dog seemed to anticipate this movement also, and in the same second jumped in the opposite direction, as before, crossing the lion in the air.

9. At this the lion became furious, and lost the calmness that might have insured him victory; while the courage of the unfortunate dog won for him the sympathy of all the spectators.

10. As the lion, excited and terrible, was preparing a new plan of attack, a rope ending in a loop was lowered to the dog. The brave little animal, whose imploring looks had been pitiful to

see, saw the help sent to him, and, fastening his teeth and claws into the rope, was immediately drawn up. The lion perceiving this, made a prodigious leap, but the dog was happily beyond his reach. The poor creature, drawn in safety to the terrace, at once took flight, and was soon lost to view.

11. At the moment when the lion threw himself on the ground of the pit, roaring with rage at the escape of his prey, the Sicilian entered, calm and firm, with club in hand. At his appearance in the pit, a silence like that of death came over the crowd of spectators. The Herakles walked rapidly to a corner, where, leaning on his club, he awaited the onslaught of the lion, who, blinded by fury, had not yet perceived his entrance.

12. The waiting was of short duration, for the lion, in turning, espied him, and the fire that flashed from the eyes of the terrible beast told of savage joy in finding another victim.

13. Here, however, the animal showed for a moment a feeling of anxiety; slowly, as if conscious that he was in the presence of a powerful adversary, he retreated some steps, keeping his fiery eyes all the time on the man. The Sicilian also kept his keen gaze on the lion, and, with his body slightly inclined forward, marked every alteration of position.

14. Between the two adversaries, it was easy to see that fear was on the side of the beast; but in comparing the man's feeble means of defense—a rude club—with the powerful structure of the lion, whose boundings made the very ground beneath him tremble, it was hard for the spectators to believe that courage and not strength would win the victory.

15. The lion was too excited and famished to remain long undecided. After more backward steps, which he made as if to gain time for reflection, he suddenly advanced in a sidelong direction to charge upon his adversary.

16. The Sicilian did not move, but followed with his fixed gaze the motions of the lion. Greatly irritated, the beast gave a mighty spring, uttering a terrific roar; the man at the same instant leaped aside, and the lion had barely touched the ground when the club came down upon his head. The king of the desert rolled heavily under the stroke and fell headlong, stunned and senseless, though not dead.

17. The spectators, overcome with admiration, and awed at the exhibition of so much calmness, address, and strength, were hushed into profound silence. The next moment the Bey arose, and asked mercy for his favorite lion. "A thousand ducats more if you will not kill him!" he cried to the Sicilian. "Agreed!" was the instant reply.



18. The lion lay panting on the ground. The Herakles bowed at the word of the Bey, and slowly

withdrew, keeping his eyes on the conquered brute The two thousand ducats were counted out and paid. The lion shortly recovered.

19. With a universal gasp of relief, followed by deafening shouts and cheers, the spectators withdrew from the terrace, having witnessed a scene which they could never forget, and which, as was said in the beginning, is still talked of throughout Tunis.

1. Ferocious, incessantly, structure, obeisance, barred, ravenous, absorbed, behavior, crouched, unconcern, launched, self-preservation, developed, anticipate, imploring, pitiful, onslaught, espied, conquered, adversaries.

2. Why is the lion called "the royal brute"? What animals have claws? What is the meaning of "the barred gate"? "launched himself into the air"? "scanning his victim"? "crossing the lion in the air"? "took flight"?

X. LEAD PENCILS.

1. With what delight must the world of artists and writers of all kinds have hailed the invention of the blacklead pencil as we have it to-day!

2. They had used the old-fashioned pen (made of the goose or crow quill) for designing and sketching, as well as for writing, and had cut sheet lead into strips for ruling. Some artists, indeed,

had formed a mixture of common lead and tin, but the composition was hard, and faint in color, and not in general use.

3. I said the blacklead pencil; but, although the metallic part of this little implement is universally called blacklead, there is not a particle of lead in it. The black, smooth, and glossy substance is plumbago, and is a compound of carbon and iron.

4. Several varieties of plumbago are found in the rocks of different parts of the world, and it happens that one is fine-grained, soft, and nearly free from grit, and is thus well adapted for writing. This kind has received the name *graphite*, from the Greek word meaning *to write*.

5. In the year 1564, the time of Queen Elizabeth of England, or, as the English love to call her, "Good Queen Bess," and the very year that Shakespeare, the greatest of English poets, was born, there was discovered in the county of Cumberland, in the northwest part of England, a mine of the best and purest graphite that had ever been seen.

6. The substance was so solid and firm that it could be sawed into sheets, and these could be sawed again into little narrow strips without being broken. These little strips of graphite, being soft and smooth and black, were inclosed in round pieces of soft wood grooved out to receive them,

—thus forming, to all intents and purposes, the modern lead pencil.

7. This mine at Borrowdale, in Cumberland, at once became very celebrated, and, of course, valuable. Pencils made of Cumberland graphite were to be found all over Europe, and were everywhere highly prized. Their manufacture became an important branch of business, and, in order to keep it wholly within the borders of their own country, the government passed laws prohibiting the export of graphite to foreign lands. Its value was such that the average price in London was ten dollars a pound, and the finest quality sometimes reached forty dollars.

8. Such care was taken of this mine in northwestern England that only a certain quantity of graphite—enough to supply the requirements of the pencil-makers—was doled out on the first Monday in every month. Moreover, the authorities were obliged to keep a military force at the mine to protect it from marauders and robbers who attempted to get possession of it.

9. England thus supplied the world with lead pencils for nearly three hundred years; for, though pencils were made of an impure graphite elsewhere in Europe, they were so far inferior to the genuine article that artists were obliged to look to England for their supply.

10. There is an end to most good things, and so it proved at last with the graphite mine in Cumberland. Its exhaustion had been only a question of time, and it became evident that some means must be devised for making the impure graphite available for the needs of the world.

11. All sorts of experiments were tried. The plumbago was ground to powder, washed in several waters to separate the grit from it, and then subjected to pressure to make it compact and firm; but this did not succeed. It was then mixed with different materials, such as glue, isinglass, gum arabic, etc., to give it the necessary strength, but this did not answer.

12. One third its weight in sulphur was next added to the powdered material, and this was a partial success; but the marks made with the mixture were faint and did not satisfy the need, so that this, too, was on the whole a failure.

13. But at last, as usual, patience, perseverance, ingenuity, and experience solved the problem. Pencils are now made that are better adapted for all purposes, blacker or fainter, harder or softer, than ever could be made from the best of Cumberland lead by the old method.

14. The mode of treating the plumbago, by which this result is obtained, is a French invention. It consists in mixing the pulverized and purified

plumbago with powdered clay in a certain manner, and in certain proportions, moistening and drying, pressing and baking the mass, and varying the treatment according to the grade of pencil required.

15. In this way a case of pencils may be accurately marked to indicate the degree of hardness or softness, and the shade, whether darker or lighter,—a point of necessity to artists. These nice shadings could not have been obtained in the old use of Cumberland lead: so that human ingenuity and care, in this as in many other instances, have made an inferior article answer a better purpose than the purest natural product unaided by human skill.

16. A most valuable mine of graphite, as good as that of Cumberland, has been discovered in Siberia, and the cedar wood, of which the pencil-casing is made, is taken from a cedar swamp in Florida: so, as the greatest pencil-manufacturing establishment of the world is in Germany, these two substances—graphite from the mountains of Siberia and wood from the swamps of Florida—meet in the heart of Europe, to be there united and fitted for our use as lead pencils.

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1. Invention, designing, sketching, implement, substance, plumbago, compound, varieties, graphite, prohibiting, export, foreign, average, requirements, authorities, marauders, inferior, available, experiments, compact, ingenuity, moistening, establishment, isinglass, pulverized.

2. What is meant by "to all intents and purposes"? "reached forty dollars"? "was doled out"? "the world of artists"? What do you know of Queen Elizabeth and her times? Is silver used as a pencil point? Where is Siberia? Florida?

XI. WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

1. What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

2. Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

3. All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

4. The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

5. What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

1. Oppression's, imbued, teeming, wretch, knowledge.
2. What one rule obeyed would bring all these things to pass? What is the cause of "slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs"?

XII. THE UNITED STATES.

1. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," sang the poet Berkeley, and history shows that this has always been true.

2. Migrations have universally been toward the west, and it was only when the migrating people of the Old World reached the limit of land migration westward that the mighty drawing of nature brought venturesome men across the great waters to found the grandest nation the world had ever known.

3. In 1492 the sun looked down on a strange land whose eastern shores even, washed by the waves of the great Atlantic, had never been trodden by the foot of the white man, and which stretched away through almost unbroken solitudes of forests and rivers, lakes and deserts, many thousands of miles,

to greet the waters of the broad Pacific as they rolled in lonely grandeur on its sands.

4. If some prophet in 1492, or even in 1776, had foretold that before the end of the nineteenth century a nation of more than seventy millions of people would cover this immense stretch of wilderness with cities and homes and busy factories; would bind the oceans, the lakes, and the gulf with bonds of iron and steel; would produce generals, statesmen, orators, and inventors greater than the history of the past had recorded; and which would be, above all, a liberty-loving nation, whose people through hardships and wars and fearful sufferings had learned the art of self-government—his prophecy would have been laughed at as the ravings of a madman.

5. Yet all this is true, and the truth but partly told; for Americans cannot receive and comprehend in its fulness the greatness of the work done here in these few centuries, nor the grandeur of this nation in its freedom and power.

6. It is customary to speak of the pioneers as coming from the "overflowing nations" of Europe, but it is not true that the most of Europe was overcrowded; it was not half settled. There was room for millions more among its mountains and valleys.

7. It was rather the great hearts filled with that mysterious western instinct that forced the best spirits to come from the greatest nations to this

land as soon as the "trackless paths" of the Atlantic were known. And so our ancestors came—men and women of strong, resolute minds, of determined will, and with vigorous bodies—to bear the hardships of new settlements.

8. They startled the rocky hillsides of New England with their songs and their deeds. They built quaint homes on the shores of Manhattan. They spread along the Jersey coasts, and with the crown of peace and justice made Pennsylvania renowned forever. In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Florida the smoke of household fires rose through the trees, telling of the settlements which, scattered along the southern coasts, produced the Marions and Sumters and Jeffersons and Clays and the one Washington.

9. The period before the Revolution is full of deeds of more heroic daring, of more fearful sufferings, and of grander triumphs than the pen of the novelist dare venture to portray,—all eclipsed by the long and terrible war of the Revolution, whose battlefields were stained with the blood of patriots.

10. The history of the century since the Revolution grows ever broader in its scope and grander in its results. Our land has passed through one war with "The Mistress of the Seas," and our infant navy won notable victories, which have been immortalized in story and in song.

11. The country has been cruelly tried by fraternal strife, the memories of whose animosities and terrible battles, softened by time, begin to blend in one common pride for the heroism and love of a united land. Its future will be even the more glorious for its sufferings; and to-day it stands in the full pride of its glory and strength, with new stars on its flag, with its North and South, and its East and West, filled with a deeper devotion and a heartier love than ever before.

12. The victories of peace have been even greater than those of war; and the happiest homes, the best of schools, the most enlightened citizens, tell better than words the grand results of leaving the government in the hands of a free people.

13. We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence. In our schools, in our homes, in our churches, everywhere,—love, reverence, honor, and devotion to our beloved land should be taught and cherished; for our great nation is surely first in freedom, first in power, and first in future possibilities.

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1. Migrations, venturesome, solitudes, grandeur, prophet, comprehend, customary, pioneers, mysterious, quaint, eclipsed, fraternal, animosities, enlightened, possibilities, immortalized.

2. Explain the difference between *migrate*, *emigrate*, and *immigrate*. What was the "limit of land migration westward"? What countries does the Pacific touch? What "bonds of iron"

bind the oceans and the lakes? Mention some of our generals, orators, statesmen, and inventors. Through what hardships and wars has this nation passed? What is meant by "trackless paths"? Who is called "The Mistress of the Seas"?

XIII. WE ARE SEVEN.

1. I met a little cottage girl;
   She was eight years old, she said;
   Her hair was thick with many a curl
   That clustered round her head.

2. She had a rustic, woodland air,
   And she was wildly clad;
   Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
   Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
   How many may you be?"
   "How many? Seven in all," she said,
   And wondering looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you tell."
   She answered, "Seven are we;
   And two of us at Conway dwell,
   And two are gone to sea.

5. "Two of us in the churchyard lie,
   My sister and my brother;



The picture is very ...

And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

6. "You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

7. Then did the little maid reply—
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

8. "You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

9. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

11. "And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

13. "So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

15. "How many are you, then," said I.
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

16. "But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1. Clustered, rustic, kerchief, porringer, moaning, cottage, released, together, heaven.

2. In the eighth stanza would you emphasize *then* or *ye*? Which would make the feet regular? What irregularity is there in the second line of the first stanza and the fourth line of the third stanza? What color were the child's eyes? What is meant by "wildly clad"? Were there seven of the children?

XIV. THE HORNBILL.

1. We live in a very wonderful world. All around us are the strangest things, which Nature seems always asking us to study. All we have to do is to open our eyes and read the stories she is writing for us.

2. Many volumes have been written by man showing the wonders of bird life, but not half the leaves of Nature's book have yet been turned. We know much about the structure of birds and its peculiar adaptation to bird life,—how some birds are made to float on the water, and are kept dry and warm by their well-oiled feathers, while their webfeet enable them to swim with ease; and how others, that fly high in air, have hollow bones so connected with their lungs that they can be filled with warm air, to make their bodies so light that their tiny wings can bear them swiftly at their will.

3. But perhaps the strangest thing is the way in

which they rear their young. From the great eagle, which builds its nest of sticks away up on some high mountain, out of the reach of man, to the tiny humming bird, with its soft, silky home for its tender little ones, each species instinctively makes its nest and rears its young in just the way necessary for their safety.

4. Away off in Africa there is found an odd-looking bird called the hornbill. It has many enemies, and without great care and skill it could never rear its little ones. One of its most cunning foes is the monkey, who, finding fresh birds' eggs very desirable food, is always on the watch for a nest of them.

5. The hornbill selects a hollow tree. To suit her perfectly, the hollow must be so deep that the monkey cannot easily reach the eggs with his long arms. It must also extend a little way above the opening, to give a place where the mother bird can go when any enemy attempts to break in, and from which she can strike down upon the intruder.

6. When the place is chosen, the mother bird makes a soft nest of feathers plucked from her own breast. She then settles down on her nest and begins to lay her eggs, and her mate plasters up the entrance with mud until there is only a small hole left, too small for enemies to enter.

7. But the poor mother can no more get out than

her enemies can get in, and so the mate has enough to do to feed her.

8. Every day, and many times a day, he brings her the choicest bits of food, and talks with her as she eats, telling her all the news he has heard.

9. So she stays there quite contented, with the mother-love strong within her breast, lays her eggs, and hatches her queer little ones.

10. They are too tempting a morsel to be exposed to enemies, and so the mother patiently waits in her strange prison until the young birds are covered with feathers.

11. Then the father, who has worked early and late to feed his hungry family, after long and earnest consultations with the mother, breaks down the mud barrier, and she goes out to help him.

12. But it is not safe even yet to leave the little ones in this way, and so the hole is again plastered over with mud, and they are kept hidden until they are ready to fly.

13. It is a great day with the entire family when the mud is torn away for the last time, and the fledgelings are told to come out and try their wings. The old birds congratulate each other on their fine family. They scold this one for being too timid, and that one for not using his wings in the proper way, until at last they are all taught to fly and can take care of themselves.

14. There are just as strange things done by birds where you live; and, if you watch them, you will find out much more than books can tell you of the skill and patience and knowledge of these beautiful creatures.

1. Structure, adaptation, instinctively, desirable, intruder, consultations, plastered, congratulate, barrier, fledgelings.

2. How does Nature write stories for us? What is meant by "Nature's book"? Do birds in this country have to protect their nests and young from enemies? Can you give an instance of this from your own knowledge?

XV. SOLON.

1. Every nation which has become great in itself has contributed something to make other nations great also; but to the ancient Greeks the world owes more than to any other people for their lessons in art, and for the wisdom of their laws.

2. Not that all the laws were wise. That could hardly be expected. But their state was one of the first to be governed by a code of laws, while most of the nations round them were subject to their rulers or were controlled by force or cunning.

3. Solon, one of the "seven wise men of Greece," framed the first code of laws for Athens, the chief city of the state. He lived about six centuries before the Christian era.

4. Solon's father was a rich man, but by his kindness to his many friends, and by his great generosity, he ruined his estates and left Solon to make his own fortune.

5. Solon was too independent to accept the assistance of his many rich friends, and he therefore began to consider what he should do to make money enough to pay the claims on the estate.

6. At last he concluded to engage in trade. This was the occasion of his going to other countries, and, doubtless, added greatly to the wisdom for which he became so renowned.

7. For some years he traveled, studied the customs of different nations, and increased his wealth until he was again classed among the rich; but during this time he had lived modestly, had dealt honestly with all, had been generous to the poor, and had become known among the Athenians as wise and just.

8. While engaged in business he had also gained a reputation as a poet, and his verses were read and recited and admired through all Greece. We know, however, little of his poetry, but his reputation as a lawgiver is spoken of all over the world.

9. His first public act was the taking of Salamis, an island to which the Athenians laid claim, and which they had fought for many times.

10. It was at this time held by the Megarians;

and the Athenians, weary of war, had decreed that any man who said that Athens ought to take Salamis should be put to death.

11. Solon thought that it ought to be taken, and knew that thousands of the young Athenians were anxious to begin the war. He feigned insanity, and one day ran into the market place and recited to the crowd some verses, arousing them to a sense of shame and disgrace in giving up the island that really belonged to them.

12. The people were greatly excited, the verses were quoted and praised, the obnoxious decree was repealed, and Solon was appointed to lead the Athenian forces. In a short time Salamis was taken, and Solon became the best known and most influential man in all Greece.

13. When free from foreign war, the Athenians fell into their old quarrels about the government, there being as many parties as there were different interests among the people. The hill people favored democracy; those of the plain, oligarchy; and those by the seaside, a mixed sort of government. The antagonism between the rich and the poor also reached its greatest height, so that the city was in a very dangerous condition.

14. All the common people were indebted to the few who were rich, and either tilled land for them or pledged their bodies for the debt, so that they

might either be sent into slavery at home or be sold to strangers. Some were forced to sell their children or to fly their country to avoid the cruelty of their creditors, so that in time the bravest of them began to combine to help each other and to change the government.

15. The need of a wise man was apparent, and Solon was of all men found to be the only one who was not implicated in the troubles, as he had not joined in the exactions of the rich nor involved himself in the necessities of the poor. He was reluctant to assume so difficult an office, being afraid of the pride of one party and the greediness of the other; but the rich pressed it upon him because he was rich, and the poor because he was honest, that he should become their arbitrator or lawgiver with absolute power.

16. Solon refused everything that looked like the authority of despotism, preferring to use persuasion; and when asked afterward if his laws were the best that could be given, he replied, "They are the best the Athenians could receive." It was soon settled that no man should either give his own body or sell his child for debt, the interest on debts then existing was lessened, and a higher value was given to money, while the debt was not increased.

17. Having been sustained so far, he took an account of the citizens' estates and established four

ranks among them, giving the higher considerable place in the government, and continuing the chief magistracies in the hands of rich and influential men; but allowing those of the fourth rank even to act as jurors, which afterward proved to be an enormous privilege, as it was said that he purposely made the wording of his laws obscure so as to increase the honor of his courts and bring his people into connection with the observance of law. There is a saying of his that that city "was the best modeled where those who are not injured try to punish the unjust as much as those who are."

18. Having established the Areopagus, and perceiving that the people were inclined to be imperious, he formed a council of four hundred, one hundred from each tribe, to take care that nothing but what had first been examined should be brought before the general assembly. This upper council thus became a sort of court of equity to regulate the action of the first.

19. One very peculiar law he made taking all power away from those who, in a sedition, should stand neutral; for he would not have any one regardless of the public good. He forbade all evil speaking in temples, courts, public offices, or at the games, under penalty of a forfeit of three drachmas to the person who made the complaint and two drachmas to the public.

20. Perceiving that persons were flocking to Athens from all parts of Attica, he decreed that traders at sea should export nothing to those who could give nothing in exchange; he turned the attention of the citizens to trade, and made it a law that a son should not be obliged to relieve a father who had brought him up to no trade or calling.

21. All his laws he made to remain in force for a hundred years; and, finding that people were constantly coming to him to ask him to change some minor points, he made an excuse for traveling, and obtained leave of absence for ten years, hoping that by that time his laws would have become familiar, since he bound the Athenians by a promise not to change them while he was away. When he returned he was past the age for public office, and he lived to see many of his beneficent laws set aside under his successor.

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1. Contributed, generosity, renowned, reputation, decreed, feigned, repealed, influential, antagonisms, oligarchy, exactions, arbitrator, despotism, sedition, magistracies, obnoxious, Areopagus, drachma.

2. What is meant by "a code of laws"? "the Christian era"? Why did Solon feign insanity? How do you suppose it happened that all the common people were in debt to the rich? Why are not all rich? Why was Solon selected to make the laws? What laws did he make? Were they good laws? Can you name the "seven wise men of Greece"?

XVI. READING POETRY.

PART II.

1. A great variety of poetry is written with the perfect regularity of the different standard measures, and with the sense corresponding to its regularity.

2. But, with all its beauty and harmonious flow, it becomes monotonous and lacks power. Our poets have therefore added greatly to the beauty of their work by using irregular feet without actually varying the time.

3. Sometimes this gives a shock by its abruptness, and thus increases the force of the thought.

"For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed."

This last line could easily have been made to conform to the first by inserting "he" after "and,"

"And he breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,"

but it would have detracted from the force of the line.

4. The fact of giving the same time to the two syllables as would have been allowed to the three gives the emphasis of time to the expression.

"The night || is made for cooling shade,
For silence || and for sleep.

And when I was a child || I laid
My hands upon my breast || and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep."

5. The first line is regular, and glides along like the coming of night. The second line has an unaccented foot which, connecting the two important words, adds force to "silence" and "sleep," the two factors in night. The third line contains short syllables only until the dominant idea is reached; while the fourth line, with its unaccented foot, again gives variety and emphasis, which are increased in the fifth line by the regular succession of syllables as it drops into the flow of slumber.

6. It is a mark of genius in a poet to use these irregular feet so skillfully as to bring added beauty to his verses, and it is a wonderful aid in reading poetry well to be able to distinguish the poet's reason for these changes from a regular to an irregular form.

7. It has been customary to find a long syllable in every foot, whether it were there or not. This is one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of good reading.

8. It is certain that all long syllables ought to have greater or less emphasis. In all true poetry the sense requires it, but it by no means follows that every foot has a long or an emphatic syllable.

"The way | was long, || the wind | was cold.
The min|strel || was | infirm | and old."

The second foot in the last line has no accented syllable, but the number of feet is the same and the time is the same, while the unaccented foot takes away the idea of past time as prominent, and brings out more clearly the age and infirmity of the minstrel.

9. "I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one."

"A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'"

These two extracts illustrate the unaccented feet, as well as the way in which the sense directs the reading.

10. The second line in the first extract is not—

"Tinged *with* the *ris*ing sun,"

but should be read—

'*Tinged* with the rising *sun.*"

And the first and third lines of the second extract should not be read—

"A *chief*tain || *to* the *High*lands *bound*,"
"And *I'll* give *thee* || a *sil*ver *pound*,"

but should bring out the sense as well as the rhythm by reading it—

"A *chief*tain || to the *High*lands bound,"
"*And* I'll *give* thee || a *sil*ver *pound*."

11. You will find a full description of meters in the first part of this book for reference, but what is given here has been chosen to help you get the sense of a poem, and thus to lead you to read it with proper time and movement, not ignoring the meter, but subordinating it to the sense.

12. This will bring out the differences between prose and poetry, and will aid you also in determining whether a so-called poem is poetry or rhymed prose.

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1. Regularity, harmonious, monotonous, abruptness, conform, detracted, factors, skillfully, requires, minstrel, infirmity, prominent, dominant, chieftain, extracts, description, reference.

2. What are the "standard measures" in poetry? Why are irregular feet used? What is the effect when two syllables are given the time of three? What is meant by a long syllable? What is meant by "meter"? Take any stanza, and mark the feet so as to show the proper emphasis.

XVII. THE SOWER'S SONG.

1. Now hands to seed sheet, boys!
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing:
And, would ye partake of harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.
Fall gently still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed,
And stand so yellow some morn
That beast and man may be fed.

2. Old earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny coat of red and green:
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As the years that are past have been.
Fall gently.

3. Old mother, receive this corn,
The seed of six thousand golden sires.
All these on thy kindly breast were borne:
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently.

4. Now steady and sure, again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep.
Thus up and thus down, we cast our grain;
Sow well, and you'll gladly reap.
Fall gently still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed,
And stand so yellow some morn
That man and beast may be fed.

1. Partake, requires, furrow, sires.

2. What is the chorus? Is corn sown? Who is called "old mother"? Why? Who are the "six thousand golden sires"? Does this description seem to apply to Indian corn? What is *corn*? What is grain?

XVIII. A TRIP TO THE TEA COUNTRY.

PART I.

1. I was leaning over the tea room table on one of the lovely spring mornings that we sometimes have in China, wondering whether the samples I had tasted and inspected would yield a profit over the latest quotations from London and New York, when my speculations were disturbed by the entrance of my young friend Charley, followed by Akong, one of the most influential tea-brokers in the Oopack district.

2. Charley was the son of an old friend, who was to be sent home to relatives in England, but I had prevailed upon the father to let the boy, now between twelve and fourteen years old, make me a visit before his final departure.

3. "What is it, Charley? Some mischief, I know," I said. "Well, Cha"—the Chinamen call me Cha-tsze, tea-taster, and the boy had abbreviated it to Cha,—"Akong says that he has a boat going up to the tea country to-morrow or next day, and wants me to go up with him. May I?"

4. Charley knew that I could refuse him nothing, but the trip of several hundred miles into a district rarely, if ever, visited by foreigners, involved more of a risk than I cared to assume. Seeing that I looked doubtful, Charley turned to Akong for support.

5. "What for you no go too, Cha-tsze?" said Akong, in his pigeon-English. "Just now my thinkee no got new chop inside two week. Get back plenty time." The proposition was not disagreeable to me, and Charley scampered off to tell Ahim, the cook, and Aho, my boy, to make the necessary preparations.

6. The next morning at an early hour Akong's great mandarin, or house boat, was moored at the jetty, and the boys were packing away provisions, charcoal for cooking, and long strings of copper "cash" to be used for the purchase of eggs and chickens, and the mats of rice that would form the principal article of "chow-chow" for the crew. With the explosion of a pack of firecrackers to propitiate the river dragon, and shouts from the house coolies who were left behind, the boat was shoved from the jetty, and soon we were slowly stemming the broad current of the Yang-tsze.

7. On our right was Hankow, with its million or more of inhabitants, and the mouth of the Han,—its surface so covered with junks that their masts re-

sembled a forest, and only a narrow lane of water was left for the passage of the boats. Just beyond the Han was Han Yang, once a fine city, but left in ruins by the Tae-ping rebellion, and across the Yang-tsze, here a mile wide, stood Wuchang, the residence of the viceroy of the Hupeh province.

8. Rapidly we passed the suburbs of these, and, drawing over to the south bank, as the wind was light, the crew were ordered ashore, where, stretching themselves along the tow-rope, they drew us rapidly along. These boats, used by the gentry to transport themselves about the country, are almost like Noah's ark on a small scale,—a boat with a house running nearly the entire length of the deck, with little latticed windows on the outside, and the interior divided into rooms for eating and sleeping.

9. The crew lived aft on the overhanging stern, where the cooking was done, and whence the handle of the great sculling oar protruded. In front of the cabin was a little piece of deck room, where Charley and I had our camp stools, from which we could observe all about us.

10. The boat coolies were straining on the tow-rope a hundred yards ahead. The country presented everywhere the same compact system of farming, the hills in many cases terraced to their summits, and planted with waving crops of wheat

and millet, beans, and vegetables of every description.

11. There was but little variety in the journey till the following day, when we approached the great bend in the Yang-tsze, and Akong told us that, if so inclined, we might land, and, by walking six or eight miles across the country, join the boat again—the bend rendering it necessary for her to go around some thirty or forty miles.

12. We both experienced a somewhat queer sensation as we watched the boat sailing away, and found ourselves with no other white person within a hundred miles. The country before us was an immense rice field, divided by dikes, or banks paved with stones, and forming paths for walking. I had taken my gun, and on reaching an old lotus-pond we scared up myriads of English snipe, a good bunch of which promised a welcome addition to our dinner. Meanwhile we had been following the course of a creek, which we now had to cross.

13. Aling, Charley's boy, espied a man in the distance at work with a huge buffalo, and rushed off in that direction. He soon returned with the buffalo and his owner, and indicated that we could cross on the back of the former, which threw up its head and snorted at sight of us, but was soon brought into subjection by a pull at the ring through his nose.

14. "How much does he want, Aling, to carry us over?" "He say ten cash can do." As this sum (one cent) was not an unreasonable ferriage, we nodded, and, the beast being led into the water, I mounted first; then came Charley, with his arms around me, and Aling, who had climbed up behind.

15. When we were halfway over, Charley laughed so heartily at the ridiculous figure we made, that the buffalo gave another toss to his head, which threatened to throw us off; but we landed safely, and, paying the man his ten cash, went on again. The rest of the walk was without adventure, and we arrived at the river bank just as the boat was coming around the point below us.

16. That evening we left the main river and followed a tributary until we came to a broad canal, which Akong told us led direct to our destination. Our walk across the fields gave us keen appetites for our supper, and soon after eating we were very willing to seek our beds.

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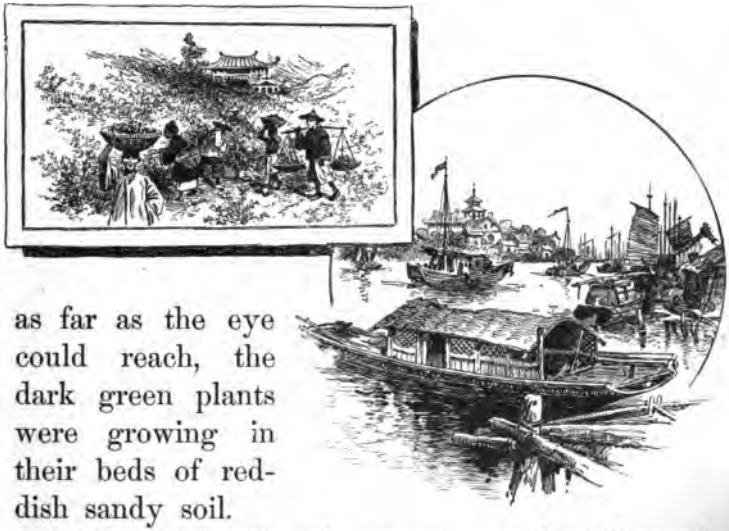
1. Inspected, quotations, prevailed, abbreviated, involved, scampered, mandarin, stemming, latticed, sculling, protruded, compact, myriads, ferriage, tributary, destination, coolie.

2. What is a "tea room table"? How is tea sampled? What countries supply us with tea? What kinds of tea can you mention? Can you tell them at sight? What is raised in China? How do the people dress? What do they eat?

XIX. A TRIP TO THE TEA COUNTRY.

PART II.

1. Waking next morning, we found our boat moored to the bank of the canal, opposite a long, rambling, one-storied building, which proved to be the "hong" (warehouse) of the tea merchant to whom the neighboring plantations belonged. We were in the tea country at last. On every side of us,



as far as the eye could reach, the dark green plants were growing in their beds of reddish sandy soil.

2. Notwithstanding the urgent appeals of the cook to wait till "chow-chow" was ready, we jumped ashore and into the midst of a crowd of noisy coolies moving in every direction, each with his load slung at the ends of a bamboo across his shoulders, and

singing a monotonous "Aho! aho! aho!" which appears to be to the Chinese carrier what the "Yo, heave, ho!" is to the English sailor.

3. Long, narrow junks were lying at the bank and being rapidly loaded with the familiar tea chests; crowds of men, women, and children were coming from the plantation, each bringing bags of the freshly picked leaves, or baskets on their heads, in which the more delicate kinds were carefully carried.

4. We stepped into the building, and there witnessed the assorting and firing of the teas, and even the manufacture of the chests. Breakfast over, we jumped ashore again, and, desiring to conduct our sight-seeing systematically, started for the fields.

5. We walked first to the foot of a hill a little distance off, where some men were laying out a new plantation. The ground was accurately marked off, and in one or two places the little plants were just showing above the ground. In another field the seeds—little round balls they looked like—were being planted in the rows. Passing another field, where some men were at work with their hoes in true Chinese style, we came at last to where the plants had attained some size, and the actual picking was going on.

6. The plants were from two to six feet high, ac-

cording to age, and, from repeated cuttings, had grown into dense masses of small twigs. Many of them were covered with small flowers, somewhat similar to the jasmine flower, and seeds inclosed in a casing not unlike that of the hazelnut, but thinner and full of oil.

7. Charley thought they looked like little laurel bushes; to me, those that had been well picked were not unlike huckleberry bushes, except that the leaves were of a much darker green.

8. The first picking, usually in April, is when the leaves are very young and tender, commanding a much higher price than those gathered later. The second is after a month, when they have attained maturity; and, as unpropitious weather would ruin them, great expedition is used in getting in the crop, the entire population turning out to assist. A third, and even a fourth, picking follows, but the quality rapidly deteriorates, and only a small proportion of these last pickings is prepared for the foreign market.

9. The plantations were filled with a merry crowd, all engaged in stripping the bushes as rapidly as possible, yet with great care and dexterity so as not to bruise the leaves. Following some of the coolies who, with filled bags, were trudging off to the curing house, we saw the most interesting operation of all. Here at least thirty girls were

engaged in assorting the leaves, picking out all the dead and yellow ones, and preparing them for the hands of the rollers and firers.

10. Our entrance excited quite a commotion among them, as we were probably the first barbarians they had seen; but a word from Akong reassured them, and Charley was soon airing his little stock of Chinese, more, I thought, to their amusement than to their edification.

11. Leaving this room we went to another, where on one side was a long furnace built of bricks, with iron pans placed at equal distances and heated by charcoal fires below. Into these pans leaves by the basketful were poured, stirred rapidly for a few minutes, and then removed to bamboo frames, where they were rolled and kneaded until all the green juice was extracted. They were then scattered loosely in large flat baskets, and placed in the sun to dry.

12. After this drying, they were again to be carried to the furnaces and exposed to a gentle heat until they should curl and twist themselves into the shapes so well known to us all. Some of the finer kinds are rolled by the hand before firing. The great object seems to be to prevent the leaf from breaking: in the commoner kinds, which do not receive the same care, the leaves are found to be much broken.

13. Under the same roof men were employed in one room in making boxes, and in another room were lining them with thin sheets of lead; while farther on the boxes were being covered with paper, on which were stamped the name of the tea and the maker's business title. Finally, they were being filled, soldered up, and carried to the boats, not to be opened until they reached the shop of some merchant grocer.

14. The object of our friend Akong's visit was to convoy with his mandarin boat a fleet of tea junks to Hankow, so that but a day was given to our visit. The boats being ready, it was arranged that we should start on our return on the following morning.

15. The evening was devoted to a dinner and "sing-song" given for our entertainment by the tea men. We were seated at small, square tables holding four persons each, the Chinamen all dressed in state costumes.

16. And such a dinner! First came dishes of sweetmeats. Then followed bowls of bird's-nest soup, with the jelly-like substance floating about in it in company with bits of chicken. This was very nice, although we did all eat from the same dish, using little porcelain spoons. Then came more sweetmeats, followed by dishes of sea-slug and fat pork; this we passed, but not until an over-

polite Chinaman had lifted a small bit of something with his chopstick and, after biting off a piece, passed it for Charley to taste.

17. The chopsticks we could not manage,—the meat would slip out of them,—and but for the soups and the rice we should have had no dinner. Tea was passed continually, as were also little bowls of "samshu," a liquor distilled from rice.

18. During dinner the "sing-song" girls played on the native two-stringed instruments and sang in falsetto voice music which was undoubtedly fine from a Chinese point of view, but which we could not abide, and so we slipped off to the boat and sought our beds. Waking in the early morning, we found the fleet of tea boats under way and carrying us rapidly down the creek.

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1. Monotonous, systematically, huckleberry, expedition, deteriorates, dexterity, barbarians, edification, kneaded, porcelain.

2. What is the color of tea plants? Describe the picking and drying of tea leaves. What is a chopstick?

XX. CHEERFULNESS.

1. Speak sober truths with smiling lips;
The bitter, wrap in sweetness,—
Sound sense, in seeming nonsense,
As the grain is hid in chaff;

And fear not that the lesson
E'er may seem to lack completeness—
A man may say a wise thing
Though he say it with a laugh.

2. Then is not he the wisest man
Who rids his brow of wrinkles;
Who bears his load with merry heart,
And lightens it by half?
Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear,
As mirthful music tinkles,
And whose words are true and telling,
Though they echo in a laugh?

3. Why weep, faint-hearted and forlorn,
When evil comes to try us?
The fount of hope wells ever nigh—
'Twill cheer us if we quaff;
And when the gloomy phantom
Of despondency stands by us,
Let us, in calm defiance,
Exorcise it with a laugh!

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1. Forlorn, quaff, phantom, despondency, defiance, exorcise.

2. What is the lesson in this poem? Give the meaning of "sober truths," "smiling lips," "the bitter, wrap in sweetness," "bears his load," "the fount of hope wells ever nigh," "gloomy phantom." How is grain hid in chaff? How do *exorcise* and *exercise* differ in meaning?

XXI. AN AMERICAN KING DAVID.

1. When the Spaniards, under the famous Cortez, came to Mexico in 1519, they found the country inhabited by a people very unlike our North American Indians.

2. They had cities, palaces, and temples, which astonished the Europeans by their riches and magnificence; and they were governed by monarchs who lived in the greatest luxury. In some of the arts of civilization they excelled the Spaniards themselves. They had a knowledge of astronomy; and Cortez found their method of reckoning time—making allowance for the fraction of a day over the three hundred and sixty-five days in each year—more exact than the Christian calendar.

3. They had vast farm lands watered by artificial means; and their beautiful gardens gave Europe a lesson in horticulture. On the lakes about the City of Mexico were floating gardens, formed of rafts covered with rich mud from the lake bottom and glowing with the luxuriant flowers and fruits of the tropics—the wonder of the Spaniards.

4. They were skilled in the arts of war as well as in those of peace. They had bows and arrows, lances, and other weapons; and their generals knew something of stratagem and the wielding of great armies. But they knew nothing of powder or guns; and they had no horses. So when the Spaniards came

with their loud-roaring artillery and musketry, and with mounted men who seemed a part of the strange beasts they managed, the natives, though they fought desperately for a while, gave way at last; and in their defeat we have the romantic story of a numerous and powerful people conquered by a mere handful of Spanish troops.

5. The most enlightened of all the tribes then inhabiting the country were the Tezcucans. Tezcuco, the capital of their country, was on the eastern side of the lake of Tezcuco, near the western side of which was Mexico, the capital of the renowned Aztec emperor, Montezuma.

6. The Tezcucans and Aztecs were confederates in war, and, if left to themselves, would probably have become one nation, in the course of time extending their sway over all the races of North America. But the swelling wave of native civilization was met by a mightier wave from the Old World, and the spirit and power of these extraordinary people sank, never to rise again. In the sad and broken-spirited Mexican Indians of to-day, it is hard to recognize the children of the warlike and industrious tribes whom the Spaniards came to plunder and to convert to their own religion.

7. About a hundred years before the coming of Cortez there lived a Tezcucan prince, Nezahualcoyotl, whose history is of peculiar interest. In his youth,

like David, the Hebrew king, whom in many points he resembled, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of a morose monarch who occupied the throne, and he met with many romantic adventures and had many hairbreadth escapes.

8. Once, when some soldiers came to take him in his own house, he vanished in a cloud of incense, such as attendants burn before princes, and concealed himself in a sewer until his enemies were gone. He fled to the mountains, where he slept in caves and thickets and lived on wild fruits, occasionally showing himself in the cottages of the poor people, who befriended their prince at the peril of their own lives.

9. Again, when closely pursued, in passing a girl who was reaping in a field he begged her to cover him from sight with the stalks of grain she was cutting. She did so, and, when his enemies came up, directed the pursuit into a false path. At another time he took refuge with some soldiers who were friendly to him, and who covered him with a war drum around which they were dancing. No bribe could induce his faithful people to betray him.

10. The prince was the rightful heir to the throne, and, growing every day in the favor of the people, he found himself at last at the head of an army. The bad king was more and more detested as a

usurper, and his forces were routed; and the prince, who so lately fled for his life, was now proclaimed king.

11. He at once set about reforming abuses and making wise laws for his kingdom. He established a society devoted to the encouragement of science and art. He gave prizes for the best literary composition (for these people had a sort of picture writing), as he was himself a poet, like King David. Some of his poems, which were of a religious character, have been preserved and translated. The Tezcucans, like the Aztecs, were idolaters, who indulged in cruel rites, but this wise and good king endeavored to wean his people from them, declaring, like David, that above all idols, and over all men, ruled an unseen spirit who was the one God.

12. The king used to disguise himself and go about among his people, in order to learn who were happy, how the laws were administered, and what was thought of his government. On one such occasion he fell in with a boy gathering sticks in a field.

13. "Why do you not go into yonder forest, where you will find plenty of wood?" asked the disguised monarch.

14. "Ah!" cried the boy, "that forest belongs to the king, and he would have me killed if I should

take his wood: for that is the law." "Is he so hard a man as that?" "Ay, that he is—a very hard man, indeed, who denies his people what God has given them."

15. "It is a bad law," said the king, "and I advise you not to mind it. Come, there is no one here to see you; go into the forest and help yourself to the sticks." "No, indeed! I will not," exclaimed the boy.

16. "Are you afraid some one will come and find you? Do not fear! I will keep watch for you," urged the king.

17. "Will you take the punishment in my place if I chance to be caught? No, no!" cried the boy, shaking his head: "I should risk my life if I took the king's wood."

18. "But I tell you it will be no risk," said the king. "I will protect you. Go and get some wood."

19. Upon that the boy turned and looked him boldly in the face. "I believe you are a traitor," he cried,—"an enemy of the king; or else you want to get me into trouble. But you can't. I know how to take care of myself; and I shall show respect to the laws, though they are bad."

20. The boy went on gathering sticks, and in the evening went home with his fuel. The next day his parents were astonished to receive a summons

to appear, with their son, before the king. As they went tremblingly into his presence, the boy recognized the man with whom he had talked the day before, and he turned deadly pale.

21. "If that be the king," he said, "then we are no better than dead folks." But the king descended from his throne, and smilingly said, "Come here, my son. Come here, good people, both. Fear nothing. I met this lad in the fields yesterday, and tried to persuade him to disobey the law. But I found him proof against all temptation. I have sent for you to tell you what a good and honest son you have, and that the law is to be changed so that poor people can go anywhere in the king's forests and gather the wood they find on the ground."

22. He then dismissed the lad and his parents, with presents which made them rich for the rest of their lives.

23. A descendant of the king, who wrote in Spanish a history of his reign, has related many other interesting anecdotes of Nezahualcoyotl. They are not all to his credit, and certainly he was not a perfect prince; but, living as he did in an age filled with all kinds of cruelty and superstition, this monarch of a half-civilized race displayed some virtues that were rare enough in those days, even among the princes and monarchs of the Old World.

1. Spaniards, Europeans, oriental, calendar, artificial, horticulture, stratagem, wielding, romantic, enlightened, confederates, extraordinary, recognize, resembled, occasionally, usurper, translated, idolaters, indulged, persuade.

2. Was Nezahualcoyotl an American? Who were Americans then? Are the people of Mexico Americans? Do you suppose the United States may have been inhabited by a people similar to these before the Indians lived here? In what respect were these people uncivilized? Were there no horses in America when Columbus came here? When was powder invented?

XXII. THE BRAVE BRETHREN OF JUDAH.

PART I.

1. It was the saddest time the Jews had ever known, and there seemed to be no help, far or near. They could have no hope except in the promises that God would never fail His people, and in the prophecies that, though bad times should come, good ones would follow them.

2. The time was about one hundred and eighty years before the Christian Era. The Jews had returned from their captivity in Babylon, and built again their city and temple at Jerusalem; but their country belonged to a greater power, and they had a foreign governor and paid tribute to a king who was their master.

3. The king of Syria, who was at this time Antiochus, was fierce and passionate, and one of his

chief desires was that the Jews should forsake their faith in the one God and devote their many temples to the worship of the heathen deities.

4. Many of the Jews joined in Greek sports, which, though they might be innocent to the Greeks, should have been revolting to a people who had been better taught. Worst of all, the false high priest, Menelaus, led the king into the temple and told him all that would most dishonor it and grieve the Jews; so that a little altar to the Roman god Jupiter was set up on the top of the brazen altar for sacrifice for sin, and a hog, an unclean beast to the Jews, was offered, and its blood sprinkled everywhere, after which the golden vessels and all the sacred, precious things were taken away.

5. The Greeks, who were sure of being protected by the cruel king, went through the towns to set up idol worship, and put to death any who kept the Sabbath day or observed any law of Moses. When they came to a little city called Modin, near Joppa, on some hills not far from the Mediterranean Sea, and sent out orders to all the men of the town to meet them in the market place, they were told of Mattathias, who was of a priestly family and so much respected that all the other inhabitants of the place were sure to do anything in which he would be their leader.

6. He came at their summons, a grand and noble

old man, followed by his five sons, Johanan, Simon, Judas, Jonathan, and Eleazar. The Greek priest told him that Menelaus had forsaken the Jewish religion; that the temple was in ruins, and that resistance was vain. He exhorted Mattathias to obtain gratitude and honor for himself by leading his people in thus adoring the gods of the king's choice, promising gold and treasures if he would comply.

7. With clear and fearless voice the old man spoke out: "Though all the nations that are under the king's dominion obey him, and fall away every one from the religion of their fathers, yet will I and my sons and my brethren walk in the covenant of our fathers. We will not hearken to the king's words, to go from our religion."

8. While he was speaking, there came an apostate Jew to offer sacrifice at a heathen altar. Mattathias trembled with rage at the sight, and his zeal broke forth. He slew the offender and, gathering his brave sons about him, attacked the Syrian soldiers, and threw down the altar. Then, as he knew that he and his sons alone could not hold out against the king's power, Mattathias proclaimed throughout the city, "Whosoever is zealous of the law, and maintaineth the covenant, let him follow me."

9. Thereupon he and his sons, with their families, left their houses and lands, and drove their cattle up into the wild hills and caves where David had once

made his home; and all the Jews who wished to be faithful gathered about them to worship God and keep His commandments. There they lived, a handful of brave men, in the mountains, with enemies all about them and false brethren against them. They used to come down, from time to time, to remind the people of the law, to break down the idol altars, and to promise help when they could be of service, and their enemies were never able to follow them into their rocky strongholds.

10. But old Mattathias could not long bear the rude, wild life in the cold mountains, and he soon died. He called his five sons, and bade them to be zealous for the law and to give their lives for the covenant of their fathers. He reminded them of the many brave men who had served God and been aided in their time of need. He appointed Judas, as the mightiest of his sons, to lead his brethren to battle, and Simon, as the wisest, to be their counselor; then he blessed them, and died, and was buried in the tomb of his fathers at Modin.

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1. Prophecies, captivity, tribute, deities, revolting, exhorted, adoring, dominion, covenant, hearken, apostate, zealous, counselor.

2. What is meant by "Judah"? Explain "leave their faith," "an altar was set up," "set up idol worship." What was the first Jewish government? What became of the Jewish nation? In David's time where did they live?

XXIII. THE BRAVE BRETHREN OF JUDAH.

PART II.

1. Judas was one of the bravest men that ever lived. He was surnamed Maccabeus, which is thought by some to stand, in the Hebrew language, for the first letters of the words on his banner: "Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Lord?"

2. When the Greek governor, Apollonius, came out to fight against them, he had six thousand men. Judas gained his first victory, killed Apollonius, took his sword, and fought all his later battles with it. Next came a captain called Seron, who went to the hills to lay hold of the rebels who had dared to rise against the king of Syria. The place where Judas met him was one to make the Jews' hearts leap with hope and trust. It was on the steep, stony, broken hillside of Beth-horon, the place where Joshua had conquered the five kings of the Amorites when first the children of Israel came into Palestine, their promised land.

3. By this time the king of Syria began to think the rising of the Jews a serious matter; but he could not go himself to subdue them, because his provinces in Armenia and Persia had refused their tribute, and he had to go in person to these. He appointed a general named Lysias to chastise the Jews, giving him an army of forty thousand foot and seven thousand horse. Half of these Lysias

sent on with two captains, thinking they would be more than enough to hunt down and crush the handful that were lurking in the hills. And with them came a great company of slave merchants, who had bargained with the captain, Nicanor, that they should have ninety Jews for a talent, to sell to the Greeks and Romans, by whom Jewish slaves were much prized.

4. There was great terror in Palestine at the tidings, and many of the weaker minded fell away from Judas. He called the faithful ones together at Maspha,—the place Mizpeh where Samuel, a thousand years before, had collected the Israelites and sent them forth to free their country from the Philistines. Shiloh, their sanctuary then, was lying desolate as Jerusalem was at this time; yet better times had come after. Still it was a very mournful day at Maspha, and the army of enemies was ever coming nearer. The whole assembly wept and, putting on sackcloth, prayed aloud for help; then there was a loud sounding of trumpets, and Judas stood among them.

5. He made new proclamation of the old decree of Moses, that no one should go out to battle who was building a house, or planting a vineyard, or who had just betrothed a wife, or was fearful or faint-hearted. All these were to go home again. When Judas made this proclamation he had six thousand

followers; at the end of the day he had only three thousand, and these were but poorly armed. He told them of the aid that had come to their fathers in extremity of need, and made them bold with noble words. Then he gave them for a watchword, "The help of God," and divided the leadership between himself and his brothers, appointing Eleazar, the youngest, to read the Holy Book.

6. With these valiant men Judas set up his camp. Tidings soon came that one of the hostile captains, with five thousand foot and one thousand horse, had left the main body to fall upon his camp by night. He left the place secretly in the twilight; and the enemy, supposing the Jews to be still hidden in the mountains, proceeded thither in pursuit of them. But in the early morning Judas and his men were in the plains, marching upon the Syrians' camp with trumpet sound, taking them by surprise in the absence of their best troops, and utterly defeating them.

7. While Judas was reminding his men of the five thousand troops in the mountains, they were seen looking down upon their camps in smoke and flames. They had been wandering in the mountains all night, and now they turned and fled, leaving the whole camp, full of arms and treasures, in the hands of Judas, who then rested for a Sabbath of glad thanksgiving. On the next day he set apart

the portion for the widows and orphans and the wounded, and divided the rest of the spoil among the warriors.

1. Surnamed, subdue, chastise, bargained, sanctuary, decreed, extremity, valiant, proceeded, thither.

2. Would the first letters of the words on the banner be the same in Hebrew as in English? What is a "tributary province"? How much is a talent? To what was this victory due?

XXIV. THE BRAVE BRETHREN OF JUDAH.

PART III.

1. The next year Lysias came himself, but was driven back and defeated at Bethshura, four or five miles south of Bethlehem. And now came the saddest, yet the greatest, day of Judas's life, when he ventured to go back to the Holy City and take possession again of the temple. He and his men loved the sanctuary too well to keep away, and again they marched up the steeps and slopes that led to the Holy Hill. They found the walls broken, the courts strewn with grass and shrubs, and the altar of Jupiter upon that of the one true God. Then these warriors, who had put three armies to flight, fell on their faces and wept.

2. But Judas caused the trumpet to sound an alarm. They were to do something besides griev-

ing. He set the bravest to keep watch and ward in the tower, while he selected the most faithful priests to cleanse the sanctuary and to renew all that could be renewed. On the third anniversary of the day it had been first profaned, it was newly dedicated with songs and hymns of rejoicing. The temple and rock were strongly fortified, and this year and the next were the most prosperous in the life of the loyal-hearted Maccabeus.

3. The great enemy of the Jews, Antiochus Epiphanes, was in the mean time dying in Persia, and his son, Antiochus Eupator, was set upon the throne of Syria by Lysias, who brought a great army to reduce his subjects in Judea to obedience. The fight was again at Bethshura, near Bethlehem, and Lysias tried to take the fort that Judas had built to guard the road to Hebron. The Syrian force was made more terrible by thirty war elephants, each carrying a tower containing thirty-two men armed with darts and javelins. The whole host was spread over the mountain and in the valleys, so that it is said that their bright armor and their gold and silver shields made the mountain glisten like lamps of fire.

4. Judas pressed on to the attack, but was obliged after a hard fight to draw off and shut himself up in Jerusalem. Want of provisions had brought his men to great distress, when tidings came that an



other son of Antiochus Epiphanes had claimed the throne, and Lysias made peace with Judas, promising the Jews full liberty of worship, and left Palestine in peace.

5. This, however, did not last long. An army was again sent to subdue Judas, and a high priest appointed, who, though a Jew, favored heathen customs. This was the most disastrous thing that had happened to Judas, for Jerusalem was again lost. One more battle was gained by him, after which, finding how hard it was to make way against the Syrians, he sent to ask aid of the Roman power. But long before an answer could come, a Syrian army of twenty thousand had marched in against three thousand, which was all that Judas could then muster.

6. The hearts of his men failed before so unequal a conflict, and they gradually abandoned him till his three thousand were reduced to eight hundred, and even they would fain have persuaded him to retreat. But his heart was strong. "If our time be come," he said, "let us die manfully, and not stain our honor."

7. The battle was as sore as that which raged at Thermopylæ, and the end was the same. Judas and his eight hundred were not driven from the field, but they died upon it. Their work was done. What is called the moral effect of such a

defeat goes further than many a victory. Those lives, sold so dearly, were the price of freedom for Judea.

8. Jonathan and Simon laid their brother in his father's tomb, and then ended the work that he had begun; and when Simon died, the Jews, once so trodden upon, were the most prosperous race in the East. The temple was raised from its ruins, and the exploits of the Maccabees had nerved the people to do or die in defence of the holy faith of their fathers.

1. Ventured, anniversary, dedicated, subjection, exploits.

2. What is meant by the "Holy City"? What weapons were used then in war? Explain "Judas pressed on," "was obliged—to draw off," "the Roman power," "battle was sore," "moral effect."

XXV. SUMMER.

1. Winter is cold-hearted, spring is yea and nay,
   Autumn is a weathercock, blown every way:
   Summer days for me, when every leaf is on its tree,

2. And Robin's not a beggar, and Jenny Wren's a bride,
   And the larks hang singing, singing over the wheat fields wide,
   And the pendulum spider swings from side to side,

3. And blue-black beetles scurry round, and gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten that no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive, and ladybirds arrive;

4. Before green apples blush, before green nuts sunbrown,
Why, one day in the country is worth a month in town—
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

1. Pendulum, scurry, caterpillars, gnats.

2. What is meant by "cold-hearted," "yea and nay," and "weathercock" in the first stanza? How is the activity of summer life described? What is the effect of the irregularity of the poem?

XXVI. THE WONDERS OF BEE LIFE.

1. Bees are sometimes called the heralds of civilization. No one knows how long bees have worked for man. The Bible often speaks of honey, and as far back as history extends we find that bees have been kept in hives as at present.

2. When our forefathers came to America they

brought their bees with them, and, as swarms often escaped, the woods near the settlements were soon filled with bees, which made their homes in the hollow trees.

3. Each hive of bees has three classes,—one mother or queen bee; several hundred male bees, who never work (and hence are called drones); and a great many working bees.



4. As soon as a swarm of bees is settled in a new hive, the workers build six-sided cells of wax, sometimes making in a single day four or five thousand of them.

5. The mother bee at once begins to lay her eggs in these cells. For several months she will average about one hundred and fifty a day. These eggs produce only the workers. In the springtime the working bees make a few hundred cells somewhat larger than those already made. The eggs laid in these cells produce males, or drones.

6. Just before the time to swarm, the workers

build about a dozen round cells many times larger than the others. In these are born the queen bees, who have not only larger rooms but a richer diet than the other young bees, which are fed on the flour-like substance called pollen while the young queen bees are given pollen and honey mixed.

7. Just before swarming time, when the hive is full of bees, the young queens are hatched. The old queen seems greatly enraged and would sting them to death if she could, but they are protected by the workers; when, suddenly, gathering such bees as are willing to follow her, she abandons her attempts on the lives of her royal children, and leads out a swarm to seek a new home.

8. The young queens are brought out one after another, and, being hindered in the same way from killing each other, gather their followers in turn and rush out to found their own families.

9. When only enough bees remain to fill the hive comfortably the workers withdraw their protection, and the remaining queen bees fight until but one is left, who is accepted as queen for the time.

10. She, however, seems to have no control over the bees. They provide their food, feed their young, and build their combs in their own way and time, without orders from any one. Still, they all pay her the greatest attention, and will work for her or fight to the death to protect her from harm.

11. If she dies or is removed from the hive, the workers hurry to the small six-sided cells in which the young are best developed, break up the cells, taking great care not to injure the young bees, make them over into round cells, replace the young, and feed them with the royal food of pollen and honey. Strange as it may seem, these grubs in a few days come out not workers but queens. One of these is taken as the mother of the hive, and the work goes on as usual.

12. If their queen is removed and there are no cells containing workers' eggs, the bees seem to lose all their ambition, and the whole swarm dies. They will accept a strange queen, or their own if she is taken away for a short time and then replaced in the hive.

13. The drones have no stings, and do no work. They are suffered to live while honey is plenty, but in the fall the workers fall upon them and sting them to death.

14. The workers seldom quarrel with each other or with neighboring bees, but sometimes a whole swarm will attack a hive near them, and the fight will last for days, until one side or the other acknowledges defeat. Then the victors carry all the honey into their own hive.

15. In studying the habits of bees we are filled with wonder at their skill, which seems almost the

result of reasoning, and which shows the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of their Creator.

1. Heralds, settlements, produce, substance, pollen, enraged, abandons, developed.

2. What kind of bees is spoken of in this lesson? Do humble bees make honey? Were there honey bees in America before Columbus discovered it? What is a four-sided figure called? What is a six-sided figure called? What is "pollen"? Describe any beehives you have seen.

XXVII. WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

PART I.

1. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless, iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton and twirled it, in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes.

2. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of divinity in them, and I admired them,—nothing more. They were excess-

ively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I went away and left them spinning—cotton.

3. One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery agoing in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was—the great iron horse! Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the base use to which he had been turned.

4. I saw the gigantic hexaped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle traveling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour toward their city slaughterhouse. It was wonderful. The little-busy-bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to

the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

5. Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the masterpiece of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese-press. It went with a lever—with a lever longer, stronger, than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

6. "It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink-trough, with a queueless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing press?" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing press? What do you print?" I asked.

7. "Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, "why, we print thoughts." "Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration, —he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning.

8. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea which, though

having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked, in honest soberness, "what are thoughts? and how can you get hold of a man's thoughts to print them?"

9. "Thoughts are what come out of the people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed! Why, minds aren't anything you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air: you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before.—No, sir; all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy."

10. "Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and, more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment—sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth and in the waters under the earth—how can you get hold of them? How can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

1. Transposed, genius, automatons, voluptuous, antipodes, attribute, intellectual, philosophy, hexaped, dwindled, aggregation, Archimedes, queueless, queried, counterfeit, enormous, pathetic.

2. What machinery is meant by "iron intellects"? Is a bale of cotton made into cloth as here stated? What "attribute of divinity" is meant here? A hexaped has how many feet? Can you give any other words in which *ped* means *foot?* How great is the velocity of the wind? What is meant by "tuning my anvil"? Who was Tubal Cain?

XXVIII. WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

PART II.

1. Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied, "Thoughts work and walk in things that make tracks; and we take these tracks, and stamp them on paper, or on iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

2. The pressman let go the lever and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and, wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

3. "Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it, too," giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist; "we can print it, too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts as much like the pattern as two peas."

4. Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly to the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand; "why, the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink-rollers.

5. "Immortality, indeed! why, people's minds wouldn't be immortal if 'twasn't for the printers—

at any rate in this planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps who manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder.

6. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, any way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these bits of inky pewter. He shall not die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here, as long as the world stands."

7. "Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts, too?" "Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind." "Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman. And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

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1. Luminous, interrogatively, felicity, comprehended, exposition, evolving, proposition, inquiringly, admonishingly, patronizingly, planetary, subjoined, subdued.

2. What was Ezekiel's "new idea"? What is meant by "metallic page"? "an attitude of earnest exposition"? "evolv-

ing a new phase"? "assented—inquiringly"? "planetary burying-ground"? What is the source of thought? How does printing keep a man alive?

XXIX. THE WEAKEST THING.

1. Which is the weakest thing of all
   Mine heart can ponder?
   The sun, a little cloud can pall
   With darkness yonder?

2. The cloud, a little wind can move
   Where'er it listeth?
   The wind, a little leaf above,
   Though sere, resisteth?

3. What time that yellow leaf was green,
   My days were gladder;
   But now, whatever spring may mean,
   I must grow sadder.

4. Ah me! a leaf with sighs can wring
   My lips asunder—
   Then is mine heart the weakest thing
   Itself can ponder.

5. Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined,
   And drop together,
   And at a blast which is not wind
   The forests wither,

6. Thou from the darkening, deathly curse
To glory breakest,—
The Strongest of the Universe
Guarding the weakest!

1. Ponder, listeth, asunder, wither, universe.

2. Mention the steps by which the poet tries to prove that the heart is the weakest thing. Because the cloud can veil the sun, is it the greater? Does not the sun still shine? Does this mean physically "the weakest thing"? Who is the "Strongest of the Universe"? What is the "blast which is not wind"?

XXX. THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON.

1. John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill pond, which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dextrous cutler, and a notable weaver, and was in fact a sort of jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty good fellow, and passably honest as times go.

2. But what tarnished all these qualities was a quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on

among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of it; so that he hardly ever was seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers that never get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

3. The squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meetinghouses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which), fell into a great passion, and said he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle.

4. So he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villainous wry faces and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After this he made the house so dis-

agreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his ax, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the mill pond to some new land to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle there, and build a meetinghouse without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

5. When he got across the pond, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his ax on one shoulder, and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his ax like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms; and building himself a fine farmhouse, about half furnished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

6. But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in great want of money on account of his having lately to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and

made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

7. But, for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and said he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you would only let him alone.

8. While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats,

Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the teakettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan for ever.

1. Choleric, ingenious, dextrous, tarnished, pretending, familiarly, abomination, contradiction, prescription, villainous, pretences, ensued.

2. Where is "Bull's manor"? Can you mention any of the quarrels John Bull has had? What was his dispute with Jonathan? Why did Jonathan come to this country? What is meant by "threw the teakettle"? Have John and Jonathan had other quarrels since that time? Can you tell of one in the same style as this extract?

XXXI. KNICKERBOCKER LIFE IN NEW YORK.

PART I.

1. In those old days of simplicity and sunshine, in the early history of New York, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy and the universal test of an able housewife.

2. The front door was never opened except for marriages, funerals, New Year's day, the festival of



St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, which

was curiously wrought—sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes in that of a lion's head—and daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was often worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

3. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers "like unto a duck."

4. The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. No one was permitted to enter this sacred apartment except the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning. On these occasions they always took the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

5. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked with a broom into angles, curves, and rhomboids—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new branch of evergreen in the fireplace, the windows were again closed to

keep out the flies, and the room was kept carefully locked until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

6. The family always entered at the gate, and generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

7. The fireplaces were of truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white—nay, even the very cat and dog—enjoyed a community of privileges, and had each a right to a corner.

8. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking into the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the good wife, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perhaps, like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth, for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, hairbreadth escapes, and encounters with the Indians.

1. Simplicity, housewife, festival, gorgeous, wrought, device, burnished, precautions, discipline, amphibious, rhomboids, primeval, patriarchal, community, privileges, burgher, incredible.

2. When were those "old days of simplicity"? What is meant by "sanctum sanctorum"? Were there slaves in New York then? Who settled New York?

XXXII. KNICKERBOCKER LIFE IN NEW YORK.

PART II.

1. In those happy days fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company usually assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might reach home before dark.

2. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels and swimming in gravy. The company seated around the genial board evinced their dexterity in launching their forks at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner that sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.

3. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous

dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts—a delicious kind of cake, at present little known in this city (New York) except in genuine Dutch families.

4. The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle.

5. To sweeten the beverage a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend by a string from the ceiling a large lump directly over the tea-table, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

6. At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity prevailed,—no flirting, no coquetting, no romping of young ladies, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, no amusing conceits of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

7. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs and knit their woolen stockings, nor ever opened their

lips except to say, "Yes, sir," or "No, ma'am," to any question which was asked them. The parties broke up without noise or confusion. The guests were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such as could afford to keep a wagon.

1. Evinced, dexterity, launching, porpoises, preserved, beaux, genuine, distinguished, adroitness, replenishing, beverage, alternately, decorum, primitive, prevailed, coquetting, conceits, demurely, vehicles.

2. Explain "the tea table was crowned," "the genial board," "the table was graced," "vehicles nature had provided."

XXXIII. EARLY RISING.

1. "God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

2. "Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all.

3. The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks.

4. Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then, he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

5. 'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty and awake to truth;
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood—or asleep.

6. So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising!—
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

1. Invented, monopoly, sentimental, maxims, sanctioned, hackneyed, observes, inquire, knavery.

2. Is the first line of this poem a maxim? What is a maxim? How does it differ from a quotation? What maxim is alluded to in the sixth stanza? Is this poem humorous or sarcastic?

XXXIV. GLASS.

1. The uses of glass are innumerable, and yet a few centuries ago it was unknown. Then the peasant and the noble had only shutters to their windows, which had to be kept closed in cold or stormy weather.

2. This was inconvenient, and skins were treated so as to be partly transparent, and were stretched across the opening, to let in a little light while excluding the cold and rain. A thin piece of stone, like mica, was sometimes used, and oiled paper also supplied the place of glass.

3. It was at length found that silica, lime, and soda, or potash, could be melted together to form glass, and here and there a few rich people began to have glass windows in their homes; but this was so costly that it was often removed from windows and carefully put away when the house was closed for any reason.

4. At first the operation of making glass was slow and laborious. Sheet glass, like bottles, was blown

for hundreds of years, until a Frenchman discovered the process of making it by machinery. Now glass is so common and cheap that we can hardly imagine a comfortable existence without it.

5. It seems very strange; but many of our modern inventions were known thousands of years ago, and then became forgotten. This is true of the art of making glass, which was known thousands of years before the Christian era, as is proved by pictures on the ancient tombs representing glass-blowers at work.

6. But in the first century it disappeared, and for years was a lost art. In Venice, during the fifth century, the art of glass-making was rediscovered, and for a long time it was kept secret from other nations. The people grew rich from its sale, and Venice soon became celebrated everywhere for the beauty of its glassware.

7. After a while other nations found out the secret process, and manufactories were started in Germany and Bohemia, and soon nearly every nation was producing glass of various qualities; yet none rivaled Venice except Bohemia.

8. The Bohemians rediscovered the art of engraving on glass, which had been known years before, but which was lost when glass itself disappeared. In some things they surpassed the Venetians, for they learned to color glass so beautifully that all

the rich people wanted it, and it was prized more than the Venetian glass.

9. One day an Englishman, hunting for curiosities among the ruins of Thebes, found a glass bead covered with tiny pictures. Now, in the days of ancient Thebes, hieroglyphics, as such pictures were called, were used instead of letters and words; and when these little pictures were read they were found to mean, "The good queen Ramaka, the loved of Athor, protectress of Thebes."

10. As Queen Ramaka lived more than three thousand years ago, this bead was believed to have been made then and to have lain untroubled for centuries in the ruins, and to prove that glass-making was known at that time.

11. Another famous curiosity in glass is the Barberini vase. No one knows exactly how old it is, but it was found in a tomb near Rome about four hundred years ago. The claim is made that it is at least two thousand years old.

12. It is made of two layers of glass, one over the other. On this vase skillful painters and engravers have represented the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Thetis holds a serpent in her left hand and gives her right hand to Peleus. Neptune, the god of the sea, is in front of them, as if to bless their marriage, while Cupid hovers near them in the air. The outer layer being opaque, brings out

these figures, like clear-cut marble, in the deep blue background of the lower layer.

13. On the reverse side of the vase Peleus and Thetis again appear, with a goddess near them and a bust of Ganymede below. This vase was sold for nine thousand dollars to the Duchess of Portland, and is now called the Portland vase.

14. The Peach-blow vase is one of the celebrated vases of modern times. It possesses the delicate shadings of the peach blossom, and is said to have been sold for thirty-seven thousand dollars.

15. The Crystal Palace, in England, was built almost entirely of glass. In a thousand ways the beauty and practical utility of this now common material are proclaimed on every hand.

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1. Innumerable, peasant, inconvenient, excluding, laborious, rivaled, engraving, surpassed, curiosities, hieroglyphics, protectress, opaque, reverse, combine, utility.

2. Mention some of the uses of glass. Name some of the different kinds of glass. Can you mention any of "the lost arts"? Did the Indians use "picture writing" when Columbus discovered America? Who first invented letters? What are "letters"?

XXXV. THE FIORDS OF NORWAY.

1. Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular char-

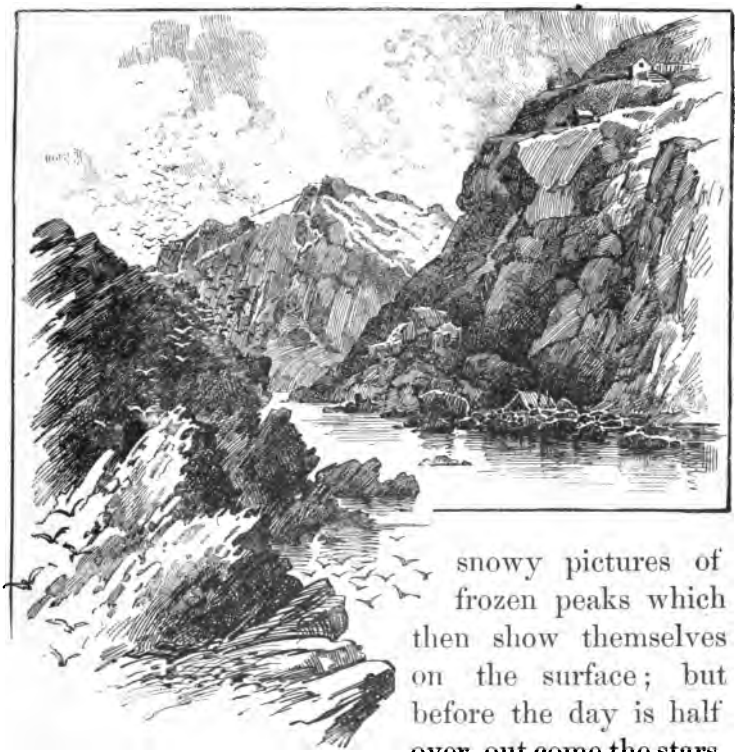
acter of its coast. It looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of sea and land, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them.

2. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded, with shelving sandy shores on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys filled with sea, in place of being laid out in fields and meadows.

3. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays, called fiords, from almost every wind, so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish or the oars of the boatman as he goes to inspect the sea fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea trout or char, the cod or herring, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

4. It is difficult to say whether these fiords are more beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer

they glitter with golden sunshine, and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them. These may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter moons of those latitudes and the



snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars, —the glorious stars which shine like nothing that we have ever seen elsewhere. There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with

us; and these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the water so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven and to cleave his way among the stars.

5. Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge, the bleating of the kids that browse there, the flap of the great eagle's wing as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of clouds of sea birds which inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled, and multiplied by the strong echoes till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

6. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold and the birds at roost, and when the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests makes this music as it goes.

7. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every motion of the

night wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps, and this gentle, mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

8. This music ceases, of course, when each tree becomes laden with snow; yet there is sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

9. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore where a man may build a house and clear a field or two, wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill and make a path from it to some great road, there is a human habitation with the sounds that belong to it.

10. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, in winter as well as in summer.

1. Jagged, perpetual, inundate, promontories, fiords, sportive, inspect, islet, constellations, browse, vibrate, avalanche.

2. How does the coast of Norway differ from our coasts? Can you describe the Norwegians? What is their form of government? Explain "straggling promontories," "still as everything is to the eye," "the ear is kept awake." Does the pine have leaves? What is the music referred to in paragraph 6?

XXXVI. SEEKING FOR FAIRIES.

1. "And where, and among what pleasant places
Have ye been, that ye come again
With your laps so full of flowers, and your faces
Like buds blown fresh after rain?"

2. "We have been," said the children—speaking
In their gladness, as the birds chime,
All together—"we have been seeking
For the Fairies of olden time;

3. "For we thought, they are only hidden,—
They would never surely go
From this green earth all unbidden,
And the children that love them so;

4. "Though they come not around us leaping,
As they did when They and the World
Were young, we shall find them sleeping,
Within some broad leaf curled;

5. "For the lily its white doors closes
But only over the bee;
And we looked through the summer roses,
Leaf by leaf, so carefully;

6. "But we thought, rolled up we shall find them
Among mosses old and dry;
From gossamer threads that bind them
They will start like a butterfly,

7. "All winged: so we went forth seeking,
Yet still they have kept unseen,
Though we think our feet have been keeping
The track where they have been;

8. "For we saw where their dance went flying
O'er the pastures snowy white,
Their seats and their tables lying
O'erthrown in their sudden flight.

9. "And they, too, have had their losses,
For we found the goblets white
And red in the old spiked mosses,
That they drank from overnight;
And in the pale horn of the woodbine
Was some wine left, clear and bright:

10. "But we found," said the children, speaking
More quickly, "so many things,

That we soon forgot we were seeking—
Forgot all the Fairy rings,
Forgot all the stories olden
That we hear round the fire at night,
Of their gifts, and their favors golden,—
The sunshine was so bright;

11. "And the flowers—we found so many
That it almost made us grieve
To think there were some, sweet as any,
That we were forced to leave;
As we left, by the brookside lying
The balls of drifted foam,
And brought (after all our trying)
These Guelder roses home."

1. Chime, unbidden, gossamer, grieve, curled.

2. What are fairies? Where did the children seek them? How does the butterfly "start from gossamer threads"? What made the children forget the fairies? Are there things in nature more wonderful than the fairy tales?

XXXVII. BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

1. One day, when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two ants—the one red, the other black and much larger—fiercely contending with one another. Having once got

hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

2. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a duel, but a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

3. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

4. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already

divested him of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer or die!"

5. Meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe or had not yet taken part in the battle (probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs),—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue Patroclus.

6. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

7. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer

the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

8. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

9. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

10. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished.

11. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

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1. Wrestled, legions, myrmidons, resolutely, adversaries, pertinacity, divested, perchance, despatch, comparison, carnage, described, microscope, assiduously, carbuncles, ghastly, trophies.

2. Do ants seem to have leaders whom they obey? Have you read any facts showing this? Do bees ever fight? Do you

think these little creatures fight for principles or for spoils? What is meant by "myrmidons"? "Hôtel des Invalides"? Who was Achilles? Patroclus?

XXXVIII. THE DEATH OF A PAUPER.

1. There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

2. It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

3. There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess opposite the door there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes toward the place, and crept closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy felt that it was a corpse.

4. The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her upper lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

5. "Nobody shall go near her," said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back!—keep back, if you've a life to lose!" "Nonsense, my good man!" said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes—"nonsense!"

6. "I tell you," said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor—"I tell you, I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her—she is so worn away" The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but, producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

7. "Ah!" said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; "kneel down, kneel down; kneel around her, every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire

nor candle; she died in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death." He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled groveling upon the floor, his eyes fixed and the foam gushing from his lips.

8. The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence, and, having loosened the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered toward the undertaker.

9. "She was my daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer more ghastly than even the presence of death itself. "Lord, Lord! well, it *is* strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it's as good as a play, as good as a play!"

10. As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away. "Stop, stop!" said the old woman, in a loud whisper. "Will she be buried

to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go. Never mind: send some bread; only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?" she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved toward the door.

11. "Yes, yes," said the undertaker; "of course; anything, everything." He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

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1. Groping, cautiously, knuckles, mechanically, crouching, protruded, groveling, menaced, hideous, disengaged.

2. Where is this scene laid? What is meant by "a door on the landing"? "crouching mechanically"? "there lay upon the ground"? "rolled groveling on the floor"? "menaced them into silence"? From what book is this extract taken?

XXXIX. TIME TO GO.

1. They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head,
And hastes to bed.

2. The pale Anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good-night;
The Violets tie their purple nightcaps tight;
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing Columbines,
In blithesome lines,

3. Drop their last courtesies,
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest;
The Meadow Lily folds her scarlet vest,
And hides it 'neath the Grasses' lengthening green;
Fair and serene,

4. Her sister Lily floats
On the blue pond, and raises golden eyes
To count the golden splendor of the skies,—
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To find repose

5. In the cool depths below.
A little later, and the Asters blue
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While Golden-rod, still wide awake and gay,
Turns him away,

6. Furls his bright parasol,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The Gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every Fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet,

7. Downy and soft and warm.
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingerer dares to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

8. Teach us your patience brave,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God's will, sure that His clock strikes true;
That His sweet day augurs a sweet morrow,
With smiles, not sorrow.

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1. Inaudible, punctual, blithesome, complaints, lingerer, augurs.

2. Does the "time to go" refer to night or to the end of the season? Do the flowers *go* in the order given? What is meant by "fairy clocks?" "sure that His clock strikes true"?



XL. A RIDERLESS WAR HORSE.

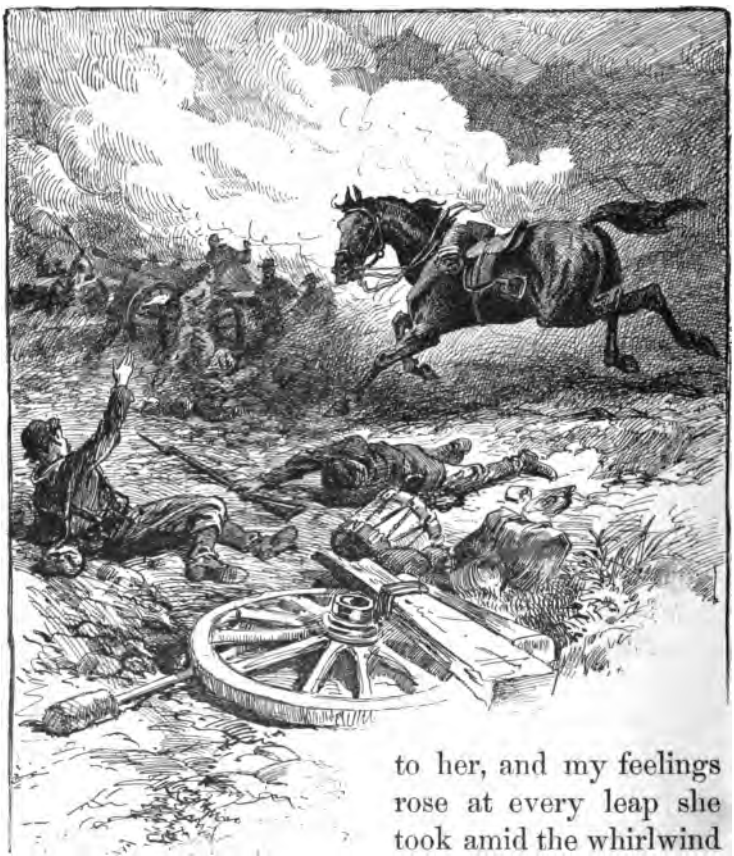
PART I.

1. It was at the close of the second charge in the battle of Malvern Hill that I saw, from the spot where I lay wounded, a riderless horse break out of the confused and flying mass, and, with mane and tail erect, and spreading nostrils, come dashing obliquely down the slope. She leaped with a motion as airy as that of a flying fox when, fresh and unjaded, he leads away from the hounds, whose sudden cry has broken him off from hunting mice amid the bogs of the meadow.

2. From my earliest boyhood I have had what horsemen call "a weakness for horses." Give me a colt of wild, irregular temper, and fierce blood, to tame, and I am happy. Never did lash of mine, singing with cruel sound through the air, fall on such a colt's soft hide; but touches soft and gentle, caressing words, unfailing kindness, and oats given from the open palm were the means I used to "subjugate him." Sweet subjugation, both to him who subdues and to him who yields!

3. The wild, unmannerly, and unmanageable colt, finding in you not an enemy, but a friend, receiving from you his daily food and all those little "nothings" which go so far to win the affections of a horse, grows to look upon you as his protector. So, when I saw this horse come vaulting along with

action so free and motion so graceful, amid that storm of bullets, my heart involuntarily went out



to her, and my feelings rose at every leap she took amid the whirlwind of fire and lead.

4. As she came careering toward me, her nostrils widely spread, her flank and shoulders flecked with

foam, her eye dilating, I forgot my wound and all the wild roar of battle, and, lifting myself to a sitting posture, gave her a ringing cheer.

5. No sooner had my voice sounded than she flung her head with a proud upward movement into the air, swerved sharply to the left, neighed as she might to a master at morning from her stall, and came trotting directly up to where I lay. I spoke again, and stretched out my hand caressingly. She pricked up her ears, took a step forward, and lowered her nose until it came in contact with my palm. Never did I fondle anything more tenderly, never did I see an animal which seemed to so court and appreciate human tenderness as that beautiful mare.

6. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a velvety depth and soft look about the hair, indescribably rich and elegant. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin; her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen.

7. All that afternoon the beautiful mare stood over me, while, away to the right of us, the hoarse tide of battle flowed and ebbed. When some of my men, at dusk, came searching and found me, and, laying me on a stretcher, started toward our lines, the mare, of her own free will, followed at my side; and all through that stormy night of wind

and rain, as my men struggled along, through mud and mire, toward Harrison's Landing, the mare followed; and ever after, until she died, was with me and was mine, and I, as far as man might be, was hers. I named her Gulnare.

8. As quickly as my wound permitted, I was transported to Washington, whither I took the mare. Her fondness for me grew daily, and soon became so marked as to cause universal comment. The groom had instructions to lead her twice every day to the hospital window, against which was my bed, so that, by opening the sash, I might reach out my hand and pet her. But the second day, no sooner had she reached the street than she broke suddenly from the groom and dashed away at full speed. I was lying, bolstered up in bed, reading, when I heard the rush of flying feet, and in an instant, with a loud, joyful neigh, she checked herself in front of my window.

9. When the nurse lifted the sash, the beautiful creature thrust her head through the aperture, and rubbed her nose against my shoulder, like a dog. Her affection for me seemed almost human; and my heart went out to her beyond any power of expression.

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1. Obliquely, caressingly, subjugate, unmannerly, unmanageable, vaulting, involuntarily, whirlwind, dilating, swerved,

appreciate, indescribably, tremulous, transported, bolstered, aperture.

2. When was the battle of Malvern Hill? Who commanded the forces engaged? Will most animals love you if treated kindly? Why are wild animals afraid of man? Where is Harrison's Landing?

XLI. A RIDERLESS WAR HORSE.

PART II.

1. The groom, who had divined where he should find her, came into the yard shortly after, but she would not allow him to come near her, much less touch her. If he tried to approach, she would lash out at him most spitefully, and then, laying back her ears and opening her mouth savagely, make a short dash at him, and, as the terrified African disappeared around the corner of the hospital, she would wheel and, with a face bright as a happy child's, come trotting to the window for me to pet her. I shouted to the groom to go back to the stable; for I had no doubt that she would return to her stall when I closed the window.

2. Rejoiced at the permission he departed. After some thirty minutes—the last ten of which she was standing with her slim, delicate head in my lap, while I braided her foretop and combed out her silken mane—I lifted her head and, patting her softly on either cheek, told her that she must

go. I gently pushed her head out of the window, and closed it; and then, holding up my hand with the palm turned toward her, charged her, making the appropriate motion, to "go right back to her stable." For a moment she stood looking steadily at me, with an indescribable expression of hesitation and surprise in her clear liquid eyes, and then, turning lingeringly, walked slowly out of the yard.



3. Twice a day, for nearly a month, while I lay in the hospital, did Gulnare visit me. At the appointed hour, the groom would slip her headstall, and, without a word of command, she would dart out of the stable, and, with her long, leopard-like lope, go sweeping down the street, and come dashing into the hospital yard, checking herself, with

the same glad neigh, at my window; nor did she ever once fail, at the closing of the sash, to return directly to her stall. The groom informed me that, every morning and evening, when the hour for her visit drew near, she would begin to chafe and worry, and, by pawing, and pulling at the halter, remind him that it was time for her to be released.

4. Of all exhibitions of happiness, either by beast or man, hers was the most positive on that afternoon, when, racing into the yard, she found me leaning on a crutch, outside the hospital building. The whole corps of nurses came to the doors, and all the poor fellows that could move themselves crawled to the windows, to see her. What gladness was expressed in every movement! She would come prancing toward me, head and tail erect, and, pausing, rub her head against my shoulder, while I patted her glossy neck; then, suddenly, with a sidewise spring, she would break away, and pace around me with that high action and springing step peculiar to the thoroughbred.

5. Again, like a flash, dropping her tail, laying back her ears, and stretching her nose straight out, she would speed away with that quick, nervous, low-lying action which marks the rush of racers, when, side by side and nose to nose, with the roar of cheers on either hand, they come straining up the homestretch. Returning from one of these

arrowy flights, she would come curveting back; now, pacing sidewise as on parade; now, dashing her hind feet high into the air; and, finally, would approach and stand erect in her reward—my caress.

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1. Divined, spitefully, terrified, rejoiced, appropriate, expression, lingeringly, leopard-like, exhibitions, delicate, positive, prancing, nervous, curveting.

2. Why did the groom expect to find the horse at the hospital? Do animals like to be petted? Do you think this horse understood the command? What is the homestretch?

XLII. FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

1. When the hours of day are numbered,
   And the voices of the night
   Wake the better soul that slumbered
   To a holy, calm delight—

2. Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
   And, like phantoms grim and tall,
   Shadows from the fitful fire-light
   Dance upon the parlor wall;

3. Then the forms of the departed
   Enter at the open door—
   The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
   Come to visit me once more;

4. He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

5. They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

6. And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

7. With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

8. And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

9. Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

10. Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

1. Slumbered, phantoms, cherished, beauteous, comprehended, rebukes, depressed.

2. Explain "the voices of the night," "forms of the departed," "open door." Do these forms represent the poet's friends?

XLIII. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1. It is more than a century and a half since George Washington was born. It is about a century since he died; and yet in the memory of Americans he remains "the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

2. He was one of the greatest of our good men, and one of the best of our great men.

3. He was born on February twenty-second, 1732, and his birthday has been made a national holiday, celebrated by a grateful people, who keep in memory his deeds of loving, self-sacrificing service to his beloved country.

4. The son of Virginia, he became the Father of his Country; and the proud Mother of Presidents has no prouder claim than this, that Washington was born and reared on her sacred soil.

5. It would be of great interest to read the story of his boyhood; but the legends that cluster around it only serve to show that "greatness breeds fiction to cling like a halo round the unknown," and to prove how quickly the people learned to know and to admire him.

6. His father was a man of character, and his ideas of a father's relation to his children were singularly adapted to develop the better nature and to form true character. But he died when George was ten years old, and left him, a precious legacy, to the care of a mother peculiarly fitted by nature and education to fill the place of both parents in developing the mind and body of her son.

7. To him she gave her life with a love and devotion that met with full return, and that showed what power a true mother has, and how her influence may be greater in its results than is ever dreamed of by the quiet fireside. She gave him a good education for the times, and one specially fitted for the work of surveying, to which he intended generally to devote himself.

8. She impressed his mind with the principles of honor and of true religion, and labored unceasingly that he might have a sound mind, developed, rounded, strengthened in all its parts, in a sound body. At sixteen he was almost a man, and began his work as surveyor in the wild country, whose

mountains and plains and rivers were almost unknown.

9. Among hostile Indians, climbing mountains, wading or swimming rivers, sleeping on the ground, and often in want of food, he passed three years of his life, and at the age of nineteen was the strongest, sturdiest young man in all Virginia. He was six feet, two inches tall, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, was brave, resolute, and self-possessed in the midst of danger, and had never been known to commit a mean act.

10. When he was twenty-one he was made major in the militia, and was chosen by Governor Dinwiddie to undertake the dangerous mission of carrying a letter six hundred miles to the post of the French commander. It was a terrible journey; the weather was cold, the rivers were frozen, the ground was covered with snow, the Indians were hostile, and the country was comparatively trackless. He delivered the letter and returned in safety, though betrayed by his guide and meeting with obstacles that would have deterred one less strong and resolute.

11. In another year the Indian war broke out, and Washington was made lieutenant colonel. So well did he acquit himself in this war that when he was twenty-four he was appointed commander in chief of all the forces of Virginia. He was wise

and brave. He bore hardships like his own soldiers, and the men loved and admired him. He was cool, temperate, and decided, and did his duty with a wise self-reliance that made everybody trust him.

12. As the years passed, he married, and lived on a plantation not far from where the city of Washington now stands. Mount Vernon, consecrated by his life and death, is known and reverenced by all Americans. From this quiet home life his country called him to lead its forces in the almost hopeless contest for freedom. "I will do my best," he said, as he reluctantly laid down the implements of peace and took up the sword.

13. He found a small army of farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, drawn together by a common impulse, undrilled, half armed, poorly clothed, and great only in their purpose—"an army, but no soldiers," as he described them. Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, were passed, grandly written in history, but the future was black with threatening clouds. A few scattered colonies, without an army, with few resources, with no ships, were contending with the almost limitless power of the greatest nation in the Old World.

14. But the cause was just, and God had raised up the man fitted to lead the people to victory. Washington accepted the position with a full knowl-

edge of its responsibilities and dangers. He organized an army, he planned the campaigns, and for seven long years he fought, never yielding, never hesitating, never thinking of defeat, until the God of battles smiled in peace through the smoke of the war clouds, and we were free.

15. Then, laying down his sword, he returned to his dear wife and pleasant home, to rest like "a tired traveler after his journey." But his work was not done. His country still needed him, and, at its hearty call, he again became its servant, and for eight years presided over its councils, showing a statesmanship based on integrity that served to lay the foundations of a great nation.

16. Then, at sixty-four years of age, believing that his public duty was done, he refused further service, and, followed by the love, admiration, and respect of his countrymen and of the world, he went home to rest awhile before God called him. For a little more than two years he enjoyed the peaceful life of a farmer, and then died, mourned by all with a sorrow that refused to be comforted.

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1. Century, celebrated, sacrificing, legacy, surveying, impressed, unceasingly, sturdiest, resolute, betrayed, obstacles, deterred, lieutenant colonel, acquit, consecrated, reluctantly, implements, resources, organized, campaign.

2. Had Washington any brothers or sisters? Can you tell anything about his home life as a child or at Mount Vernon? Give the names of his father, his mother, and his wife. How long was Washington commander in chief of the forces in the Revolution? Tell any anecdote you know of his private or public life.

XLIV. WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

1. If I were thou, O butterfly!
And poised my purple wings to spy
The sweetest flowers that live and die,
I would not waste my strength on those,
As thou; for summer has a close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

2. If I were thou, O working bee!
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily,
I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou,—that heirdom of my store
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

3. If I were thou, O eagle proud!
And screamed the thunder back aloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud,
I would not build my eyrie-throne,
As thou, upon a crumbling stone
Which the next storm may trample down.

4. If I were thou, O gallant steed!
With pawing hoof, and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed,
I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou, nor smooth my nostril plain
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

5. While yet I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade
As thus, methought, an angel said,—
"If I were *thou* who sing'st this song,
Most wise for others, and most strong
In seeing right while doing wrong,

6. "I would not waste my cares, and choose
As *thou*,—to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.
I would not work where none can win,
As *thou*,—halfway 'twixt grief and sin,
But look above, and judge within.

7. "I would not play earth's winter out,
As *thou*,—but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.
Then sing, O singer!—but allow
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as thou!"

1. Poised, pansies, heirdom, purple, eyrie, meeken, throne.

2. What is meant by "honey-gold"? "delve"? "heirdom of my store"? "methought"? "screamed the thunder back"? "live for life"? What lesson is taught by this poem?

XLV. SOLON AND CRŒSUS.

1. Coming to Crœsus at his request, Solon was in the condition of an inland man when first he goes to the sea, for he fancies every river he meets to be the ocean; so Solon, as he passed through the court, and saw nobles richly dressed and proudly attended, thought every one to be the king, till he came to Crœsus, who was decked with every possible rarity and curiosity, in ornaments of jewels, purple, and gold, that could make a gorgeous spectacle of him.

2. Now, when Solon came before him, and seemed not at all surprised, nor gave Crœsus the compliments he expected, the king commanded his attendants to open all his treasure-houses, and to carry Solon to see his sumptuous furniture and luxuries; and, when he returned, Crœsus asked Solon if he had ever known a happier man than he.

3. Solon answered that he had known one Tellus, a fellow-citizen of his own, an honest man, who had had good children and a competent estate, and had died bravely in battle for his country.

4. Crœsus thought him ill-bred for not measuring happiness by the abundance of gold and silver, and for preferring the life and death of a private man before so much power and empire. He asked him, however, if besides Tellus he knew any other man more happy.

5. Solon replied, "Yes; Cleobis and Biton, loving brothers, who were so dutiful to their mother that, when the oxen delayed her, they harnessed themselves to the wagon and drew her to Juno's temple, her neighbors all calling her happy, and she herself rejoicing; then, after sacrificing and feasting, they went to rest and never rose again, but died, in the midst of their honor, a painless and tranquil death."

6. "What!" said Crœsus, angrily, "and dost thou not consider us among the happy at all?"

7. Solon, unwilling either to flatter him or to exasperate him more, replied, "The gods, O king, have given to the Greeks all other gifts in moderate degree; so our wisdom, too, is a cheerful and homely, not a noble and kingly, wisdom; and, observing the numerous misfortunes that attend all conditions, it forbids us to grow insolent upon our present enjoyment, or to admire any man's happiness that may yet in course of time suffer change. For the uncertain future has yet to come, with every possible variety of fortune; and him only, to whom

divinity has continued happiness unto the end, we call happy. To salute as happy one that is still in the midst of life and hazard, we think as little safe and conclusive as to crown and proclaim victorious the wrestler that is yet in the ring." After this Solon was dismissed, having given Crœsus some pain, but no instruction.

8. Æsop, who wrote the fables, being then at Sardis upon Crœsus's invitation, was concerned that Solon was so illy received, and gave him this advice: "Solon, let your converse with kings be either short or seasonable." "Nay, rather," replied Solon, "either short or reasonable."

9. Crœsus at this time despised Solon; but later, when, overcome by Cyrus, king of Persia, he had lost his kingdom, and being taken alive had been condemned to be burnt, and was laid bound upon the pile, he called three times as loud as he could, "O Solon!" Cyrus, being surprised, sent some one to inquire what man or god this Solon was. Crœsus told him the whole story, saying, "He was one of the wise men of Greece, for whom I sent, not to be instructed, but that he should be a witness of my happiness, the loss of which was, it seems, a greater evil than the enjoyment was a good. He, conjecturing from what then was what now is, bade me to look to the end of my life, and not rely or grow proud upon uncertainties."

10. When this was told him, Cyrus, who was a wiser man than Crœsus, saw in the present example Solon's maxim confirmed, and not only freed Crœsus from punishment, but honored him as long as he lived. So that Solon had the glory by the same saying of saving one king and instructing another.

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1. Fancies, decked, gorgeous, spectacle, complements, sumptuous, competent, sacrificing, tranquil, exasperate, insolent, condemned, uncertainties, maxim, confirmed.

2. Who was Crœsus? Why did he want to see Solon? Why did Crœsus want to impress Solon with his wealth? What did Solon consider the measure of happiness? Did Crœsus profit by the lesson Solon taught him? What part of Solon's teachings was remembered by Crœsus when Cyrus was about to kill him?

XLVI. IN MEMORIAM.

1. With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

2. At our old pastimes in the hall
We gamboled, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

3. We paused; the winds were in the beech—
   We heard them sweep the winter land;
   And in a circle hand in hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

4. Then echo-like our voices rang;
   We sang, though every eye was dim—
   A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang;

5. We ceased. A gentler feeling crept
   Upon us; surely rest is meet;
   "They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet."
And silence followed, and we wept.

6. Our voices took a higher range;
   Once more we sang: "They do not die,
   Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change:

7. "Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
   With gathered power, yet the same,
   Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

8. "Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
   Draw forth the cheerful day from night!
   O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born!"

1. Weave, pastimes, gamboled, pretence, impetuously, sympathy, fickle, seraphic.

2. What is the thought of this extract? Is some loved one missing this Christmas who was with those "round the Christmas hearth" last year? What was the "shadow"? Explain "vain pretence," "winds were in the beech," "rapt from the fickle," "from veil to veil."

XLVII. DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.

1. Don Quixote, hearing how soon Sancho Panza was to depart to his new government, took him by the hand and led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office. "First, my son, fear God; for to fear Him is wisdom; and being wise thou canst not err. Secondly, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog who foolishly vied with the ox will serve thee as a caution; the recollection, too, of having been formerly a swineherd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock."

2. "It is true," said Sancho, "that I once did keep swine, but I was only a boy then; when I grew towards manhood I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the pur-

pose, for all governors are not descended from the kings."



3. "That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of

noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which, when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

4. "Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants: for when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

5. "Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if peradventure any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight nor affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of his creatures to be despised, and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

6. "Be not under the dominion of thine own will;

it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding. Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy. Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich and the sighs and entreaties of the poor.

7. "Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than on that of severity. If perchance the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold. If the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case. Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit will be often without remedy, and at the expense of both thy reputation and thy fortune.

8. "Revile not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds; the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language. When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for, though all the attributes

of God are equally adorable, yet His mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than His justice.

9. "If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will be long and thy fame eternal, thy recompense full and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes.

10. "But here let it rest, Sancho; for if thou governest ill, though the fault will be thine, the shame will be mine. However, I am comforted in having given thee the best counsel in my power; and, therein having done my duty, I am acquitted both of my obligation and my promise: so God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the fears I entertain that thou wilt turn the whole island topsy-turvy."

11. "Look you, sir," replied Sancho. "If your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this time; for I have more regard for a single nail's breadth of my soul than for my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon

bread and onions as Governor Sancho upon capon and partridge. Besides, sleep makes us all alike, great and small, rich and poor. Call to mind, too, who first put this whim of governing into my head: who was it but yourself? For, alack, I know no more about governing islands than a bustard; and if you fancy that in case I should be a governor I shall go wrong, let me rather go to heaven plain Sancho than to die a wicked governor."

12. "Now, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "for those last words of thine I think that thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast a good disposition, without which knowledge is of no value. Pray to God, and endeavor not to err in thy intention; I mean, let it ever be thy unshaken purpose and design to do right in whatever business occurs; for heaven constantly favors a good intention."

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1. Discretion, meritorious, conformably, acquired, intrinsic, peradventure, dominion, solicitous, entreaties, delinquent, imputable, clemency, attributes, precepts, felicity, recompense, tranquillity, inevitable, acquitted.

2. What is the fable of the frog and the ox? Is the peacock ashamed of his feet? Did Sancho think it a more honorable work to look after geese than after hogs? Is there any reason to be ashamed of our ancestors? What are the points in Don Quixote's advice? What is meant by "topsy-turvy"? Does "nail's breadth" indicate any way of measuring?

XLVIII. MYTHS OF THE SLEEPERS.

1. In many lands and in different ages there have been legends telling how sleep has fallen on men and they have never wakened for years, and generally each legend has its own moral.

2. The Germans tell of their great emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, with six of his knights, all clad in armor, slept for centuries in a cave in the Thuringian Hills, where they were found, still sleeping, by a shepherd who was hunting for his lost sheep.

3. The legend of the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" carries us back to the days of religious persecution, when Christians were put to death for refusing to worship idols.

4. There were seven young men in Ephesus who boldly confessed their faith in Jesus the Christ, and who, when the pagan emperor determined to kill them, gave their property to the poor and hid themselves in a cave on Mount Celion.

5. For a few days they lived on food which one of them bought from the people near, but at last sleep was mercifully sent them, and for nearly four centuries they slumbered in peace, while the cross had conquered heathenism in their native city.

6. Then they awoke, and, hungry after their long sleep, not realizing that it was more than a single night, sent one of their number to buy food.

7. As he entered the city, it seemed so strange that he thought he must still be asleep and dreaming. The streets were different, new buildings had grown up as in a night, and, to his still greater astonishment, the sign of his own religion, the sacred cross, everywhere met his eyes. It crowned the church spires, it blessed tall towers, it was stamped on the city gates and was built into the city walls.

8. When his story was told, multitudes followed him back up the mountain side to see his companions who, like himself, had slept for three hundred and sixty years and had not grown old. But their mission was accomplished, and they soon fell asleep again, never to awaken in this world.

9. In some lands great leaders are supposed to be sleeping, ready to awake and, in time of need, to lead the nation on to victory.

10. In the story of the Gray Champion, a legend of our own times, the old hero could not rest, but once came forth to help the good people of Boston; and perhaps the great, living still in their examples and teachings, are "not dead, but sleeping."

11. The most popular of all these myths is that of Rip Van Winkle, as told by Washington Irving, in his "Legends of Sleepy Hollow." The legend is old, and, like the others, has its own moral, which the story beautifully brings out.

12. There was a quaint little Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, near the Kaatskill Mountains. Rip was an easy-going, lazy, good-natured fellow, more fond of liquor and story-telling than of work.

13. His days were passed in hunting on the wooded mountains, or at the little Dutch tavern listening to the gossip of the neighborhood, or telling the wondering children strange tales of witches and ghosts.

14. His home was not a pleasant one; for his wife, provoked at his laziness, and perhaps overtasked to support the family, scolded him all the time he was there, though no amount of scolding could drive him to work.

15. One autumn day, when, with his dog and gun, he had wandered away into the mountains to escape his wife's tongue, the dread of a scolding and the soothing influences of nature kept him until the deep shadows filled the valleys.

16. Just as he whistled for his dog and started homeward, a quaint-looking fellow, with a keg of liquor on his shoulder, called to Rip to help him up the glen. Rip's dog showed every sign of fear: his hair stood on end, and he shook with terror.

17. But Rip could never say "No" when he saw signs of a drink; and so he helped his new friend along as best he could until they reached a sort of valley in the mountains, where some strange people —looking like large brownies—were solemnly play-

ing at ninepins, while the noise of the balls and the crash of the pins echoed through the mountains like the rattle and rumble of thunder.

18. As soon as they saw Rip and his guide they left their play and began to drink great draughts of the fiery stuff from the keg of liquor.

19. Rip drank with the rest until he fell asleep. For twenty years he slept on and then awakened, not knowing that he had slept more than a single night.

20. Still, things seemed strange to him. His hair and beard were long, his dog was gone, and a rusty old gun lay near him in place of his own. But, hungry and weary, poor Rip hastened down the mountain, only to find still stranger things in the village below.

21. He knew none of the children, and they were afraid of him. The dogs barked after him as he shuffled along the street. At his own home there was no Dame Van Winkle, and his children all had disappeared. Then he went hopelessly to his old haunt, the village tavern, only to find strange people there; while even on the sign from which King George used to greet him, George Washington now looked severely at him, as if to reproach him for his conduct.

22. Poor Rip's attempts to make himself known and to find his family and friends were very

pathetic, and the results were almost tragic. Wandering about, with his rusty old gun, with his long, gray beard falling to his waist, and in tattered clothing of another age, in the streets of his own village, but without a familiar face, no wonder that Rip was startled, lonely, lost, as we should be were we to sleep for half a century and then awake to find the world so changed as to be to us what ours would now be to our ancestors—a new world.

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1. Myths, religions, persecution, confessed, slumbered, heathenism, realizing, champion, liquor, provoked, laziness, draughts, hastened, shuffled, reproach, pathetic, tragic.

2. In these legends, did all the sleepers grow old? When you read them, try to find the reason for this difference and the moral of the legend. Where are the Kaatskills? Where is Ephesus? The signs on the hotel show that this legend of Rip Van Winkle was told in what century?

XLIX. SUMMER STORM.

1. Untremulous in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,

Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.

2. On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide,
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the emerald sedge's shade from side to side;
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened spray;
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs alway.

3. Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid;
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow;
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;

Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy raindrop's fall.

4. Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter;
The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull, and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap—
We shall not see the sun go down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet;
The startled river turns leaden and harsh—
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

5. Look! look! that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;

For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts rattling over the sun-parched roof.

6. Against the windows the storm comes dashing;
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing;
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return never more?

7. Hush! still as death,
The tempest holds his breath,
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short; but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves—
All is so bodingly still;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gouts;
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening;

And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song.
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,—
And then a total lull.

8. Gone, gone, so soon!
No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air;
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form;—
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

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1. Untremulous, clarion, precarious, sinuous, baffled, bodingly, quivering, whelm, portent.

2. Try to imagine the scene and describe it. What is meant by "a confused noise between two silences"? "towards the sky's image"? "a fitful rest"? "a breath's space"?

L. WHAT THE CHINESE THINK OF US.

1. The Europeans and Americans who go to China are disposed to think the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire odd and ridiculous. On the other hand, the Chinese who come to Canton and Macao, and there for the first time see the Caucasian visitors, return the compliment.

2. In fact, they exhaust their caustic and mocking vein upon the appearance of the Englishmen, and express unutterable astonishment at the sight of their scanty garments, their close-fitting pantaloons, their prodigious round chimney hats, and their high shirt-collars, which appear devised to saw the ears and yet so gracefully surround their grotesque faces. The lack of beard or moustache, and the wearing of frizzled side whiskers on either cheek, seem particularly amusing to the Chinamen.

3. They are puzzled above all by the shape of the dress coat. They endeavor, without success, to account for that strange habiliment, which they call a half-garment because it is impossible to make it meet on the chest, and because the tails that hang down behind are entirely wanting in front. And they admire the exquisite and refined taste of wearing at the back large black buttons like coins, without having anything to button them on.

4. How much more beautiful do they think themselves, with their oblique, narrow, black eyes,

high cheek bones, nose the shape of a chestnut, and shaven head adorned with a magnificent tail which reaches to the heels!

5. Add to this graceful and elegant type a conical hat covered with red fringe, an ample tunic with large sleeves, black satin boots with white soles of an enormous thickness, and it is beyond dispute that a European can never rival a Chinese in the matter of costume.

6. But it is chiefly in their habits that they assume to be so much our superiors. When they see Europeans spending several hours in the gymnastic promenades, they ask if it is not a more civilized mode of passing leisure time to sit quietly drinking tea and smoking a pipe, or else to go at once to bed.

7. The notion of spending the larger portion of the night at balls and parties has never occurred to them. All the Chinese, even among the upper ranks, begin to sleep in time to be able to rise with the sun.

8. At the hours in which there is the greatest stir and tumult in the principal cities of Europe, the people of China enjoy the most profound repose. Every one has gone home to his family; all the shops are shut; the boatmen, the mountebanks, the public readers, have finished their labors; and there are no signs of activity except among the theaters for the working-classes, who have no leisure but at night to enjoy the sight of a play.

1. Celestial, ridiculous, caustic, unutterable, prodigious, devised, grotesque, compensation, habiliment, exquisite, oblique, gymnastic, promenades, mountebanks.

2. How can "unutterable astonishment" be expressed? Why does each nation think its habits, customs, dress, and appearance superior? Why does fashion in civilized nations change so often? Is the Chinese dress as convenient as ours? What is the most civilized way of passing our time when not at work?

LI. THE IMAGINARY BANQUET.

1. An Eastern beggar named Shacabac one day gained admission to a magnificent building, in which, luxuriously reclining on a sofa in a richly furnished room, he found the master, a Barmecide, who, in the most obliging manner, thus addressed him:

2. *Barmecide.* Welcome to my house! What dost thou wish, my friend?

3. *Shacabac.* I am in great want. I suffer from hunger, and I have nothing to eat.

4. *Barm.* (much astonished at this answer). What! what! nothing to eat! Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I cannot endure. Thou shalt be happy as heart can wish. Thou must stay and partake of my salt. Whatever I have is thine.

5. *Shac.* O my master! I have not patience to

wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger. I have eaten nothing this day.

6. *Barm.* What! is it true that even at this late hour thou hast not broken thy fast? Alas! poor man, he will die with hunger. Halloo there, boy! bring us instantly a basin of water, that we may wash our hands.

7. Although no boy appeared, and Shacabac observed neither basin nor water, the Barmecide began to rub his hands, as if some one held the water to him; and while he was doing this he urged Shacabac to do the same. Shacabac from this supposed that the Barmecide was fond of fun; and as he liked a jest himself, he approached and pretended to wash his hands, and afterward to wipe them with a napkin held by an attendant.

8. *Barm.* Now bring us something to eat, and take care not to keep us waiting. Set the table here. Now lay the dishes on it. Come, friend, sit down at the table here. Eat, and be not ashamed; for thou art hungry, and I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger.

9. Saying these words, although nothing had been brought to eat, he began as if he had taken something on his plate, and pretended to put it into his mouth and chew it, adding, "Eat, I beg of thee; for a hungry man thou seemest to have but a poor appetite. What thinkest thou of this bread?"

10. *Shac.* (to himself). Verily this is a man that loveth to jest with others. (To the Barmecide) O my master! never in my life have I seen bread more beautifully white than this, or of a sweeter taste. Where didst thou procure it?

11. *Barm.* This was made by a slave of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold. (Calling aloud) Boy, bring us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings! Eat, O my guest! for thou art hungry—violently so, and in absolute want of food.

12. *Shac.* (twisting his mouth about as if eating heartily). Verily, this is a dish worthy the table of the great Solomon.

13. *Barm.* Eat on, my friend! Boy, place before us the lamb fattened with almonds! Now, this is a dish never found except at my table, and I wish thee to eat thy fill of it.

14. As he said this, the Barmecide pretended to take a piece in his hand and put it to Shacabac's mouth. Shacabac held his head forward, opened his mouth, pretended to take the piece, and appeared to chew and swallow it with the greatest delight.

15. *Shac.* O my master! verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor.

16. *Barm.* Do justice to it, I pray, and eat more of it. This goose, too, is very fat. Try a leg and a wing. Ho there, boy! bring a fresh supply.

17. *Shac.* Oh no, my lord! for in truth I cannot eat any more.

18. *Barm.* Let the dessert then be served and the fruit brought. Taste these dates; they are just gathered, and are very good. Here, too, are some fine walnuts, and here some delicious raisins. Eat, and be not ashamed.

19. Shacabac's jaws were by this time weary of chewing nothing. "I assure thee," said he, "I am so full that I cannot eat another morsel of this cheer."

20. *Barm.* Well, then, we will now have the wine. Boy, bring us the wine! Here, my friend, take this cup; it will delight thee. Come, drink my health, and tell me if thou thinkest the wine good.

21. But the wine, like the dinner and the dessert, did not appear. However, he pretended to pour some out, and drank the first glass, after which he poured out another for his guest.

22. Shacabac took the imaginary glass, and, first holding it up to the light to see if it was of a good, bright color, he put it to his nose to inhale its perfume; then, making a profound reverence to the Barmecide, he drank it off with every mark of keen appreciation.

23. The Barmecide continued to pour out bumper after bumper so frequently that Shacabac, pretending that the wine had got into his head, feigned

to be tipsy. This being the case, he raised his fist and gave the Barmecide such a violent blow that he knocked him down.

24. *Barm.* What, thou vilest of creation! Art thou mad?

25. *Shac.* O my master! thou hast fed me with thy provisions and regaled me with old wine, and I have become intoxicated and committed an outrage upon thee. But thou art of too exalted dignity to be angry with me for my ignorance.

26. He had hardly finished this speech before the Barmecide burst into a laugh. "Come," said he, "I have long been looking for a man of thy character. Let us be friends. Thou hast kept up the jest in pretending to eat; now thou shalt make my house thy home, and eat in earnest."

27. Having said this, he clapped his hands. Several slaves instantly appeared, whom he ordered to set the table and serve the dinner. His commands were quickly obeyed, and Shacabac now enjoyed in reality the good things of which he had before partaken only in dumb show.

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1. Magnificent, luxuriously, endure, partake, extreme, attendant, appetite, procure, absolute, viands, almonds, dessert, delicious, morsel, imaginary, inhale, profound, reverence, appreciation, bumper, frequently, feigned, regaled.

2. Could this story be true? What is its lesson? What is the meaning of these lines by J. T. Trowbridge?—

"Feasting with pride, that Barmecide of unreal dishes,
And wandering ever in a wide, wide world of wishes."

How does the manner of speaking differ from our expressions?

LII. THE CLOUD.

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

4. I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

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1. Thirsting, flail, dissolve, aghast, skyey, guiding, lured, genii, girdle, hurricane, volcanoes, torrent, triumphal, pores.

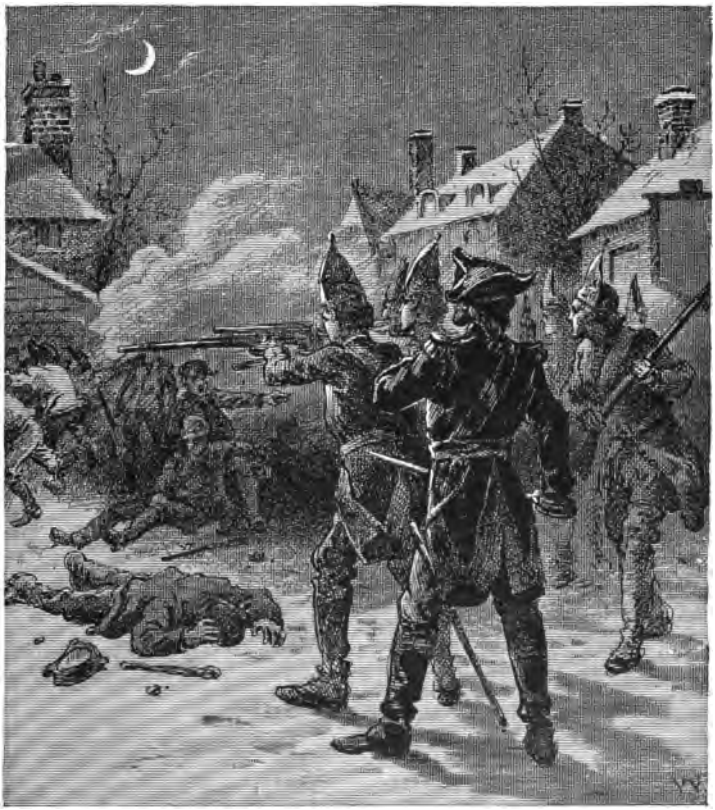
2. What is represented in this poem as speaking? Mention the different things the cloud claims to do. How does the cloud bring showers from the seas? Who "dances in the sun"? Explain "wield the flail," "great pines groan," "this pilot . . . lured by the love of the genii," "the sun's throne," "the stars reel," "the triumphal arch," "I change, but I cannot die."

LIII. THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

PART I.

1. On Friday, the second day of March, a soldier of the Twenty-ninth asked to be employed at Gray's ropewalk, and was refused. He then defied the rope-makers to a boxing match; and one of them accepting his challenge, he was beaten off. Returning with several of his companions, they too were driven away. A larger number came down to renew the fight with clubs and cutlasses,

and in their turn encountered defeat. By this time Gray and others interposed, and for that day prevented further disturbance.



2. There was an end of the affair at the ropewalk, but not at the barracks, where the soldiers inflamed each other's passions, as if the honor of the regi-

ment were tarnished. On Saturday they prepared bludgeons, and, being resolved to brave the citizens on Monday night, they forewarned their particular acquaintances not to be abroad. Without duly restraining his men, Carr, the lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-ninth, made complaint to the lieutenant governor of the insult they had received.

3. The council, deliberating on Monday, seemed of opinion that the town would never be safe from quarrels between the people and the soldiers as long as soldiers should be quartered among them. In the present case the owner of the ropewalk gave satisfaction by dismissing the workmen complained of.

4. The officers should, on their part, have kept their men within the barracks after nightfall; instead of it, they left them to roam the streets. Hutchinson should have insisted on measures of precaution, but he too much wished the favor of all who had influence at Westminster.

5. Evening came on. The young moon was shining in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new-fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

6. A band which poured out from Murray's Bar-

racks in Brattle Street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets, provoked resistance, and a fray ensued. Ensign Maul, at the gate of the barrack yard, cried to the soldiers, "Turn out, and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them." And one soldier after another leveled a firelock and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd.

7. Just before nine, as an officer crossed King Street, now State Street, a barber's lad cried after him, "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my master for dressing his hair;" on which the sentinel stationed at the westerly end of the custom-house, on the corner of King Street and Exchange Lane, left his post and, with his musket, gave the boy a stroke on the head that made him stagger and cry for pain.

8. The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moonlight, and passed on hallooing, "Where are they? where are they? Let them come." Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, rushed from the south into King Street, and so by way of Cornhill, toward Murray's Barracks.

9. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life!" cried a boy of twelve, whom they met. "No, no, I'll kill you

all," answered one of them, and with his cutlass knocked him down. They abused and insulted several persons at their own doors, and others in the street, "running about like madmen in a fury," crying "Fire!" which seemed their watchword, and "Where are they? knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King Street.

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1. Massacre, employed, repulsed, defied, encountered, disturbance, tarnished, inflamed, bludgeons, precaution, indiscriminately, outrageous, interposed.

2. In what year was this massacre? Where? What is "a ropewalk"? Why were the soldiers disliked? Why were "soldiers quartered among" the citizens? Who was Hutchinson? Who had "influence at Westminster"? What "council" is meant? What is a "customhouse"?

LIV. THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

PART II.

1. The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; and partly by the interference of well-disposed officers, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, and some others, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted, "Home! home!" others, it was said, called out, "Huzza for the main

guard! there is the nest;" but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

2. A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange Lane, crying, "Where are the cowards?" and, brandishing their arms, passed through King Street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking, "Where are they? where are they?" "There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy, and they began pushing one another toward the sentinel. He loaded and primed his musket.

3. "The lobster is going to fire," cried a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger. "If you fire, you must die for it," said Henry Knox, who was passing by. "I don't care," replied the sentry; "if they touch me, I'll fire." "Fire!" shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping," while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed.

4. "Stand off," said the sentry, and shouted aloud, "Turn out, main guard!" "They are killing the sentinel," reported a servant from the customhouse, running to the main guard. "Turn out! why don't you turn out?" cried Preston, who was captain of the day, to the guard. "He appeared in a great flutter of spirits," and "spoke to them roughly."

5. A party of six, two of whom, Kilroi and Mont-

gomery, had been worsted at the ropewalk, formed with a corporal in front and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they "rushed through the people," upon the trot, cursing them, and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons round the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them.

6. "For God's sake," said Knox, holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences." "I know what I am about," said he hastily, and much agitated. None pressed on them or provoked them till they began loading, when a party about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street, where they had been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," said they, "for bringing arms against naked men. Lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you."

7. "Are the soldiers loaded?" inquired Palmes of Preston. "Yes," he answered, "with powder and ball." "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They cannot, without my orders," replied Preston; while the "town-born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels! fire, if you dare! We know you dare not."

8. Just then Montgomery received a blow from a stick thrown, which hit his musket; and the word "Fire!" being given, he stepped a little on one side, and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. The people immediately began to move off. "Don't fire," said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face; but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next Langford, with his hands in his bosom, fell lifeless.

9. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people, who were dispersing. One aimed deliberately at a boy who was running for safety. Montgomery then pushed at Palmes to stab him; on which the latter knocked his gun out of his hand and, leveling a blow at him, hit Preston. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than one had had any share in the disturbance.

10. So infuriated were the soldiers that, when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston; while the Twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King Street, as if bent on a further massacre. "This is our time," cried soldiers of the Fourteenth; and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

11. The bells rung in all the churches; the town

drums beat. "To arms, to arms!" was the cry. And now was to be tested the true character of Boston. All its sons came forth, excited almost to madness: many were absolutely distracted by the sight of the dead bodies and of the blood, which ran plentifully in the street and was imprinted in all directions by the foot-tracks on the snow. "Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms, almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren." But they stood self-possessed and irresistible, demanding justice according to the law.

1. Interference, molested, brandishing, persuaded, worsted, haughtily, dispersing, deliberately, distracted, slaughtered, irresistible.

2. What are "barracks"? Why did the boy call a soldier a lobster? What is meant by "primed his musket"? "had been worsted"? "with bayonets fixed"? "the drums beat 'to arms'"?

LV. GRADGRIND'S IDEA OF EDUCATION.

PART I.

1. "Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts; nothing else will

ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir. In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir! nothing but Facts."

2. The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present all backed a little and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

3. Thomas Gradgrind, sir! A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir! with a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to.

4. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind, but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind, no, sir! Indeed, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.

5. "Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind,

squarely pointing with his square forefinger. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

6. "Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and courtesying.

7. "Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

8. "Father calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another courtesy.

9. "Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

10. "He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir." Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

11. "We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

12. "If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

13. "You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors horses, I dare say?"

14. "Oh yes, sir."

15. "Very well, then; he is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse." Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

16. "Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

17. The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

18. "Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

19. "Quadruped, graminivorous. Forty teeth,—namely twenty-four grinders, four eyeteeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth."

20. "Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

21. She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

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1. Reasoning, principles, inclined, plane, realities, proceeds, parcel, nonsensical, muzzle, courtesying, explained, objectionable, describe, veterinary, definition, reference, irradiated, quadruped, graminivorous, incisive, calculations, farrier.

2. Who is speaking in the first paragraph? What is meant

by "reasoning animals"? "swept with their eyes"? "little vessels"? Correct "don't he." Are two and two always four? Can you "define a horse"? What does *ped* mean in "quadruped"? How many teeth has man?

LVI. GRADGRIND'S IDEA OF EDUCATION.

PART II.

1. The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer, always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

2. "Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

3. After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir." Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "yes" was wrong, cried out in a chorus, "No, sir"—as the custom is in these examinations.

4. "Of course not. Why wouldn't you?"

5. A pause. One corpulent, slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, "Because I wouldn't paper a room at all; I would paint it."

6. "You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

7. "Yes, you must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

8. "I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

9. "Yes, sir," from one half. "No, sir," from the other.

10. "Of course, no," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste is only another name for Fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

11. There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir," was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of "No" was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said "Yes;" among them, Sissy Jupe.

12. "Girl number twenty," said the gentleman,

smiling in the calm strength of knowledge. Sissy blushed and stood up.

13. "So you would carpet your room with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

14. "If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

15. "And that is why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

16. "It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—"

17. "Ay, ay, ay! but you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to this point. "That's it. You are never to fancy."

18. "You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

19. "You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. You must discard the word 'fancy' altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You

must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is Fact. This is Taste."

1. System, representations, corpulent, wheezy, indignant, conviction, stragglers, combinations, modifications, susceptible.

2. In what point did the two questioners agree? Do you suppose that there ever was a time when "all things were so regulated by fact" as to forbid flowers on carpets or horses on paper? Did you ever hear of the Eastlake patterns? If the rule of harmony and taste is violated by flowers on a carpet, is it equally violated by flowers in a picture? Why?

LVII. WAR SONG.

1. Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

2. Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;

3. But still the corn,
At dawn of morn
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

4. Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

5. Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume

6. Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

7. Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

8. Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers!
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See, the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame.
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

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1. Shroud, eddying, martial, cuirassier, welkin's, elemental, trampled.

2. What are the lightnings and thunders of war? What is an "eddying wave"? What steps did the corn bear in the morn? Are there "men of steel" now? What has done away with the old armor?

LVIII. THE DREAM OF THE OAK TREE.

1. There stood in a wood, high on the bank near the open seashore, such a grand old oak tree! It was three hundred and sixty-five years old; but



all this length of years had seemed to the tree scarcely more than so many days appear to us men and women, boys and girls.

2. A tree's life is not quite the same as a man's: we wake during the day, and sleep and dream during the night; but a tree wakes throughout three seasons of the year, and has no sleep till winter comes. The winter is its sleeping time—its night after the long day which we call spring, summer, and autumn.

3. Through many a warm summer day had the May flies danced in light, innocent glee round his crown; and if, for a moment, one of these little creatures rested from its play on one of the large, fresh oak leaves, the tree would say, "Poor little insect! only one day long is thy brief life! how sad that is!"

4. "Sad!" would the little May fly then exclaim in wonder; "what meanest thou by 'sad'? Everything is so bright, so warm, so beautiful, and I am so happy!" "But only for one day, and then all is past for thee." "Past!" repeated the May fly; "what is 'past'? Art thou 'past,' too?" "No, indeed: I shall live for thousands of thy days, perhaps, and my day lasts a whole year. But that is something so long that thou canst not reckon it."

5. "Well, then, I do not understand thee at all. Thou hast thousands of days, and I have thousands of moments, in which to be happy and joyous. Will the beauty of this world cease when thou diest?"

"No," said the tree; "it will last longer, infinitely longer." "Well, then, we are in the same case, only I reckon differently."

6. And the May fly danced hither and thither, rejoiced over her fine, delicate wings, and reveled in the warm atmosphere, which was so perfumed with the delicious scents from the clover field and the wild roses, elders, and honeysuckles of the hedge, not to speak of bluebells, cowslips, and wild thyme, that the little insect felt intoxicated with sweet odors.

7. The day was long, full of brightness, beauty, and joy, and by sunset the little May fly felt wearied out with pleasant excitement. Her wings would bear her no longer; softly she glided down upon the cool, rocking blades of grass, nodded her little head, and slept the happy sleep of death.

8. "Poor little May fly!" quoth the oak tree; "thine was too brief an existence!" And every summer day recurred the same dance, the same argument, and the same peaceful falling asleep. It was repeated through whole generations of May flies, all alike light-hearted and joyous in their little lives.

9. The oak tree stood wide awake during his spring morning, his summer noon, and his autumnal evening; now it was nearly night; winter was drawing nigh.

10. Already the storms were singing, "Good night, good night! there falls a leaf, there falls a leaf! we plucked it, we plucked it! Sleep soundly! we will sing thee to sleep! Thy old boughs crack and rustle, but we will do thee no harm! It is thy three hundred and sixty-fifth night, but thou art as fresh as a sapling. Sleep soundly! The skies are dripping with snow—they will shake a warm coverlet over thy feet; sleep soundly and dream pleasant dreams!"

11. And the oak tree stood stripped of all his foliage, ready to go to rest for the whole winter, and in it to dream many dreams.

12. Now, according to human reckoning the tree was in his fourth century. He was the tallest, mightiest tree in the wood. His crown towered high above all the other trees, and was seen far out at sea, serving as a beacon to ships; but the old oak tree had never thought how many eyes sought him out from afar. High up in his green crown wood doves had built their nests, and the cuckoo perched to announce spring; and in the autumn, when his leaves looked like copper plates hammered out thin, birds of passage came and rested awhile among the boughs before they took their long flight. But now it was winter; the tree stood leafless, and the bowed and crooked branches displayed their dark outlines.

13. It was just at the holy Christmas-tide that the oak tree dreamt his most beautiful dream. He seemed to hear the church bells ringing all around, and to feel as though it were a mild, warm summer day. Fresh and green he reared his mighty crown on high, and the sunbeams played among his leaves. As in a festive procession, all that the tree had beheld in his life now passed by.

14. Knights and ladies, with feathers in their caps and hawks perching on their wrists, rode gaily through the wood; dogs barked, and the huntsman sounded his bugle.

15. Then came foreign soldiers in bright armor and gay vestments, bearing spears and halberds, setting up their tents, and presently taking them down again. Then watch fires blazed up and bands of wild outlaws sang, reveled, and slept under the tree's outstretched boughs; or happy lovers met in quiet moonlight and carved their initials on the grayish bark.

16. At one time a guitar and an Æolian harp had been hung amid the old oak's boughs by merry traveling apprentices; now they hung there again, and the wind played sweetly with their strings.

17. And now the dream changed. A new and stronger current of life flowed through him, down to his lowest roots, up to his highest twigs, even to the very leaves. The tree felt in his roots that a

warm life stirred in the earth, and that he was growing taller and taller; his trunk shot up more and more, his crown grew fuller; and still he soared and spread. He felt that his power grew, too, and he longed to advance higher and higher to the bright, warm sun.

18. Already he towered above the clouds, which drifted below him now like a troop of dark-plumaged birds of passage, now like flocks of large, white swans. The stars became visible by daylight, so large and bright, each one sparkling like a mild, clear eye.

19. It was a blessed moment! and yet, in the height of his joy, the oak tree felt a desire and longing that all the other trees, bushes, herbs, and flowers of the wood might be lifted up with him to share in his glory and gladness. He could not be fully blessed unless he might have all, small and great, blessed with him.

20. The tree's crown bowed itself as though it missed something, and looked backward. Then he felt the fragrance of honeysuckles and violets, and fancied he could hear the birds. And so it was! for now peeped forth through the clouds the green summits of the wood; the other trees below had grown and lifted themselves up likewise; bushes and herbs shot high into the air, some tearing themselves loose from their roots to mount the faster.

21. Like a flash of white lightning the birch, moving fastest of all, shot upward its slender stem. Even the feathery brown reeds had pierced their way through the clouds, and the birds sang and sang, and on the grass that fluttered to and fro like a streaming ribbon perched the grasshopper, while cockchafers hummed and bees buzzed. All was music and gladness.

22. "But the little blue flower near the water—I want that, too," said the oak; "and the bellflower, and the dear little daisy." "We are here! we are here!" chanted sweet low voices on all sides.

23. "But the pretty anemones, and the bed of lilies of the valley, and all the flowers that bloomed so long ago,—would that they were here!" "We are here! we are here!" was the answer, and it seemed to come from the air above, as if they had fled upward first.

24. "Oh, this is too great happiness!" exclaimed the oak tree; and now he felt that his own roots were loosening themselves from the earth. "This is best of all," he said. "Now no bonds shall detain me. I can soar to the heights of light and glory, and I have all my dear ones with me."

25. Such was the oak tree's Christmas dream. And all the while a mighty storm swept the sea and land; the ocean rolled his heavy billows on the shore; the tree cracked, and was rent and torn

up by the roots at the very moment when he dreamt that he was soaring to the skies.

26. Next day the sea was calm again, and a large vessel that had weathered the storm hoisted all its flags for merry Christmas. "The tree is gone—the old oak tree, our beacon! How can its place ever be supplied?" said the crew. This was the tree's funeral eulogium, while the Christmas hymn re-echoed from the wood.

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1. Throughout, exclaim, joyous, infinitely, reveled, perfumed, thyme, intoxicated, existence, recurred, plucked, foliage, festive, procession, vestments, outstretched, Æolian, apprentices, hoisted, weathered.

2. Is this a fable? Why is the tree spoken of as masculine? What is meant by the trees sleeping? Does length of existence make any difference in its happiness? What is a beacon? Does the top of any tree ever rise above the clouds? If you were higher than the clouds, could you see stars in the daytime? What were hawks used for? Why is the tree represented as longing for the flowers? What kind of birch tree is meant?



LIX. THE GOOD TIME COMING.

1. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

2. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

3. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,

Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

4. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

5. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

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1. Glisten, supersede, iniquity, slaughter, reformation.

2. What command, observed by all, would bring about this "good time coming"? How is the pen mightier than the sword? Are quarrels necessary? Is war necessary? Would it not be better if nations would settle disputes by arbitration?

LX. POOR RICHARD.

PART I.

1. I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

2. Father Abraham stood up, and replied: "The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement.

3. "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time to

be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while 'The used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

4. "'Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy,' and 'He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.' 'Drive thy business, let not that drive thee,' and

> "'Early to bed and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,'

as Poor Richard says.

5. "So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.' 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor,' as Poor Richard says. But then the trade must be worked

at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

6. "If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country.

7. "Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect.

8. "'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send;' and again—

"'He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

"If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. 'A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy—all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail.'

9. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will,' as Poor Richard says. Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times and heavy taxes.

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1. Courteous, quoted, incident, grievous, commissioners, vendue, diseases, diligence, perplexity, signifies, frugality, follies.

2. Who is supposed to be telling this incident? Who was "Poor Richard"? What is a proverb? What proverbs are in this lesson? What is meant by "taxed twice as much by our idleness," etc.? How can we get "an abatement" of these taxes? How does idleness tax us? What is the meaning of "live by their wits"? "break for want of stock"? "keep his nose to the grindstone"?

LXI. POOR RICHARD.

PART II.

1. "'What maintains one vice would bring up two children;' 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says. Here you are, all got together to this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps they may be sold for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good.

2. "'Always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

3. "'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a

great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. As Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.'

4. "It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt; Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

5. "But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities. We are offered by the terms of this vendue six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, 'The second vice is lying, the first

is running in debt.' And again, to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon debt's back;' whereas a freeborn American ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.'

6. "'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent,' saith Poor Richard, 'who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but

"'For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

7. "Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says.

"'Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And when you have got the philosopher's stone,

sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

8. "And now to conclude: 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counseled can't be helped;' and, farther, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.'"

9. Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly.

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1. Maintains, fineries, knick-knacks, straitening, contempt, superfluities, sneaking, veracity, deprives, superstitious, thriving, extravagance, temporary, philosophers, experience, counseled, harangue, doctrine, mickle.

2. What are "goods"? What is "a bargain"? Why does Want begin with a capital? Is all pride foolish? Explain the proverbs. What is meant by the "philosopher's stone"?

LXII. SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

2. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

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1. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

2. Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

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1. Ingratitude, heigh-ho, feigning, ambition.

2. Explain "thy tooth is not so keen," "thy breath be rude," "thou dost not bite so nigh," "waters warp," "this life is most jolly." Does the chorus of the first song seem to reverse the complaint in the stanzas? What is the use of "heigh-ho"?

LXIII EARTH AND HER PRAISERS.

1. "Sweet children, I am old! ye, every one,
Do keep me from a portion of my sun:
Give praise in change for brightness!
That I may shake my hills in infiniteness
Of breezy laughter, as in youthful mirth,
To hear Earth's sons and daughters praising
Earth."

2. Whereupon a child began,
With spirit running up to man
As by an angel's shining ladder,

(May he find no cloud above!)
Seeming he had ne'er been sadder
All his days than now—

3. "O rare, rare Earth!" he saith,
"I will praise thee presently;
Not to-day, I have no breath:
I have hunted squirrels three—
Two ran down in the furzy hollow,
Where I could not see nor follow;
One sits at the top of the filbert tree,
With a yellow nut, and a mock at me:
Presently it shall be done!
When I see which way these two have run
When the mocking one at the filbert top
Shall leap adown, and beside me stop,
Then, rare Earth, rare Earth,
Will I pause, having known thy worth,
To say all good of thee!"

4. Ha, a poet! know him by
The ecstasy-dilated eye.
'Neath a golden cloud he stands,
Spreading his impassioned hands.
"O God's Earth," he saith, "the sign
From the Father-soul to mine
Of all beauteous mysteries,
Of all perfect images

Which, divine in His divine,
In my human only are
Very excellent and fair!—
If were struck no richer meanings
From thee than thyself; the leanings
Of the close trees o'er the brim
Of a sunshine-haunted stream
Have a sound beneath their leaves,
  Not of wind, not of wind,
Which the poet's voice achieves:

5. "The faint mountains heaped behind,
Have a falling on their tops,
  Not of dew, not of dew,
Which the poet's fancy drops:
Viewless things his eyes can view,
Driftings of his dreams do light
All the skies by day and night,
And the seas that deepest roll
Carry murmurs of his soul.
I praise thee, O belovèd sign,
From the God-soul unto mine!"

6. There was silence. None did dare
To use again the spoken air
Of that far-charming voice, until
A Christian, resting on the hill,

Without new tears, did softly say,
And looked up unto heaven alway
While he praised the Earth,—

7. "O Earth,
I count the praises thou art worth,
By thy waves that move aloud,
By thy hills against the cloud,
By thy valleys warm and green,
By thy copses' elms between,
By their birds which, like a sprite
Scattered by a strong delight
Into fragments musical,
Stir and sing in every bush;

8. "Oh, beautiful
Art thou, Earth, albeit worse
Than in heaven is callèd good!
Praisèd be thy mosses soft
In thy forest pathways oft,
And the thorns, which make us think
Of the thornless river-brink
Where the ransomed tread!
Praisèd be thine active days,
And thy night-time's solemn need,
When in God's dear book we read
No night shall be therein.

9. "Earth, we Christians praise thee thus,
Even for the change that comes,
With a grief, from thee to us;
For thy cradles and thy tombs,
For the pleasant cŏrn and wine
And summer-heat, and also for
The frost upon the sycamore
And hail upon the vine!"

1. Infiniteness, presently, furzy, ecstasy, dilated, impassioned, achieves, viewless, sprite, ransomed.

2. Who are "earth's children"? Explain "with spirits running up to man," "the sign . . . of mysteries," "the leanings of the tree . . . have a sound," "viewless things." Do we find earth beautiful or the reverse just as we look at it?

LXIV. STORMING THE TEMPLE OF MEXICO.

1. Cortez, having cleared a way for the assault, sprang up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter mis-

siles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks.

2. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace; where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli*.

3. Cortez and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aërial battlefield, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the *teocalli*, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for more than a thousand combatants.

4. It was paved with broad, flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further

extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the Cross; the other was still occu-



pied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the

very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

5. The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together.

6. Cortez himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong, muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm! The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortez was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

7. The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as

if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armor of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers.

8. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived, to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

9. The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone; the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopochtli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore,—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth

monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the *teocalli.*

10. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flames speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of Paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac!

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1. Cavaliers, arquebusiers, missiles, eluding, assailants, aërial, impediment, sacrificial, parapet, battlement, consecrated, precipice, contemporary, unintermitting, invulnerable, sanctuaries, niche, ominous, sanguinary.

2. When was Mexico discovered? Who was Cortez? Who lived in Mexico at the time of this battle? What was their religion? Why were the Mexicans so easily conquered? Do the Spaniards now rule Mexico?

LXV. WISDOM.

1. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

2. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

3. Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life. Get wisdom; get understanding. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

4. Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? She crieth at the gates, at the coming in at the doors. "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.

5. "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance.

6. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; before the mountains were settled, while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.

7. "When he prepared the heavens, I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the depth: when he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment:—then I was by him, as one brought up with him. I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him.

8. "Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. For whoso findeth me findeth life, but he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul."

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1. Merchandise, rubies, abomination, righteousness, commandment, hearken.

2. What is the meaning of *wisdom*? Why is it spoken of as feminine? What is the "merchandise of wisdom"? What is the meaning of "she crieth at the gates, at the coming in at the doors"? "hearken unto me"?

LXVI. AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

1. Autumn's sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

2. Red leaves trailing
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

3. Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

4. From th' unseen land
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland
Winter glides,
Shedding lightness
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

5. Now bright Pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

6. Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground;
Or, a worse ill,
Beg a morsel
At a doorsill,
Like a hound!

7. Storms are trailing;
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing,
At each door.
'Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

1. Moaning, trailing, unpliant, inherit, wailing, vesper.

2. Compare this poem with that by Keats, on page 348. What different characteristics of autumn do they portray? Which poem shows the more imagination? From what direction is winter supposed to come? What is meant by "moon-whiteness fills the tides"? What are the "sparkling measures" of Pleasure?

LXVII. SANCHO PANZA ON HIS ISLAND.

PART I.

1. After the people of his island had received Sancho with due formalities, they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My lord governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and,

by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

2. At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other looking like a tailor with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday—for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of my company; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make me a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, 'Yes,' if it like your worship.

3. "Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but think (and perhaps he thought right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Pr'ythee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave (if it like your worship), going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three. And at last, if it would not make five. I was resolved to humor my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain.

4. "Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but when I asked him for my

money he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it." "Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer. "Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but, pray, let him show the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb as upon so many pins.

5. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge." The sight of the caps and the oddness of the cause set the whole court a laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile; and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

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1. Formalities, ancient, intricate, propounded, estimate, abilities, quoth, pr'ythee, resolved, gaffer, equity.

2. Explain "feeling the pulse of his understanding," "to cabbage some of his cloth." Was the decision a wise one? What is meant by "I smelt him out"? "struck a bargain"?

LXVIII. SANCHO PANZA ON HIS ISLAND.

PART II.

1. If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For, after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me than he labored under when he borrowed it.

2. "However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said that if I lent him so much money he certainly returned it. Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world."

3. "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. "Sir," answered the old

man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money."

4. Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod: this done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that, because, he supposed, the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking for it.

5. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer that, since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied awhile, with his head leaning over his stomach and his forefinger on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

6. When he returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little; I have a use for it." "With all my heart," answered the other; and with that he gave it to him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid." "How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?" "Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done than out dropped the ten crowns.

7. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look upon their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore that he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff—this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct their judgment.

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1. Provoked, inconvenience, pretended, beseech, requires, plaintiff, adversary, obeisance, reflecting, conjecture, destitute.

2. Did the defendant tell the truth? What is a lie? Could the plaintiff have forgotten that he had been paid? Why not?

LXIX. SELECTIONS FROM "PARADISE LOST."

1. EVE'S LAMENT ON LEAVING PARADISE.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? those happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hoped to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?

2. ADAM'S SUBMISSION.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things—by things deemed weak

Subverting worldly-strong and worldly-wise
By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life—
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

3. THE DEPARTURE.

In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

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1. Haunt, respite, visitation, ambrosial, henceforth, providence, subverting, subjected, thronged, solitary.

2. Is this poetry? What makes it poetry? Explain "the respite of that day," "mortal to us both," "early visitation."

LXX. THE LIGHT OF STARS.

1. The night is come, but not too soon;
   And sinking silently,
   All silently, the little moon
   Drops down behind the sky.

2. There is no light in earth or heaven
   But the cold gleam of stars;
   And the first watch of night is given
   To the red planet Mars.

3. And earnest thoughts within me rise
   When I behold afar,
   Suspended in the evening skies,
   The shield of that red star.

4. O star of strength! I see thee stand
   And smile upon my pain;
   Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
   And I am strong again.

5. The star of the unconquered will,
   He rises in my breast,
   Serene, and resolute, and still,
   And calm, and self-possessed.

6. And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
   That readest this brief psalm,
   As one by one thy hopes depart,
   Be resolute and calm!

7. Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

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1. Planet, gleam, suspended, shield, beckonest, unconquered, resolute, self-possessed, sublime.

2. What phase of the moon is referred to in the first stanza? Do the stars shine with their own light? In the second stanza is Mars the morning or the evening star? What color is it? Why are "shield" and "mailed hand" assigned to this star? Who was Mars? What is "a psalm"? Why "readest" instead of "read" in the sixth stanza?

LXXI. PETER THE HERMIT AND THE CRUSADES.

1. In the dark ages there lived in the north of France a small, restless man, Peter by name, who afterward became widely known in history. He served in the army and became an officer, but for some cause, after the death of his wife, chose the life of a hermit. It was the fashion in those days to take trips to Jerusalem on foot to see the places where our Saviour had been and where He was buried. Hermits especially were interested to make this pilgrimage, and Peter went to the Holy Land.

2. When he saw that the city of Jerusalem was

in the hands of infidels, as the followers of Mohammed were called, he was indignant. Christians were allowed to visit the place only because the infidels made money out of them.

3. When Peter returned home he was greatly excited about the manner in which the Christians were treated at Jerusalem. The people to whom he talked thought the Eastern countries very delightful places, almost like Paradise, and their imaginations very soon began to picture the charms of life among the palms and olives in the most brilliant colors.

4. The East was the land of the rising sun; a place of ease and luxury; and each was sure that some of the wealth of which he dreamed would fall to him if he could but get to the enchanted land.

5. From talking, Peter went to preaching, and at last set out to travel all over central Europe, exciting the people to rise up and march against the infidels. He had a peculiar intelligence and fire in his eyes, and a powerful eloquence.

6. As he went forth on his mission he rode upon a mule, wearing a brown mantle that fell to his heels and left his arms and feet bare. He ate little or no bread, and lived on fish and wine. He was one of the most extraordinary men that Europe ever produced. Everywhere his voice acted like



magic. The people who crowded about him were charmed by his glowing words and readily consented to follow him to Palestine.

7. Peter was made commander of the enterprise, and the watchword that he gave them was "God wills it." He ordered all his followers to wear on their breasts a cross made of red stuff, from which they were called Crusaders.

8. No less than a million people joined in the crusade under Peter the Hermit. They made themselves temporarily masters of Jerusalem and of the greater part of the country, but it was chiefly by the management of another leader, Godfrey of France. Five more times all Europe was excited, and thousands upon thousands perished in the pilgrimages and wars; yet all the efforts finally failed, and Jerusalem was never permanently conquered.

9. But the Crusades were, notwithstanding, a great benefit to Europe. Men's ideas were enlarged, and trade was vastly increased by the constant traveling of so many thousands of people. Those, too, who returned home, were more enlightened and polished and better informed. Thus for one hundred and ninety-six years Europe was undergoing this process of civilization and education.

10. Beside these six special crusades, there were two or three minor ones. It is said that, in the year 1212, ninety thousand children set out for Palestine under the command of a child. They

knew so little of geography that they expected to go all the way by land, and were much surprised when they came to the Mediterranean Sea. Not knowing what to do they scattered, and few ever returned to their homes. Thousands starved to death in their wanderings amid strange lands, thousands were shipwrecked, and thousands more were seized and sold as slaves.

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1. Pilgrimage, infidels, brilliant, enchanted, magic, eloquence, enterprise, crusaders, temporarily, enlightened, Mediterranean, conquered, shipwrecked.

2. When were "the dark ages"? Who was Mohammed? What was the object of the Crusades? What benefit was derived from them? Who rules Jerusalem now? Could one go all the way by land from France to Palestine? How did the children know which direction to take to go to Palestine?



LXXII. THE BORROWED UMBRELLA.

1. "That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas! *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows?

2. "Nonsense: you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh! you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella!

3. "There! do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything (the blessed creatures!) sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I won-

der whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; whom, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. "But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow; you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I'll not have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence, at least; sixteen pence! two and eight pence, for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure *you* can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas.

5. "Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and, what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; 'tis you that's the foolish man. You know that I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's

sure to give me a cold: it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

6. "Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. *Needn't I wear 'em, then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir: I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

7. "Oh! that rain! If it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell; but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I'll not borrow an umbrella: no, and you sha'n't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

8. "Ha! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without

one. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh! 'tis all very well for you,—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed! call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

9. "I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want; then you may go to your club and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella. You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt, for what I care; 'tis not so bad as spoiling your clothes. Better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

10. "And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh! don't tell me that I said I *would* go; that's nothing to do with it, nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her; and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

11. "The children, too (dear things!), they'll be sopping wet; for they sha'n't stay at home; they

sha'n't lose their learning; 'tis all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't (you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel), they *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, 'tis not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella."

1. Borrowed, impose, purpose, notions, trapesing, dowdy, nozzle, neglecting, sopping, aggravating.

2. Who is represented as talking in this extract? Of what is she accusing her husband? How was he trying to impose on her? Did he evidently make remarks now and then? Select three places where he probably spoke, and tell what he said? What is the meaning of "cats and dogs"? What are "clogs"?

LXXIII. THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

1. In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner
of the rampant
Unicorn,

And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll
of the drummer
Through the morn!

2. Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

3. Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpeter"
Rang a fierce, discordant meter
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

4. Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white, infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath!
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder
Hurling death!

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1. Regimental, yielding, grenadier, lunging, encampment, rampant, horizontal, amain, cannoneers, villainous, saltpeter, discordant, clangor, brazen, hurling.

2. Who were the Continentals? Who were "the files of the Isles"? What was their banner? Explain "streams flashing redly," "battle-breakers," "red St. George's cannoneers," "rifle-breath."

LXXIV. THE GRAY CHAMPION.

PART I.

1. There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion.

2. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil.

3. At length a rumor reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case,

the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston.

4. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterward, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions.

5. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought

that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart.

6. "O Lord of Hosts!" cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!" This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it.

7. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

8. When at some distance from the multitude the old man turned slowly around, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, and then turned again and resumed his way.

9. "Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires. "Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves. But none could make reply. "Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

10. Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

11. "Stand!" cried he. The eye, the face, and the attitude of command; the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or to be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthu-

siasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

1. Bigoted, annulled, unprincipled, characteristic, concurrence, mercenary, enterprise, emergency, undismayed, extinct, ejaculation, intervening, antique, patriarch, decrepitude, truncheon, worshiped.

2. At what period in our history and in what city is this scene located? What were the causes of the Revolution? Were they worse than the oppression stated in paragraph 2? Who was the Prince of Orange? Were the people of Boston Pilgrims or Puritans? What is meant by "sober garb"? "scriptural form of speech"? "a herald's cry"? "roll of the drum"? What soldiers of Parliament are meant here? Who was their leader? Did he not drive out the "house of Stuart" from England? Had it been restored?

LXXV. THE GRAY CHAMPION.

PART II.

1. The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses

right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

2. "What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you gave all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

3. "Nay, nay; let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

4. "Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

5. "I have stayed the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the

cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of King James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this very night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

6. The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover.

7. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sun had set, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were made prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

8. But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that, while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

9. And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times,

for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green beside the meeting-house at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution.

10. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere it comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

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1. Perceiving, apparition, blenched, encompassed, alternative, dotard, dignitary, vouchsafed, lurid, obscurely, affirmed, abdicated, grandeur, obelisk, hereditary, vindicate.

2. Who were the Round-heads? Why so called? Who was Old Noll? What sentence is referred to in paragraph 9? Is history full of such legends? What does this one teach us?

LXXVI. THE SEA.

1. The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

2. I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

3. I love, oh! how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

4. I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

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1. Bound, regions, billowy, porpoise, dolphins, sighed.

2. Has the sea no bounds? Is the ocean meant here? Explain "plays with the clouds," "drowns the moon," "tame shore," "world below." In what way is the sea "fresh"?

LXXVII. THE SHADOWS.

PART I.

1. Never did such a grotesque assembly reveal itself to mortal eyes. The king had seen all kinds of goblins; but they were quite regular in form compared with the insane lawlessness in which the Shadows rejoiced; and their wildest gambols were



orderly dances of ceremony by the side of the contortions in which the Shadows indulged.

2. "What are you?" said the king, looking about him. "The Shadows, your majesty," answered several voices at once; "the shadows of men and women, and their children." "Are you not shadows of chairs and tables, pokers and tongs, as well?"

3. At this question there was evident agitation, and the one who seemed best able to master his feelings said, "I see your majesty has never thought proper to acquaint himself with our nature and habits." "I wish to do so now," replied the king.

4. "We do not belong to the sunshine at all. It is only in the twilight by the open fire, or when a man or a woman is alone with a single light, or a number are feeling the same thing at once, that we show ourselves or the truth of things."

5. "Can that be true that loves the night?" asked the king. "The darkness is the nurse of the light," answered the Shadow." "Can that be true which mocks at forms?" "Truth rides abroad in shapeless storms," answered the Shadow.

6. "Ha! ha!" thought the king; "it rhymes." And he grew thoughtful as he thought upon what they said. The Shadow was the first to speak. "Please your majesty, may we present our petition?" "By all means," replied the king. "Go on."

7. "Sire," began the Shadow, "our very existence is in danger. The various sorts of artificial

lights, both in houses and in men, women, and children, threaten to end our being. The use and the position of gas lights high in the centers of rooms blind the eyes by which alone we can be perceived. We petition to the king to restore us to our rights in the houses and the hearts of its inhabitants."

8. "But," said the king, "you frighten children." "Very seldom, your majesty, and then only for their good. We seldom seek to frighten anybody. We want to make them more silent and thoughtful; to awe them a little, your majesty."

9. "You are much more likely to make them laugh," said the king. "Are we?" said the Shadow. And, approaching, he stood still for a moment. The king stared, and his lip quivered. He never told what he saw.

10. "The moon is rising, and we must be gone, for we are powerful in the moonlight, and to-night we have much to do. If your majesty will come to our assembly to-morrow night, when we make our reports, you can then judge whether it be fit to accord our petition."

11. "I will come," said the king. Ere the Shadow could reply, the tip of the moon's crescent peeped from behind an icy peak, but its rays fell upon no Shadows, and the king found himself alone.

12. In the dusky twilight of the next day the king awaited the gathering of the Shadows. The

surface of the mountain lake was crowded with a changeful interminglingling of Shadows. The aurora overhead lighted the lake and the sides of the mountain, and gave the colors of a faint rainbow to the forms.

13. The king soon discovered that this was their news exchange, a place to make each other acquainted with their doings and thinkings. As he passed around he heard a great many stories. At some of them he laughed, and at some he cried. He never told them all, but the following are among those that he repeated:

LXXVIII. THE SHADOWS.

PART II.

1. "I made him confess before a week was over," said a gloomy old Shadow. "But what was the good of that?" asked a pert young one; "that could not undo what was done." "Yes, it could; the worse harm was to himself, and he was happier in prison than he was with that secret in his heart."

2. "I caught a drunkard alone over his port, and didn't I frighten him? I made *delirium tremens* first; and then I settled into a funeral passing slowly along the opposite wall. He stared till his face changed from purple to gray, and he took refuge with his wife and children in the drawing-

room. I believe he actually drank a cup of tea; and, though I have looked in often since, I have never caught him drinking again."

3. "Oh, how we played with a musician one night!" exclaimed one of another group, to which the king now drew near. "Up and down we went, like the hammers on his piano. But he took his revenge. For after he had watched us for half an hour in the twilight, he went to his instrument and played a shadow-dance that fixed us all in sound forever.

4. "Each could tell the very notes meant for him, and as long as he played we could not stop, but went on dancing just as the magician—I mean the musician—pleased. He nearly danced us off our legs, and out of shape into heaps of palpitating darkness.

5. "He had been very miserable all day, he was so poor; and we could not think of any way to comfort him but to make him laugh. We did not succeed in that, but it turned out better for him than if we had, for his shadow-dance got him into notice, and he is quite popular now and is making money fast. If he does not take care we shall have other work to do with him by and by, poor fellow!"

6. "I was one of a company that did the same for a play-writer once," said another Shadow. "He

had a Christmas piece to write, and being an original genius it was not so easy for him to find a subject as for some of his class.

7. "I saw the trouble he was in, and, collecting a few stray Shadows, we acted in dumb show the funniest bit of nonsense we could think of, and it was quite successful. The poor fellow watched every motion, and roared with laughter and delight; then he turned it all into words and scenes and actions, and the Christmas drama came off with triumph."

8. "I have done only one thing worth telling since last we met," said a long, thin Shadow; "but I am proud of that." "What was it? what was it?" rose from twenty voices.

9. "I crept into a dining-room one twilight, drawn thither by the glow of a bright fire. At first I thought no one was there, but I soon caught the sparkle of eyes. They belonged to a little boy who lay very still on a sofa. He seemed sad, and did nothing but stare into the fire. At last he sighed out, 'I wish mamma would come home!' 'Poor boy!' thought I, 'there is no help for that but mamma,' but I thought I would try to while away the time for him.

10. "So I stretched a long shadow arm and pretended to make a grab at him. He was a little frightened at first, but, being a brave boy, he soon

saw it was all a joke. When I did it again, he made a clutch at me, and then we had such fun!

11. "At last his mother came, and he rushed to meet her. I was well repaid for my trouble by hearing his mother say to him, 'Why, Charlie dear, you look ever so much better since I left you.' And Charlie answered, 'O mamma! it must be because of the funny shadow that has been playing such games with me all the time you were out!'

12. "'What an imagination the boy has,' she said, as she led him back into the room. She looked at him with tears in her eyes, and before the door closed I heard the sound of a kiss."

13. "I always look for nurseries full of children," said another, "and this winter I have been very successful. One evening, looking about a great city, I saw a nursery where the odious gas had not been lighted. Round the fire sat a company of children, the most delightful I had ever seen. They were waiting for their tea. I hurried away and gathered twenty of the best Shadows I could find, and we danced one of our best dances.

14. "'How thick the shadows are!' said one of the little girls. 'I wonder where they come from,' said a dreamy boy. 'I think they grow out of the walls," said the little girl. 'I have been watching them, and I am sure they grow out of the wall.'"

15. "We have just come from a palace, where we thought to hear glad voices and see royally merry looks. But one mighty Shadow shrouded the place, and deepened till it became darkness itself about the reposing form of a wise, good prince. When we saw him we could move no more, but clung heavily to the walls, and by our stillness added to the sorrow of the hour. When we saw the grief of the mother, we were seized with such a desire to be shadows no more, but winged angels, which are the white shadows cast in heaven from the Light of Light, so as to gather round her and comfort her. We vanished from the walls and floated away over the towers, where we met the angels on their way, and knew that we were not needed."

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16. By this time there was a glimmer of moonlight, and the king began to see other shadows with human eyes and faces. They looked at him, and came near him, but what their eyes said he did not tell.

17. The shapes vanished, and the king, on lifting his eyes, saw but the wall of his own room, on which flickered the shadow of a little child. He looked, and there, sitting on a stool by the fire, was his own little girl waiting to say good night.



1. Grotesque, goblins, gambols, contortions, agitation, acquaint, petition, artificial, quivered, aurora, musician, palpitating.

2. Were these real shadows? What do they represent in men's lives? Can you imagine a thought-shadow? What did the Shadows aim to do? How? Has any bad deed ever cast a shadow that you have seen?

LXXIX. LIFE AND HER CHILDREN.

PART I.

1. I wonder whether it ever occurs to most people to consider how brimful our world is of life, and what a different place it would be if no living thing had ever been upon it?

2. From the time we are born till we die, there is scarcely a waking moment of our lives in which

our eyes do not rest either upon some living thing, or upon things which have once been alive. Even in our rooms, the wood of our furniture could never have been without the action of life; the paper on our walls, the carpet on our floors, the clothes on our back, the cloth upon our table, are all made of material which life has produced for us; nay, the very marble of our mantels is the work of once living animals, and is composed of their broken shells.

3. The air we breathe is full of invisible germs of life; nor need we leave the town and go into the country in search of other living beings than man. There is scarcely a street or an alley where, if it be neglected for a time, some blade of grass or struggling weed does not make its appearance, pushing its way through chinks in the pavement or the mortar in the wall; no spot from which we may not see some insect creeping, or flying, or spinning its web, so long as the hand of man does not destroy it.

4. And when we go into the quiet country, leaving man and his works behind, how actively we find life employed! Covering every inch of the ground with tiny plants, rearing tall trees in the forest, filling the stagnant pools full of eager, restless beings; anywhere, everywhere, life is at work.

5. Look at the little water beetles skimming on the surface of the shady wayside pool, watch the snails feeding on the muddy bank, notice the newts putting their heads above water to take breath, and then remember that, besides these and innumerable other animals visible to the naked eye, the fairy shrimp, and the water flea, and other minute creatures are probaby darting across the pond or floating lazily near its surface; while the very scum which is blown in ridges towards one corner of the pool is made up of microscopic animals and plants.

6. Then, as we pass over plain and valley and mountain, we find creeping things innumerable, both small and great; some hidden in the moss or the thick grass, rolled up in the leaves, boring into the stems and trunks of trees, eating their way underground or even into the strongest rock; while others, such as the lion, the tiger, and the elephant, roaming over Africa and India, rule a world of their own where man counts for very little.

7. Even in our own thickly peopled country, rabbits increase by thousands in their burrows and come out to frolic in the dusk of evening when all is still. The field mice, land and water rats, squirrels, weasels, and badgers have their houses above and below ground, while countless insects swarm everywhere, testifying to the abundance of

life. Not content, moreover, with filling the water and covering the land, this same silent power peoples the atmosphere, where bats, butterflies, bees, and winged insects of all forms, shapes, and colors, fight their way through the ocean of air; while birds, large and small, sail among its invisible waves.

8. And when, by and by, we reach the sea, we find there masses of tangled seaweed, the plants of the salt water, while all along the shores myriads of living creatures are left by the receding tide. In the rocky pools we find active life busily at work. Thousands of acorn shells, many of them scarcely larger than the head of a good-sized pin, cover the rocks and wave their delicate fringes in search of food. Small crabs scramble along, or swim across the pools; sand skippers dart through the water, feeding on the delicate green seaweed, which in turn is covered with minute shells not visible to the naked eye, yet each containing a living being.

9. Wherever we go, living creatures are to be found, and even if we sail away over the deep, silent ocean and seek what is in its depths, there again we find abundance of life, from the large fish and other monsters which glide noiselessly along, lords of the ocean, down to the jelly masses floating on the surface, and the banks of rocky coral built in the midst of the dashing waves.

10. No matter whether there is room for more living forms or not, still they are launched into the world. The little seed, which will be stifled by other plants before it can put forth its leaves, nevertheless thrusts its tiny root into the ground and tries to send up a feeble shoot. Thousands and millions of insects are born into the world every moment which can never live, because there is not food enough for all.

11. Huxley says, "If there were only one single plant in the whole world to-day, and it produced fifty seeds in a year, and could multiply unchecked, its descendants would cover the whole globe in nine years." But, since other plants prevent it from spreading, thousands and thousands of its seeds and young plants must be formed only to perish.

12. "In the same way," says Wallace, "one pair of birds having four young ones each year would, if all their children and descendants lived, and had uniform families of four, produce *two thousand millions* in fifteen years." But, since there is not room enough for them, all but a very few must die.

13. What can be the use of this terrible overcrowding in our little world? Why does this irresistible living breath go on so madly, urging one little being after another into existence? Would it not be better if only enough were born to have plenty of room, and to live comfortably?

14. Wait a while before you decide, and think what every creature needs to keep it alive. Plants, it is true, can live on water and air, but animals cannot; and if there were not myriads of plants to spare, there would not be food enough. Then consider again how many animals live upon each other. If worms, snails, and insects were not over-abundant, how would the birds live? On what would lions, tigers, and wolves feed if other animals were not plentiful? while, on the other hand, if a great number of larger animals did not die and decay, what would the flesh-feeding snails, maggots, and other insects find to eat? For this reason alone there is excuse for the over-abundance which Life thrusts into the world.

15. But there is something deeper to consider. If in each large school every boy had a prize at the end of the half-year, whether he had worked or not, do you think all the boys would work as hard as they do, or learn as well? If every man had all he required, and could live comfortably, and bring up his children to enjoy life without working for it, do you think people would take such trouble to learn trades and professions, and to improve themselves so as to be more able than others? Would they work hard, day and night, to make new inventions, or discover new lands, or be so useful, or learn so much as they do now?

16. No; it is the struggle for life and the necessity for work which make people invent and plan, and improve themselves and things around them. And so it is with plants and animals. Life has to educate all her children, and she does it by giving the prize of success, health, strength, and enjoyment to those who can best fight the battle of existence, and do their work best in the world.

17. Every plant, as well as every animal, has to get its own food and earn its own livelihood, and protect itself from the attacks of others. Would the spider toil so industriously to spin her web if food came to her unsought? Would the caddis worm have learned to build a tube of sand and shells to protect its soft body, or the oyster to take lime from the sea water to form a strong shell for its home, if they had no enemies to struggle against, and needed no protection? Would the bird have learned to build her nest, or the beaver his house, if there had been no need for their industry?

18. But as it is, since the whole world is teeming with life, and countless numbers of seeds and eggs and young beginnings of creatures are only waiting for the chance to fill any vacant nook or corner, every living thing must learn to do its best; and so it comes to pass that the whole planet is used to the best advantage, and Life teaches her children to get all the good out of it that they can.

19. If the ocean be full, some must learn to live upon the land, and so we have, for example, sea snails and land snails; and, whereas the one kind can only breathe by gills in the water, the other breathes air by means of air chambers; while between the two are some marsh snails of the tropics which combine both, and can breathe in both water and air.

20. Then again, while many creatures love the bright light of day, others take advantage of the dark corners of the earth, where room is left for them to live. You can scarcely lift a stone by the seaside without finding some living thing under it, nor turn up a spadeful of dirt without disturbing some little creature which is content to find its home and food in the dark ground. Nay, many animals for whom there is no chance of life on the earth, in the water, or in the air, find a refuge in the bodies of other animals, and feed on them.

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1. Invisible, germs, alley, rearing, stagnant, minute, microscopic, testifying, myriads, replenish, launched, unchecked, existence, unsought, teeming.

2. What is an insect? What are weeds? What is an animal? What is life? Can you see it everywhere? Mention the reasons for the apparent overcrowding in the animal and vegetable kingdoms?

LXXX. NORTH WIND.

1. Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains;
   Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea!
   Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains,
   Draughts of life to me.

2. Clear wind, cold wind, like a northern giant;
   Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
   Thrilling the blank night with thy voice defiant,
   Lo! I meet thee there.

3. Fierce wind, mad wind, howling o'er the nations!
   Knew'st thou how leapeth my heart as thou goest by,
   Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in a sudden patience
   Like a human sigh.

4. Sharp wind, keen wind, cutting as word-arrows,
   Empty thy quiverful! pass by! what is't to thee
   That in some mortal eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
   To one misery?

5. Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains;
Fresh wind, free wind, trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm fountains,
That I hear not thee.

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1. Vials, draughts, threading, defiant, patience, quiverful, misery.

2. In this country what wind is the coldest? Whence does the poet imagine that this wind comes? What kind of "vials" are supposed to renew health? What is meant by "stars threading hair"? What are "word-arrows"?

LXXXI. LIFE AND HER CHILDREN.

PART II.

1. In order that all these animal creations may live, each in its different way, they must have their own particular tools to work with, and weapons with which to defend themselves. How multiform and how ingenious these are!

2. The animal works and fights with its teeth, its claws, its tail, its sting, or its feelers; or it constructs cunning traps by means of material which it gives out from its own body, like the spider. It hides from its enemy by having a shape or color like the rocks or the leaves, the grass or the water,

which surround it. It provides for its young, either by getting food for them or by putting them, even before they come out of the egg, into places where their food is ready for them as soon as they are born.

3. It is clear that both plants and animals are the children of Life. Now let us consider the several different classes of animals. And, *first*, we meet with those simple forms that manage so cleverly to live without any separate parts with which to do their work. Marvelous little beings these, which live and move and grow in ways quite incomprehensible to us. Delicate, frail, and helpless, they are, as it were, but first attempts at the results which life can accomplish. They live and increase in multitudes, but in multitudes also they die or are devoured.

4. Next we pass on to slightly higher forms, of the *second* division of life, in which the members have some simple weapons of defence and attack—the wonderful living sponge, building its numerous canals, which are swept by special scavengers; the traveling jellyfish, with rudiments of eyes and ears, and a benumbing sting; the sea anemones, with their lasso-cells; the wondrous coral builders, —and already we begin to find that the need of defence causes Life to arm her children. They sweep the waters with their tiny arms, and fill the

sea with beautiful, active life. The huge whale is greatly dependent for his nourishment upon the shoals of jellyfish that throng the Arctic Ocean, and many shellfish and other sea animals feed upon them; and beyond their use to others we cannot but think that there is enjoyment in these frail existences, and that from them rises the silent hymn of praise for the gift of life, even if it have its struggles and dangers.

5. The *third* division is a small, yet most curious one, containing the starfish with their countless sucker-feet, the sea urchins with their delicate, sharp spines and curious teeth, and the sea cucumbers with their power of bearing the loss of nearly all their parts and growing them again.

6. The *fourth* division, though starting with creatures almost as simple as the coral builders, takes quite a different line, having for its members the periwinkle, the oyster, the spinning pinna, leaping cockle, clinging limpet, and many others, whose shells were the cherished playthings of our childhood, and ending with huge creatures with green staring eyes, horny beaks, and waving arms, as well provided for their work as the dragon fly among insects or the tiger among beasts.

7. The *fifth* division, starting also by the side of the third and fourth, includes the creeping worms, working in their own peculiar fashion—an

ugly division, yet full of curious forms showing strange habits and ways.

8. The *sixth* is a vast army in four great groups, agreeing chiefly in their jointed feet—the crabs, centipedes, spiders, and six-legged insects. Four fifths of the living beings on our globe belong to this division. In it we have all the strange facts of metamorphosis, the wondrous contrivances and constructions of insect life, and at the head of it those clever societies of wasps, bees, and ants, with laws sometimes even nearer to perfection than those of man himself.

9. *Seventh*, and last, comes the great division of backboned animals, which has struggled side by side with the other six till it has won a position in many respects above them all. Nearly all the animals we know best belong to it—the fishes, toads, and newts, the reptiles, the birds, and the mammalia, including all four-footed animals, as well as whales, seals, monkeys, and man himself.

10. Under these seven divisions are grouped all the living animals as they are spread over the earth to fight the battle of life. Though in many places the battle is fierce, yet it consists chiefly in all the members of the various brigades doing their work in life to the best of their power, so that all, while they live, may lead a healthy, active existence.

11. The little bird is fighting his battle when he

builds his nest and seeks food for his mate and his little ones; and though in so doing he must kill the worm, and may perhaps, by and by, fall a victim himself to the hungry hawk, yet the worm heeds nothing of its danger till its life comes to an end, and the bird trills his merry song after his breakfast without thinking of perils to come.

12. "All are devourers, all in turn devoured,
Yet every unit in the uncounted sum
Of victims has its share of bliss—its pang,
And but a pang, of dissolution; each is happy
Till its moment comes, and then
Its first, last suffering, unforeseen, unfear'd,
Ends with one struggle pain and life forever."

13. So Life sends her children forth. If we could know the thousands of different ways in which the beings around us struggle and live, we should be overwhelmed with wonder. Even as it is we may hope to gain such glimpses as may lead us to wish to fight our own battle bravely, and to work and strive and bear patiently, if only that we may be worthy to stand at the head of the vast family of Life's children.

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1. Feelers, constructs, existence, instincts, fortunately, immense, acquaintance, marvelous, scavengers, benumbing, nourishment, cherished, metamorphosis, contrivances, devourers, overwhelmed, glimpses, multiform, ingenious.

2. What does the bee work with? With what does he defend himself? What is "instinct"? Does all animal life depend for existence on animal food? Into what divisions is animal life separated in this extract? Under which division does man belong?

LXXXII. COLONIAL DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

PART I.

1. The world presents no parallel to the history of New England, based, as it was, on religion, intense, austere, in which God, even in the midst of solitude, seemed all in all.

2. To a religious model, by force or choice, everything in private and public life was made to conform. Religion, politics, fashion, education, and war were close companions. The meetinghouse and the armory and the schoolhouse were often built side by side.

3. The awful responsibility of reasoning for one's self was assumed by its founders, while the idea of the infallibility of the majority led to the persecution of a minority that dared to follow its own reasonings.

4. A courage that shrinks from no danger was too common to be noticed even among women, and the brave mother seldom has a coward son.

5. The moral, intellectual, religious, and political

seed sown in New England was as pure and full of life as ever fell on any soil, and it has borne fruit worthy of its origin.

6. Labor, the endurance of hardships, and constant struggles with the Indians gave the people great muscular strength and sagacity, with quickness of thought and action.

7. By the fireside, in the field or shop,—everywhere, they were constantly discussing the nature of government, the duties of rulers, the doctrine of equal rights, man as an immortal being, and similar topics.

8. The machinery of their government was understood by all. It was founded on the will of the people, and began with the town meeting, in which all local affairs were discussed and decided.

9. In each town the male inhabitants, twenty-one years of age, assembled at least yearly in the meetinghouse or town hall, voted the taxes, elected its officers, which were called selectmen, discussed and settled its public affairs in pure democratic form.

10. At one time there were restrictions to voting based on a property qualification, and, in some parts of New England only members of the church could vote, but, later, the suffrage was practically free to all males of "voting age."

11. As the country became settled, each town chose deputies to a General Court, to agree upon

laws which should govern the towns in matters of common interest.

12. The colonists dressed very simply and in quiet colors, the Puritans especially being opposed to showy clothing. The ordinary dress for men was a frock of some plain color, short in front and very long behind, with large brass buttons in two rows, and sometimes with a shoulder-cape. Lace was often put into the sleeves for Sunday dress.

13. The vest was made of linsey-woolsey. Short clothes came down to the knees, where they were met by long home-made stockings, while the feet were covered with coarse leather shoes set off by enormous buckles.

14. The hair was long and done up in a queue something like a Chinaman's, and often powdered so white that young men seemed to be gray-haired and old. A huge three-cornered hat completed the dress.

15. The gown of the women was made of linsey-woolsey, and reached a little below the knees. Aprons were generally worn. Long worsted stockings, high-heeled shoes with their silver buckles, and a cap from which a long braid of hair seemed escaping down the back made up the general attire.

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1. Parallel, austere, armory, responsibility, infallibility, intellectual, endurance, muscular, sagacity, machinery, qualifications, deputies.

2. In what was the character of the colonist strong? Is it safe to think the majority right? Ought each man be allowed to believe as he pleases? What is meant by a "property qualification"?

LXXXIII. THE RAIN.

1. Like a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Cometh gentle rain;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Swifter now the streams are flowing,
Gladder waves the grain;
Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation;
All around, about, above us,
Things we love and things that love us
Bless the gentle rain.

2. Beautiful and still and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
Comes the quiet rain;
'Tis a fount of joy distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling
With a music low and thrilling,
Swelling to a strain;

Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom;
To her very soul 'tis stealing,
All the springs of life unsealing;
Singing stream and rushing river,
Drink it in, and praise the Giver
Of the blessed rain.

3. Lo! the clouds are slowly parting,
Sudden gleams of light are darting
Through the falling rain;
Bluer now the sky is beaming,
Softer now the light is streaming,
With its shining fringes gleaming
'Mid the golden grain;
Greener now the grass is springing,
Sweeter now the birds are singing,
Clearer now the shout is ringing;
Earth, the purified, rejoices
With her silver-sounding voices,
Sparkling, flashing like a prism,
In the beautiful baptism
Of the blessed rain.

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1. Descending, crystal, inspiration, oblation, distilling, purified, baptism.

2. Compare this poem with Lowell's "Summer Storm," on page 204. Would this meter be as well suited to that? What is "the lyre of earth"? What are "the springs of life"?

LXXXIV. COLONIAL DAYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

PART II.

1. The Puritan's house was as plain as its occupants. The kitchen was the general "living room," and its chief feature was the huge fireplace, which occupied nearly all of one side of the room. The ceiling was low, with its large beams or rafters left conveniently uncovered to serve as a receptacle for pumpkins, ears of corn, herbs, and the thousand and one things which the thrifty housewife hung up for winter use.

2. The walls were whitewashed generally, as paper was scarce and dear. Iron cranes with numerous hooks were fastened in the fireplace, and pots and kettles suspended from them served for boiling or stewing, while the roasting was often done in the ashes or on a spit before the fire.

3. The "Dutch oven" was a large tin box, with the side toward the fire opened, so that the heat could bake the bread or cook anything else exposed on its shelves. Sometimes great ovens, like the baker's oven of to-day, were made in the chimneys, and used when pies and cake and bread were cooked. The best light was a tallow candle, which with its snuffers and candlestick seemed quite ornamental.

4. Nearly all the ware was made of wood, tin, or pewter. The spinning wheel and reel, with a table

or two, a few chairs, and sometimes a quaint, wooden clock nearly reaching the rafters, completed the furnishing of the kitchen.

5. The "best room" was seldom opened except on Sundays or on great occasions, but was used as



a general closet for the entire family. Clothing decorated the walls, chests of drawers contained the sheets, pillowcases, coverlets, and other household treasures, a cupboard proudly displayed the little china or silver, while the few books which made the family library stood on a convenient shelf.

6. In the sleeping rooms the high four-posted bed with its heavy drapery, its soft feather bed and huge pillows, was the main feature.

7. The chief articles of food were beans, fish,

fowl, pork, corn or brown bread, porridge, with beef or game, and plenty of pie, together with garden vegetables.

8. Money was for a long time unknown. Wampum, beaver skins, and even Indian corn were used as a medium of exchange, but generally trade was by barter. It was not until 1652 that Massachusetts began to coin shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each piece had the date, 1652, on one side, with the letters "N. E." On the other side were the figure of a pine tree and the word "Massachusetts."

9. The colonists paid great attention to education, and gladly supported such schools as were within their means. The schoolmaster "boarded round" among the families and received, besides his board, a small compensation.

10. The people were strongly opposed to plays, balls, concerts, and such entertainments, and in many cases passed laws prohibiting them. The two public gatherings were the town meeting and the church service. All were expected to go to church every Sunday and to sit during the long service patiently and wakefully, for the constable or tithingman was always on hand to keep the children quiet and the men and women awake.

11. The men sat in one part of the church, the women in another, and the children together where

they could be easily watched. There were no means of heating the churches, but the women often carried "foot-warmers" of heated bricks or hot water. No musical instruments were used with the singing, and when stoves and violins were first introduced many refused to attend the church service.

12. The punishments were as strange as the crimes. If a man swore, he was put in the stocks or was obliged to stand in a public place with a split stick on his tongue. In case of repeated and flagrant offences, his tongue was bored with a hot iron. If a man shot a fowl on Sunday, he was publicly whipped.

13. A scolding woman was put on the ducking stool and dipped into the water until she was supposed to be cured of her evil habit; or, in milder cases, was placed at her own door, with a gag tied in her mouth.

14. No word could be spoken against the church or the rulers. The offender was placed in the pillory or stocks, or was fined, and in some extreme cases lost his ears. No boy under twenty could use tobacco unless duly granted permission.

15. The minister was the great man of the village. He was looked up to and consulted about nearly everything, and generally settled what punishment should be inflicted on evil doers.

16. Roads were poor and few, and people traveled on horseback when going any distance, or in rude vehicles when the roads were fairly good in and near villages.

17. As the population increased and trade demanded better means of communication, the old-fashioned stagecoach appeared and made trips monthly or oftener as the patronage proved profitable, but it was a long time before turnpikes and good roads made travel pleasant and easy.

18. There were no regular mails. Letters were sent by messengers, or by friends who were going a journey, while the people generally depended for the news on reports that passed slowly from village to village, so that it might be months before the people living inland in New England heard the news from Virginia.

19. But out of these queer ways of living, and these strange customs of the olden time, has come the New England of to-day, with her churches, and schools, and factories, and manufactures, and, above all, her people, worthy of their ancestry and proud of their origin.

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1. Puritan, receptacle, barter, patronage, ancestry, ceiling.

2. What are "short clothes"? Who made the cloth for most of the clothing in those early days? How? What light succeeded the tallow candle?

LXXXV. THE SANDPIPER'S NEST.

1. It was such a pretty nest, and in such a pretty place!

2. One lovely afternoon in May I had been wandering up and down through rocky gorges, by little swampy bits of ground, and on the tops of windy headlands, looking for flowers, and had found many —large blue violets, white violets, creamy and fragrant, gentle little houstonias, and windflowers delicately tinted in blue, straw color, pink, and purple. I never found such in the mainland valleys. The salt sea air deepens the color of all flowers.

3. I stopped by a swamp which the recent rains had turned into a little lake. Light-green ivy leaves cut the water like sharp and slender swords, and in the low sunshine threw long shadows over the shining surface.

4. Some blackbirds were calling sweetly in a clump of bushes, and song-sparrows sung as if they had but one hour in which to crowd the whole rapture of the spring. As I passed through the budding bayberry bushes, to get some milk-white sprays of shadbush which grew by the water-side, I startled three curlews. They flew away, trailing their long legs, and whistling fine and clear.

5. How full the air was of pleasant sounds! The very waves made a glad noise about the rocks. Going on again, I came to the edge of a little

beach, and presently was startled by the sound of such terror and distress that it went to my heart at once. In a moment a poor little sandpiper emerged from the bushes, dragging itself along in such a way that, had you seen it, you would have concluded that nearly every bone in its body had been broken.

6. Its wings dropped, and its legs hung as if almost lifeless. It uttered continually a shrill cry of pain, and kept just out of the reach of my hand, fluttering hither and thither as if wounded and weary.

7. At first I was amazed, and cried out, "Why, what is the matter?" and stood watching it in mute dismay. Suddenly it occurred to me that this was only my sandpiper's way of concealing from me a nest. The object was to make me follow her by pretending that she could not fly, and so lead me away from her treasure.

8. So I stood perfectly still, lest I should tread upon the precious habitation, and quietly observed my deceitful little friend. Her desperate condition grew so comical, when I reflected that it was only affectation, that I could not help laughing long and loud.

9. "Dear Gossip," I called to her, "pray, don't give yourself so much trouble. You might know I wouldn't hurt you or your nest for the world, you most absurd of birds!"

10. As if she understood me, and as if she could not bear to be ridiculed, up she rose at once, strong and graceful, and flew off with a full, round, clear note, delicious to hear.

11. Then I cautiously looked for the nest, and found it close to my feet, near the stem of a stunted bayberry bush. Mrs. Sandpiper had only drawn together a few bayberry leaves, brown and glossy, a pale green lichen, and a twig or two.

12. That was a pretty enough house; for her four eggs, about as large as robin's, were within, and laid evenly with the small ends together, as is the tidy fashion of the Sandpiper family. No wonder I did not see them, for they were pale green like the lichen, with brown spots of the color of the leaves and twigs, and they seemed a part of the ground, with its pale, soft tints.

13. I could not admire them enough, but to relieve my little friend's anxiety I very soon came away, and as I walked I marveled much that so very small a head should contain such an amount of cunning.

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1. Gorges, houstonias, rapture, curlews, emerged, desperate, deceitful, affectation, ridiculed, cautiously, lichen, marveled.

2. Is a crow a black bird? Did you know that birds often pretend to be hurt, in order to draw one away from their nests? How are eggs generally placed in birds' nests? Does *ie* ever follow *c* in a word?

LXXXVI. JOHN HOWIESON.

1. The old town of Stirling, grandly situated on an eminence near the river Forth, contains nothing of remarkable interest except Stirling Castle, which is now kept as a fortress, but was once a favorite royal residence.

2. There is a narrow road leading down the precipice behind the castle and called Ballangeich, which in Gaelic means "windy pass."

3. King James the Fifth used to pass out by this way when he went on secret expeditions in disguise, as he was fond of doing,—and he took a name from it, calling himself "The Guidman of Ballangeich." He had many amusing adventures in this way, one of which I will relate.

4. On one of these secret and solitary excursions, he was attacked by four or five ruffians on the narrow bridge of Cramond. Being very strong, and a good swordsman, he was able to defend himself for some time against all his enemies, but he received several slight wounds, and his strength was about failing him, when a peasant came running by, and, seeing one man beset by such an unfair number, generously took his part.

5. This peasant was armed only with a flail, but he boldly attacked his assailants, beat upon their shoulders so sturdily, and gave them so sound a thrashing that they were soon glad to take to their



heels. He then took the king into his barn, gave him water and a towel to wash the blood from his hands and face, and afterward walked with him homeward to prevent another attack.

6. Without telling his own rank, the king asked his preserver who he was. The peasant answered that he was John Howieson, a poor bondsman on the farm of Braehead, which belonged to His Majesty. James then asked if there was any wish which he had particularly at heart.

7. "Oh, yes!" replied John; "if I could own the farm I labor on I should be the happiest man in the world,—happier even than the king, with all his riches and glory, for it isn't likely that I should be troubled with so many cares or beset by so many enemies as he." The king sighed at this, and honest John continued, "And, now, if I may be so bold, please tell me who you are."

8. Oh, I'm the Guidman of Ballangeich,—just a poor man, who has a small office in the king's palace; but if you will come to see me next Sunday, I will try to recompense you for your assistance to-day,—at least I can show you the royal apartments."

9. John thanked him heartily, and so they parted. The king did not fail to give orders that his country friend should be admitted when he should ask at the palace gate for the "Guidman of Ballangeich."

10. The peasant came at the time appointed, dressed in his "Sunday's best," and found the Guidman in the same disguise he had worn in his adventure on the bridge of Cramond.

11. James conducted his visitor through the state apartments, and was not a little amused by his simple-hearted astonishment at the splendor and grandeur. At length he asked if he would like to get a peep at the king.

12. "By all means!—if I can do so without offending His Majesty," replied John. "Oh, no fear of that," said James; "'a cat may look at a king,' you know." "But how shall I know his grace from all the great nobles around him? Will he wear his crown?"

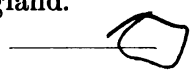
13. "No; but he will wear a hat or bonnet,—all the rest will be bareheaded." He then led his friend into a great hall, filled with noblemen and officers of the court. John looked curiously about him for a moment, and then whispered: "Where is he? where is he? I can't see him."

14. "Didn't I tell you that you would know him by his hat?" "I' faith, then," exclaimed John, "it must be either you or I,—for they are all bareheaded but us two."

15. The king and courtiers laughed heartily at this; and when John Howieson left the palace, it was as the owner of the farm at Braehead, which

he and his descendants were always to possess, on condition that he should ever be ready to present a basin of water and a napkin for the king to wash his hands whenever he should pass the bridge of Cramond or visit Holyrood Palace.

16. This form, in remembrance of the service done his king by John Howieson, was observed by him and his family down to the time of George the Fourth of England.



1. Eminence, precipice, Gaelic, expeditions, disguise, excursions, sturdily, recompense, grandeur, exclaimed, courtiers, descendants.

2. Where is Stirling? What is a "royal residence"? When was James the Fifth king? What is meant by "take to their heels"? Did the king tell the truth? Did men ever wear bonnets? What letter is omitted in "I' faith"? What is a courtier?

LXXXVII. DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

1. Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

2. As man may, he fought the fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!

3. Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!

4. Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

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1. Dirge, foeman, bemocking, mortal, volley.

2. Why should honors be paid to the dead soldier? Explain "roll the drum," "hand of man," "in the clover." What are the rhyming words in the fourth stanza?

LXXXVIII. THE SIMOON.

1. It was about noon, and such a noon as a summer solstice can offer in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result. We turned to inquire of Selim, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word.

2. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Selim, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small black tent, providentially at no great distance in front, and said, "Try to reach that; if we can get there we are saved." He added, "Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;" and then, giving his own beast several vigorous blows, he relapsed into muffled silence.

3. We looked anxiously toward the tent; it was yet a hundred yards off, or more. Meanwhile the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on

every side; while, at the same time, a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom; our camels, too, began, in spite of all that we could do, to turn round and round, and to bend their knees, preparing to lie down. The Simoon was fairly upon us.

4. We had followed our Arab's example by muffling our faces; and now, with blows and kicks, we forced the staggering animals onward to the only asylum within reach. But we were yet in time; and at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison blast had reached us, we were already prostrate, one and all, within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their necks stretched out on the sand awaiting the passing of the gale.

5. On our first arrival the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wady Sirham. When she saw five handsome men rush thus suddenly into her dwelling, without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream to the tune of the four crown pleas, murder, arson, robbery, and I know not what else. Selim hastened to reassure her by calling out, "These are friends," and, without more words, threw himself

flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

6. We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the Simoon had gone by. We got up half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men; and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warning, to step out and look at the camels: they were still lying flat as if they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the Simoon lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

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1. Solstice, scorched, oppressiveness, mutually, relapsed, asylum, concentrated, reassure, atmosphere, obscurity, interrogations, providentially.

2. Where do simoons occur? Where is Arabia? Who was Selim? What beasts of burden are used on deserts? What renders them peculiarly adapted to this use? Why did the Arabs muffle their faces? What is meant by "seemed to draw up like a curtain"? "concentrated poison blast"? "the four crown pleas"?

LXXXIX. COUNTRY LIFE IN EARLY ENGLAND.

1. The rural knight or squire inhabited a huge building, half house, half castle, crowded with servants in homespun blue coats, many of whom were only serviceable in filling up the blank spaces of the mansion, but as these men had been born in his worship's service, it was held as a matter of course that they should live and die in it. The family rose at daybreak, and first of all assembled at prayers, which were read by the chaplain.

2. Then came breakfast, after which the master of the household and his sons got into the saddle and went off to hunt the deer, followed by some score of mounted attendants; while the lady and her daughters superintended the dairy or the buttery, prescribed the day's task for the spinning-wheels, dealt out bread and meat to the poor, and concocted all manner of simples for the sick and infirm of the village.

3. If leisure still remained, the making of confections and preserves was a never-failing resource, independently of spinning or sewing, or perhaps embroidering some battle or hunting piece which had been commenced by the housewives of a preceding generation. At noon dinner was served up in the great hall, the walls of which were plentifully adorned with stag's horns, casques, antique brands, and calivers; and the noisy bell that sent

the note of warning over the country gave also a universal invitation and welcome to the hospitable



board. After dinner, sack or home-brewed October ale occupied the hours until bedtime, at sunset.

4. Such was the ordinary history of a day. When the weather prevented out-door recreation, the family library, some six or eight large tomes, was in requisition, and if the members of the family could read they might while away the hours in perusing these volumes for the twentieth time.

5. In this fashion they derived their knowledge of religion in general from the Bible and the "Practice of Piety," their Protestantism from Fox's "Acts and Monuments," their chivalrous lore from Froissart's "Chronicles" or, perchance, the "Merrie Gests of Robin Hood," their historical erudition from Hall or Holinshed, and their morality and sentiment from the "Seven Wise Masters" or the "Seven Champions of Christendom."

6. Such was the life of an old country gentleman when James succeeded to the crown of England. But these habits, the last relics of the simplicity of the olden time, did not long outlive that event. Tidings of the gay doings at court, and the wonderful good fortune of the royal favorites, reached the ears of the aristocratic rustics, and from that moment rural occupations and village maypoles lost their charm; the young were impatient to repair to the metropolis, and the old were obliged to yield to the prevailing fashion.

7. With all the fierce impetuosity of novices, clod-compelling esquires and well-dowried country

widows rushed into the pleasures and excesses of town life; and this with a rapidity hitherto unknown in England, and at which moralists became giddy, ancient manors tumbled to decay, fortunes that had accumulated for generations vanished, the hereditary estates of centuries became the property of men of yesterday, and the time-honored names of the most ancient families disappeared from the scroll of English heraldry, and soon ceased to be remembered.

1. Serviceable, chaplain, concocted, embroidery, antique, casques, calivers, recreation, tomes, requisition, chivalrous, lore, perchance, erudition, impetuosity, novices, dowried, hereditary, heraldry, scroll.

2. Why was it necessary to have the squire's home "half castle"? Why were books so scarce? Whom did James I. succeed? Why do so many from the country wish to go to the city?

XC. TO AUTUMN.

1. Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run—
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2. Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3. Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

1. Maturing, conspiring, gourd, granary, winnowing, drowsed, oozings, wailful, choir.

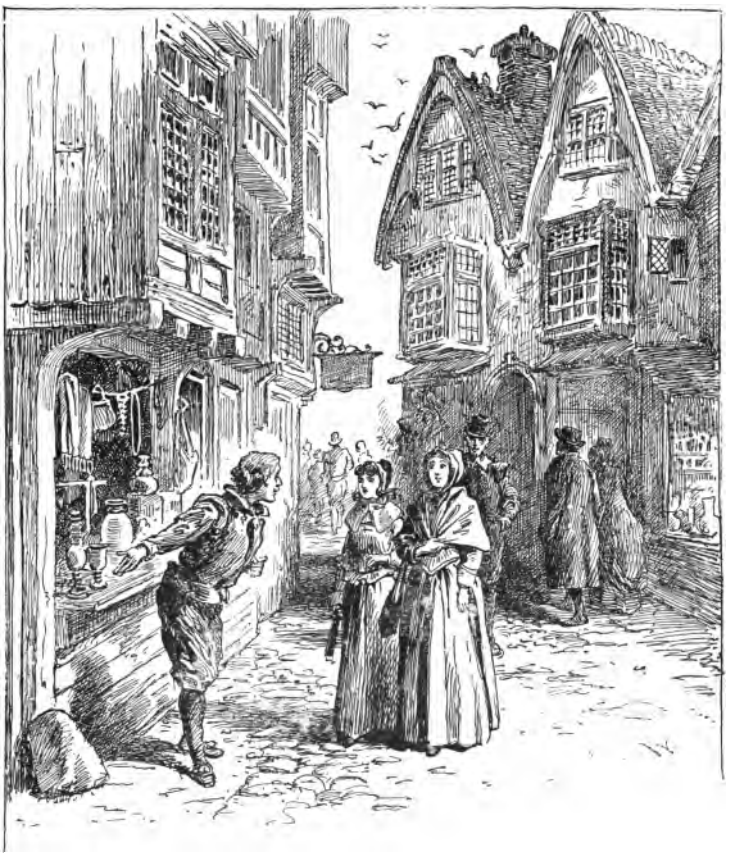
2. Are there four seasons everywhere? Why are the sun and autumn spoken of as friends? How is *wind* pronounced in the fourth line of the second stanza? Why? What is meant by "sound asleep on a half-reaped furrow"?

XCI. TOWN LIFE IN EARLY ENGLAND.

1. As the mercantile community had now acquired a first-rate importance, the peculiar manners of those who bought and sold are worthy of particular attention. The aristocracy still looked down on traffickers with disdain, and elbowed them from the wall.

2. But, in spite of the ridicule of court and theater, the merchants and the shopkeepers went on and prospered. The London shops of the seventeenth century were still little booths or cellars, generally without doors or windows; and in lieu of gilded sign or tempting show-glass, the master took short turns before his door, crying, "What d'ye lack, sir?" "What d'ye lack, madam?" "What d'ye please to

lack?" and then rehearsed a list of commodities in which he dealt.



3. This task, when he became weary, was assumed by his 'prentice, and thus a London street was a Babel of strange sounds by which the wayfarer

was dinned at every step. The articles of a dealer were often of a very heterogeneous description: these were huddled in bales or heaps within the little shop, and in the midst of them might sometimes be seen the wife or daughters of the master, plying the needle or knitting-wires and eying the passing crowd.

4. But although the shops and warehouses of the London traffickers were of such a humble description, the houses were very different; so that even as early as the reign of James, the dwelling of a chief merchant rivaled the palace of a nobleman in the splendor of its furniture, among which cushions and window-pillows of velvet and damask had become common. At the hour of twelve the merchant usually repaired to the Exchange, and again at six in the evening. At nine o'clock the Bow-bell rang, which was a signal for the servants to leave off work, and repair to supper and bed,—"a bell," says Fuller, "which the masters thought rang too soon, and the apprentices too late."

5. It is amusing, however, to observe the jealous distinctions that still prevailed among the different classes. Only a great magnifico or a royal merchant was worthy to prefix Master or Mr. to his name; and if he was addressed as the "worshipful," it was only when a soothing compliment was necessary; but the addition of "gentleman" or "esquire"

would have thrown the whole court into an uproar. Even in such a trifling matter as a light in the dark streets at night the same scrupulous distinctions were observed: the courtiers were lighted with torches, merchants and lawyers with links, and mechanics with lanterns.

6. The elbowing of crowds and the rivers of mud were not the only obstacles to be encountered in the streets of London. If the peaceful pedestrian eschewed a quarrel by universal concession, and gave the wall to every comer, he might still run the risk of being tossed by a half-baited bull, or hugged by a runaway bear.

7. A sudden rush and encountering between the factions of Templars and 'prentices, or of butchers and weavers, might sweep him unawares into the throng of battle, where, although he espoused neither party, he might get well cudgeled by both. If he sought to avoid all these mischances by the expensive protection of a coach, he might suddenly find himself and his vehicle sprawling in the kennel, through the rude wantonness of the mob.

8. In the hatred of everything aristocratic, which took possession of the multitude after the commencement of the civil war, noblemen, when they made their appearance in public, were cursed and reviled, and apt to be mobbed, and several who once belonged to this privileged class were obliged

to set armed guards over their houses, even though they had espoused the parliamentary cause.

9. Such was a day in the metropolis, but the night was confusion worse confounded. After the twilight had deepened into darkness, and the throngs of links and torches had given place to the solitary twinklings of the watchmen's lanterns, Alsatia disgorged its refugees, and the taverns their inmates: the sons of Belial, "flown with insolence and wine," took possession of the lanes and corners of streets; stray passengers were insulted, wounded, and often killed; and the roofs of rich citizens were untiled for the purposes of plunder.

10. A set of midnight ruffians, also peculiar to this period, are described as "persons prodigal, and of great expense, who, having run themselves into debt, were constrained to run into factions to defend themselves from the danger of the law." In such a state of things the sword of justice required to be something more than a metaphor; and a sheriff's officer, in making a civil arrest, had frequently to be backed by a posse of well-armed followers.

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1. Mercantile, community, acquired, aristocracy, traffickers, lieu, rehearsed, commodities, heterogeneous, scrupulous, eschewed, espoused, parliamentary, metropolis, disgorged, roysterers.

2. Who was king of England at this time? In what century was it? How do the present times differ from those times?

XCII. A YOKOHAMA TEA HOUSE.

1. After a long day's shopping, we went to dine, in real Japanese fashion, at a Japanese tea house. The establishment was kept by a very pleasant woman, who received us at the door, and who herself removed our exceedingly dirty boots before allowing us to step upon her clean mats. This was all very well as far as it went; but she might as well have supplied us with some substitute for the objectionable articles, for it was a bitterly cold night, and the polished passages and steep staircases felt very cold to our shoeless feet.

2. The apartment into which we were shown was so exact a type of a room in any Japanese house that I may as well describe it. The woodwork of the roof and the framework of the screens were all made of a handsome, dark, polished wood not unlike walnut. The exterior walls under the verandah, as well as the partitions between the other rooms, were simply wooden lattice screens covered with white paper, and sliding in grooves: so that you could walk in or out at any part of the wall you might wish, and it was in like manner impossible to say whence the next comer would make his appearance.

3. Doors and windows are, by this arrangement, rendered unnecessary and do not exist. You open a bit of your wall if you want to look out, and a bigger bit if you want to step out.

4. The floor was covered with several thicknesses of very fine mats, each about six feet long by three broad, deliciously soft to walk upon. All mats in Japan are of the same size, and everything connected with house building is measured by this standard. When once you have prepared your foundations and woodwork, of the size of so many mats, it is the easiest thing in the world to go to a shop and buy a house ready made, which you can then set up and furnish in the scanty Japanese fashion in a couple of days.

5. On one side of the room was a slightly raised daïs about four inches from the floor. This was the seat of honor. On it had been placed a stool, a little bronze ornament, and a china vase, with a branch of cherry blossoms and a few flag leaves gracefully arranged. On the wall behind hung pictures, which are changed every month and are appropriate to the season of the year. There was no other furniture of any sort in the room.

6. Four nice-looking Japanese girls brought us thick cotton quilts to sit upon, and braziers of burning charcoal to warm ourselves by. In the center of the group another brazier was placed, protected by a square, wooden grating, and over the whole they laid a large silk eiderdown quilt to retain the heat. This is the way in which all rooms are warmed in Japan, and the result is that fires are

of frequent occurrence; the brazier is kicked over by some restless or careless person, and in a moment the whole place is a blaze.

7. The eiderdown and brazier were presently removed, and our dinner was brought in. A little lacquer table, about six inches high, on which were arranged a pair of chopsticks, a basin of soup, a bowl for rice, a *saki* cup, and a basin of hot water, was placed before each person. The four Japanese maidens sat in our midst, with fires to keep the *saki* hot and to light the tiny pipes with which they were provided, and from which they wished us to take a whiff after each dish. *Saki* is a sort of spirit distilled from rice, always drunk hot, out of small cups.

8. The following was the bill of fare:

Soup.
Shrimps and Seaweed.
Prawns, Egg Omelette, and Preserved Grapes.
Fried Fish, Spinach, Young Rushes, and Young Ginger.
Raw Fish, Mustard and Cress, Horseradish, and Soy.
Thick Soup of Eggs, Fish, Mushrooms, and Spinach.
Grilled Fish.
Fried Chicken and Bamboo Shoots.
Turnip Tops and Root Pickled.
Rice ad libitum in a large bowl.
Hot Saki, Pipes, and Tea.

9. Everything was well cooked and served,

though the ingredients of some of the dishes were rather strange to our ideas. Still, all were eatable, and most of them really palatable. We managed very well with chopsticks as a substitute for spoons and forks, the knack of using which to a certain extent is soon acquired.

10. The long intervals between the dishes were beguiled with song, music, and dancing, performed by professional singing and dancing girls. Their music was somewhat harsh and monotonous, but the songs were harmonious and the dancing was graceful. It was rather posturing than dancing, great use being made of the fan and the long trailing skirts. The girls were simple, light-hearted, cheery creatures, who appeared to enjoy immensely the childish games they played among themselves between whiles.

11. After dinner we had some real Japanese tea, tasting exactly like hot water poured on very fragrant new-mown hay. Then, after a brief visit to the kitchen, which, though small, was beautifully clean, we received our boots, and were bowed out by our pleasant hostess and her attentive hand-maidens.

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1. Japanese, establishment, substitute, objectionable, polished, verandah, partitions, rendered, foundations, appropriate, braziers, eiderdown, lacquer, maidens, palatable, acquired, intervals, beguiled, professional, monotonous, posturing, immensely, daïs

2. Where is Japan? Is it an island? What is its government? Through what war did it come prominently before the world? Is it a civilized nation? How do their customs differ from ours? Do they dress like Europeans?

XCIII. THE STREAM OF LIFE.

1. O silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free!
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee;

2. And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

3. O Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief summer, on thy path,
The dews of heaven are shed.

4. Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed
The dust alone remains.

1. Crystal, shrink, glittering, current.

2. What two streams are contrasted in this poem? Explain the contrast. What is meant by "crystal veins"? How long is the "one brief summer"?

XCIV. THE LITTLE DOUGLASS.

PART I.

1. King James did not always show himself so kind and merciful as in the adventure with John Howieson. Though in general, and for those times, a just, wise, and generous monarch, he was in some cases very stern, stubborn, and revengeful. In his early youth he had been wronged and really oppressed by the Douglasses, the most powerful and unruly family in Scotland, and from the time when he made his escape from them and set up as an independent king, he devoted himself to humbling and subduing those enemies of his kingdom.

2. It may have been a great and good work for the people, but it hardened his naturally kind heart, and left in some instances a reproach upon his memory. He seized upon the estates of all the Douglasses, drove them out of the kingdom, and took an oath that he would never employ or show favor to any one who bore the hated name. How well he kept this vow we shall see in the following story:

3. Among the banished Douglasses there was one who had been a great favorite with the king, on account of his manly qualities, his personal strength, and his skill in all warlike exercises. This was Archibald Douglass of Kilspindie. The king used to make much of him on all occasions of hunts and

tournaments, and on his part Archibald was devotedly attached to the king, and never lent his countenance to any plot against him.

4. Notwithstanding, when his great family was disgraced, not even he was excepted, but sternly driven into exile with the rest, King James being resolved to spare not even his friend for whom his heart secretly pleaded. So Archibald of Kilspindie was obliged to seek a refuge in England, where he remained several years.

5. At length, getting to be an old man, and pining to see his dear country once more and the king whom, for all his harshness, he yet loved, he resolved to return to Scotland and make one last attempt to touch his sovereign's heart.

6. He went to Stirling, and one day, when the king was returning from the chase, threw himself in his way. James knew him at a distance, and said, with a smile, "See, yonder is my brave Greysteel!"—a name he had himself given him. But the next moment he remembered his vow and hardened his heart. When he met his old servant he pretended not to recognize him, but put spurs to his horse and rode fast up the hill to his castle.

7. Poor old Archibald wore a heavy coat of mail under his clothes, but his heart so yearned for a reconciliation with his king that he would not let him pass, but ran along by his side and kept up

with him, looking into his face, now and then, with wistful, heart-breaking expression.



8. They soon reached the castle, and James sprang from his horse and hurried in, leaving the

Douglass without word or look. The old man sank at the gate exhausted, and faintly asked for a glass of wine, but the warder gruffly refused him this charitable courtesy, and sent him away. King James afterward reprimanded his servant for such inhospitality, but with little reason. "Like master, like man."

9. The king was the more angry at this attempt to soften his heart because he was conscious that he did wrong in resisting it, and the next day he sent word to old Archibald that he must prepare to go again into exile, this time to France. After this cruel act he went out to amuse himself with hunting. He rode furiously all the afternoon, and said nothing pleasant to anyone.

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1. Stubborn, revengeful, independent, trembling, reproach, tournaments, devotedly, sovereign's, recognize, yearned, reconciliation, courtesy, reprimanded.

2. Was it right to punish a whole race for what one or two had done? What is "a coat of mail?" Why was it worn?

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
  The youth replies, "I can!"

XCV. THE LITTLE DOUGLASS.

PART II.

1. Towards night he got separated from his followers, and finally found himself lost in the deep forest, though he was in fact but a short distance from Stirling. In this strait he was very glad to meet a boy, some eleven or twelve years old, who was picking his way on foot through a rocky glen.

2. "Hold, sirrah!" cried King James, "turn thee, and show me the way to Stirling Castle." The lad paused, and, looking up, showed a proud, handsome face, though now it wore a half-sorrowful, half-sullen expression.

3. "Thou speakest in a lordly style, Sir Huntsman," he replied; "an' thou wert the king himself, thou mightest be a little more courteous,—though, i' faith, 'tis hardly likely thou wouldest be. However, I will guide thee to a spot whence thou canst see the towers of Stirling Castle; 'tis but a little way from here."

4. "Thanks, my brave lad. And now, wilt thou tell me who thou art? Thou hast gentle blood, surely." "I am called Young Archie of Kilspindie, or The Little Douglass," answered the boy, proudly.

5. The king frowned as he replied, "Knowest thou not that that is a dangerous name to own in Scotland? What dost thou here?" "I came from England with my grandfather, who came to

solicit the king's grace, and is banished to France for his pains. I go with him."

6. King James liked the fearless frankness of the lad, and, smiling, asked, "Hast thou ever seen the king thou speakest of?" "No, Sir Knight; nor care I to see him. I like him not." "Why, prithee?" "Because he's a churlish, unprincipled fellow. When my grandfather, who had done him no harm, but good service, humbled himself to come in his way, he forgot that

'A king's face should give grace,'

and made him—a brave old man,—a *Douglass!*—run beside his horse, as I run beside thine; and, when he fainted at his gate, would not let his servants give him a cup of wine."

7. "Nay, nay! I—that is, he—knew nothing of that," exclaimed James. Then, after a moment, he added: "What wouldest thou say if I should tell thee that thou hadst been talking to the king himself?"

8. Archie had already begun to suspect as much, but now he answered bravely, though with a deep blush: "I should say that His Majesty had heard the honest truth for once. But, see!—there is thy castle. Farewell!"

9. "Stay," said James. "I like thy spirit, albeit thy words are somewhat sharp and pert. Come

with me to the castle for a little while; surely thou fearest not to go with thy king?"

10. "No, sire," replied the Little Douglass; "though I have heard say an ancestor of thine invited an ancestor of mine into that same castle, and there slew him with his own hands. I do not fear thee; thou art not treacherous,—thou art only somewhat cruel. I will go with thee."

11. When they arrived at the castle, the king led the way at once to the apartments of the queen—the beautiful Mary of Guise, a French princess—and presented Archie to her, saying, "See, I have brought Your Grace a strange pet,—a saucy page, an unfledged eaglet, a lion's cub,—a young Douglass!"

12. "A *Douglass!*—has not Your Majesty vowed to show favor to no one of that name?" said the queen, casting an admiring glance on the handsome boy.

13. "Ay, but *thou* hast not," replied James. "I give him to thee. He has done me a service, and I am willing that thou shouldst make much of him, for his own and his grandfather's sake. I loved Archibald of Kilspindie once."

14. "Wilt thou stay with me, my bonnie lad?" asked the queen, kindly laying her jeweled hand on the curly head of the boy. Archie was softened to tears by her goodness, and his voice trem-

bled as he answered: "I would fain stay with Your Grace,—not for your royal state, but for your sweet face and gentle voice,—but I must go with my grandfather. I am all he has in the world."

15. "But," said the queen, "he is poor and old, and he must go away into France, which, though a brave, beautiful land, will seem strange and unlovely to thee. Here at my court thou wouldst be at home—thou shouldst have money and servants at thy command, and my kind favor to count upon. Wilt thou stay?"

16. "Alas, I cannot! even if Your Grace could make me prince of the realm. I could not forsake my grandfather," replied the Little Douglass, with noble firmness. And he went out directly into the cold, dark night to seek him,—out into a cold, dreary world with him.

17. He stayed beside him faithfully till the exile died—less of age and infirmities than with home-sickness and a broken heart. Young Archie was left alone in a strange land, poor and friendless,—yet happier than the king of Scotland, who soon after died of fever, brought on by disappointment and remorse, in the very prime of his life.

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1. Sullen, churlish, albeit, treacherous, unfledged, infirmities.

2. In offering to allow the Little Douglass to become the queen's page, did James break his oath?

XCVI. FINALE.

1. The play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall aid you play;
Good night!—with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

2. Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men—
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

3. I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

4. And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

5. So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

6. A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

PART II.

CONTAINING celebrated poems which have become familiar to most readers, and which are so valuable as to demand a place in every acceptable series.

XCVII. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1. The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
   The waves that brought them o'er
   Still roll in the bay and throw their spray,
   As they break along the shore;
   Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day,
   When the Mayflower moored below,—
   When the sea around was black with storms,
   And white the shore with snow.

2. The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
   Still brood upon the tide;
   And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
   To stay its waves of pride.
   But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
   When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
   As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
   Is seen and then withdrawn.

3. The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
   The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now;
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

4. The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

5. The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

XCVIII. OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

XCIX. WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

1. What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Nor bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

2. No! Men,—high-minded men,
With power as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

3. These constitute a State;
And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes, elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

4. Such was this Heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

C. HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

CI. MARCO BOZZARIS.

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore the monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

3. An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

4. They fought like brave men, long and well;
   They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
   They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
   Bleeding at every vein.
   His few surviving comrades saw
   His smile when rang the proud hurrah,
   And the red field was won;
   Then saw, in death, his eyelids close
   Calmly, as to a night's repose,
   Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
   Come to the mother's when she feels,
   For the first time, her firstborn's breath;
   Come when the blessed seals
   That close the pestilence are broke,
   And crowded cities wail its stroke;
   Come in consumption's ghastly form,
   The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
   Come when the heart beats high and warm,
   With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
   And thou art terrible!—the tear,
   The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
   And all we know, or dream, or fear
   Of agony are thine.

6. But to the hero, when his sword
   Has won the battle for the free,
   Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
   And in its hollow tones are heard
   The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal, names
That were not born to die.

CII. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1. Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;—
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3. And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion



A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made, and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CIII. HALLOWED GROUND.

1. What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant should not be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

2. What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

3. But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

4. Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

5. Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

6. And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

7. Peace, love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

8. What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

CIV. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

1. Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we knew, by the distant random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,—
But left him alone in his glory.

CV. THE DIVER.

1. "Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

2. He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Twirled into the maëlstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

3. All the knights and the squires heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

4. As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

5. The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

* * * * * *

6. And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!
Steering stalwart and shoreward. Oh, joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

7. And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—"Long life to the King!

8. "Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice,
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

9. "Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

10. "From the deep, then, I called upon God, and He heard me;
In the dread of my need He vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me by,
And, lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless!

11. "Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

12. "Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast—

Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed—
And, with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

13. "Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

14. On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled: quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

15. Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

16. The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And, whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

17. And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

18. They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

CVI. THE RISING.

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

2. And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

3. The yeoman and the yeoman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint,
Renewed the polish of each gun,
Re-oiled the lock, reset the flint;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended breath,
The lead into the molds of death.

4. The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft
By some unhallowed earthly stain;
But under the celestial bound
No nobler picture can be found
Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need:
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

5. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood:
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.
How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk—
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!

Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

6. The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

7. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

8. A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon a tyrant foe:
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

9. And now before the open door—
The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

10. "Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I."

CVII. INDEPENDENCE BELL.

1. There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

2. As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

3. "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O God, grant they won't refuse!"

"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!"—"Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men."

4. So they beat against the portal—
Man and woman, maid and child,—
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

5. Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

6. See! oh, see! the dense crowd quivers
All along its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

7. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
While the boy cries joyously,—
"Ring!" he shouts aloud; "ring! grandpa!
Ring! oh ring for Liberty!"



Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,

And peals forth the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

8. How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Now disturbed the night's repose!
From the flames, like fabled phœnix,
Beauteous Liberty arose!

9. That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living,—ever young.
While we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die!

CVIII. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15. Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

16. Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove—
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;

Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere—
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

32. No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

CIX. A PSALM OF LIFE.

1. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2. Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

4. Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

5. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

6. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

7. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

8. Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

9. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.



CX. HOHENLINDEN.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

5. But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

CXI. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

1. By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

2. These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:



Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

3. From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

4. So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

5. So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

CXII. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

2. "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

3. "Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

4. "O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

5. "But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

6. "Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags;
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

7. "Work—work—work—
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!

8. "Work—work—work
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright!—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!

For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

10. "Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

CXIII. THE SHIP OF STATE.

1. Sail on, sail on! O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope—
What anvils rung, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

2. Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

CXIV. DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

1. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand!"

2. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

3. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And "This to me!" he said,—
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.

4. "And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

5. On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

6. Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

7. The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim.
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

CXV. THE NEW YEAR.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

PRACTICE-SPELLING.

ab dō′men
à bŭnd′ançe
ăc′çi dent
ac com′pan ĭed
ăc′eu rà çў
ac cūse′
à chiēveş′
ac quāint′
ac quīred′
ac quĭt′ted
ad jā′çent
à droit′ness
ad vĕr′sĭ tў
a ē′rĭ al
af fĕc′tionş
à ghàst′
aīsle
al le′gĭ ançe
am bĭ′tion
à năl′ў sis
ăn′arch ў
ān′cient
an tĭç′i pate
an tïque′
anx ī′e tў
ap pâr′ent
ap pēar′ançe
ar rāng′ing
är′tēr ieş
är tĭ fĭ′cial
as çend′
as çent′
as çĕr tāined′
as sāil′ants
as săş′sin
ăs sō′çĭ ate

à sў′lum
at′mōs phēre
at′trĭ bute
au′dĭ ble
aught
au spĭ′cioŭs
au′to gràph
ăv′à lănche
ăv′à rĭçe
băf′fled
bāil
băn′k rŭpt
băn′quet
bāss
beech
be guīled′
bĕrth
be seech′
be siēged′
bĭg′ot ed
bŏmb′shell
brĕd
bre viēr′
brĭl′lian çў
bru nĕtte′
buoy′ant
bûr lĕsque′
ca lăm′ĭ tĭeş
căñ′on
căp′ĭ tol
ca prĭçe′
cär′tĭ lage
caus′tic
cau′tioŭs lў
çēde
çe les′tial

çĕr′e mo nў
chā′ŏs
chăp′laĭn
chăr ac tēr ĭs′tics
chăsmş
choir
chôrd
chrŏn′ĭ cleş
çĭr′cū lar
çĭr cum′fĕr ence
çīte
çĭ vĭl′ĭ ty
çĭv ĭl ĭ zā′tion
çĭv′il īzed
claușe
clĕaușed
clĕm′en çў
colo′nel
cŏm′ment
com mĕr′cial
cŏm mĭt′tee
com mō′tion
com mū′nĭ tў
cŏm′pà rà ble
com pēte′
cŏm′ple ments
cŏm plĕx′ion
cŏm pre hĕnd′
cŏm pre hĕn′siòn
cŏn′çen trā ted
cŏn clū′sion
cŏn′cōurse
con fĕd′e rate
cŏn′quĕr or
cŏn sçĭ ĕn′tioŭs
con tĕnt′ment

con tĭn′ue
con tŏr′tions
cŏn trā dĭct′
con vēn′ient
co quĕtte′
co quĕt′tish
cŏr′dial
cŏr′po ral
coun′çil
coûr′teoŭs
coûr′te sў
cowed
crĕd′ĭ ble
crĕv′i çes
crĭt′ĭ çĭsm
crўs′tal
cŭlt′ure
cŭ′po lā
cū rĭ ŏs′ĭ tў
cŭr′rant
cŭr′ren çў
cûr′rent
daunt′ed
de çēase′
de çĭs′ion
de fied′
de file′
dĕf′ĭ nĭte
dĕf i nĭ′tion
de lĭ′cioŭs
de lĭn′quent
dĕp′ū tĭes
de scĕnd′ants
de scrībe′
dĕs ig nā′tion
dĕs′pēr ate
des sĕrt′
dĕs′tĭ tūte
de vour′
dĭ lāt′ed
dĭph′thong
dĭş ăs′troŭs
dĭs′çĭ plĭne
dis crēet′lў
dis crĕ′tion
diş ēase′
dis guīse′
dĭs po sĭ′tion
diş sŏlve′
dis tĭnct′
dis tĭn′guĭshed
do mĭn′ion
draught
drought
e co nŏm′ie al
ĕc′sta sў
e las tĭç′ĭ tў
em broid′er
ĕm′ĭ grants
ĕm′ĭ nençe
en coun′tered
en cŭm′bered
en dūre′
e quăl′ĭ tў
e quā tō′rĭ al
e quĭpped′
ĕq′uĭ tў
es pē′cial lў
es sĕn′tial
ĕst′ū a rў
ĕt′ĭ quĕtte′
ĕv′ĭ dençe
ex clāim′
ex clū′sive
ex cūr′sion
ex haust′
ex hôrt′
ex pe dĭ′tioŭs
ex pē′rĭ enced
ex plained′
ex pla nā′tion
ex plĭç′it
ex prĕs′sion
ĕx′quĭ sĭte
ĕx′tant
ex tĭnct′
ex traôr′dĭ na rў
fa çĭl′ĭ tў
fā′kīr
fa mĭl′iar
fa tīgue′
feigned
fe lĭç′ĭ tў
fŏr′a ġer
fŏr′eĭgn ērş
foun dā′tionş
frăġ′ile
frē′quent lў
fụl fĭll′ment
fu nē′re al
găl′ler ĭeş
gāuġe
ġe ŏl′o ġў
ġôr′ġeoŭs
ğuăr an tee′
ğuīd′ançe
gŭn′wale
grănd′eŭr
griēv′oŭs
ġym nā′sĭ um
ġўm năs′tie
ha bĭl′ĭ ment
hās′tened
hąugh′tĭ lў
hăunt
hōrde
hŏs′pĭ ta ble

hŏs′tler
hў pŏe′rĭ sў
ĭd′ĭ ȯm
im ăġ′in a rў
ĭm′be ç̆ĭle
im mĕas′ur a ble
im mērsed′
im mȯr′tal īze
im pĕt′u oŭs
im pŏs′tor
in çĕs′sant
in elōg′ureg
in eom plēte′
ĭn con vēn′ient
in dŭs′trĭ oŭs lў
in ex pē′rĭ ençed
ĭn fĭ nĭte
in ġēn′ioŭs
in hĕr′it
in ĭq′ui tў
in ĭ′tial
ĭn′no çençe
in quĭş′ĭ tĭve
in serĭp′tion
in spīred′
in tĕrred′
in trĭgue′
in trĭn′sic
in vĭs′ĭ ble
ir rĕg′ū lar
jŭ′ve nĭle
lăb′ў rĭnth
lăç′ĕr āte
lăn′guaġe
laud′a ble
lau′da num
läunched
lăx
lĕġ′end a rў
lēig′ure lў
liēn
lĭt′ēr a rў
lŭx ū′rĭ ant
măl′ĭçe
mȧ raud′ēr
mär′tial
mär′tўr
mär′vel oŭs
măs′sa cre
ma tūr′ing
me ehăn′ie al
mēn′iȧl
mĕn su rā′tion
mēr′ean tĭle
mēr′çe na rў
mĕr i tō′rĭ oŭs
mĭ gnon ĕtte′
mĭn′ĭ a tūre
mĭn′ute
mĭ răe′ū loŭs
mĭs′çel lā nў
mĭs′sĭleg
mĭs′sion a rў
mĭxt′ūre
mȯr′tĭ fў
mus′eū lar
mūt′ū al lў
mў r′ĭ ad
mўs tē′rĭ oŭs
năr′ra tĭve
nĕḡ′a tĭve
ne ḡō′ti āte
nĭche
nŏm′ĭ nal
nŏtched
noûr′ish ment
o bei′sançe
ob jĕc′tion a ble
ob lĭque′
ob seūre′lў
ŏb′vĭ oŭs
oe eā′sion
ŏm′in oŭs
o rĭġ′ĭ nal lў
out rā′ġeoŭs
ŏx′ў ġen
păl′a ta ble
păn′to mīme
păr′al lel
păr lĭa mĕnt′a rў
păr′tĭ ele
par tĭ′tiong
pĕaş′ant
pe eūl′iar
pĕn′ançe
pēr çēive
pēr plĕxed′
pēr suād′ed
pe tĭ′tion
phўg′ĭe al
phўs ĭ ŏl′o ġў
piēr
poi′gon
pōreg
pōur
pre eā′rĭ oŭs
pre eąu′tion
prē′çepts
prĕç′ĭ pĭçe
pre çīse′
prĕj′u dĭçe
prĕp a rā′tion
prĕs′sure
prĭn′çĭ pleg
pro çeed′ed
prō′çeedg
pro çĕs′sion

pro dĭġ'ioŭs
prŏm'ĭ nent
quål ĭ fĭ ēā'tions
quay
queue
quōt'ed
rāze
rĕc'og nized
rĕc'om pense
rec on cĭl ĭ ā'tion
re doubt'
rē'gions
re lăpsed'
re pâired'
re priēve'
re prōach'
re pŭl'sĭve
re quīre'
rĕq uĭ si'tion
re sĕm'bled
rĕs'plte
re spŏn sĭ bĭl'ĭ tў
rĕv'eled
rĕv'e nūe
rhўthm
rĭd'ĭ cūled
rĭ dĭc'u loŭs
rīght
săc'rĭ fīç ing
så găç'ĭ tў
săn-c'tion
săn'guĭ na rў
săn'guĭne
scāthed
sçĕnt
sçĕp'tĕr
sçĭm'ĭ tar
scôrched
scrū'pū loŭs
scŭlp'tūre
sĕarched
sĕrf
ser'ġeant
sĕr'vĭçe a ble
shăck'lĕş
shiēld
shroud
sĭġ'nĭ fīeş
sim plĭc'ĭ tў
sīte
slăck'ened
slaugh'ter
slight
sō'cial lў
so lĭç'ĭt oŭs
sŏm'ber
sōul
spĕc'ta cle
spec tā'tor
stăn'chion
stòm'achs
strŭc'tūre
stū'pe fīed
stўle
sub dū'ing
sub sīd'ing
sub stăn'tial
sub'stĭ tūte
sŭb'tĭle
suc çĕs'sĭve
sŭmp'tū oŭs
su pēr sēde'
sŭp'plē ment
sus çĕp'tĭ ble
sus pĭ'cioŭs
sus tāin'ed
sўn'od
sўm'pa thў
sўm'me trў
sўs'tem
thrĕat'en ing
tŏn'ic
trà dĭ'tion
trăn-quĭl
trans ăc'tion
trans pâr'ent
trans pīred'
trĕach'ĕr oŭs
trĭb'ūte
trō'phў
tûr'moil
twĭst'ed
un çĕr'tain tĭeş
un cŏn-quĕred
u nïque'
ū'nĭ vĕrse
un prĭn'çĭ pled
u şûrp'
ū'su rў
văc'ū ŭm
văl'iant
vā'rĭ e ġā ted
va rī'e tў
vē'he ment
vĕn'ĕr āte
vĕnt'ur oŭs
ve răç'ĭ tў
vĕr'dant
vic tō'rĭ oŭs
view'less
voy'aġe
wāist'coat
wär'rant
wĕap'on
wrĭnk'led
yōlk
zĕal'oŭs

TEACHER'S NOTES.

In order to continue class work most successfully, teachers must know what work has been done. As this series is carefully graded, the previous books should be studied and understood by the teachers of the Fourth Reader, and then the work can be easily continued as needed. If the previous grades have been carelessly taught, the Tables should receive considerable attention. While the best time for drill on sound is early in the course, if it has been neglected this grade is the place for a good teacher to remedy defects; and, in order to insure this, the complete Tables are again given here, together with the Exercises, which are invaluable for those who know how to use them.

Take the Third Reader. Make a list of questions and exercises on any lesson in it, covering the points under "A Talk with the Boys and Girls," pages vii., viii., and ix. Test the class with this, and check the points on which they have not been thoroughly drilled. Continue the work on these points in the Fourth Reader as long as necessary, in addition to the work laid down with each lesson. Give regular and close drill on the Introductory Matter. It is valuable and cannot be too well understood.

PART I.—Lesson I. In each lesson do all you think proper to fix the author and his characteristics in the pupil's mind. "M. Quad" is an American newspaper writer. His real name is Charles J. Lewis. His specialty seems to be in portraying that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Show how human sympathy is universal. We are all touched by suffering. Example is often followed, whether for good or bad.

Lesson II. Be sure that pupils understand the prose-thought of each poem. Then it will be easier to impress them with the additional force and beauty of the poetic form, and with the reasons for the great variety of style and meter. To assist in this, a study of authors is given in the Fifth Reader; but, whenever possible, some edition of the best authors should be continually at hand for reference and to interest pupils in standard books.

Lesson III. The effect of imagination is well shown in this sketch.

Lesson IV. Heroes and heroines are always attractive, and doubly so when connected with our country's peril. Encourage the class to collect such incidents from different epochs of our history.

Lesson V. It is a good exercise to compare poems by different au-

thors on the same subjects, and thus get a more comprehensive idea of the thought and forms of expression.

Lesson VI. The prose and poetical way of looking at anything can be illustrated from this poem and from real life.

Lessons VIII. and IX. Pupils are far enough advanced in this Reader to begin a comparison of literary styles and kinds of composition. Story, declamation, history, essay, etc., each needs its own form of expression, and, at least, each lesson should be assigned to its own class. Under what class should these lessons be placed?

Lesson X. This lesson should be taken as a basis for a study of useful things. (See also Lesson XXXIV.)

Lessons XII., XXI., XXX., XLIII., LIII., LIV., LXXIII., LXXIV., LXXV., LXXXII., LXXXIV., and the patriotic poems in Part II., should be specially impressed on students to interest them in, and make them proud of, their country, as well as to give them a good idea of its past and present.

Lessons XIV., XXXVII., LXXIX., LXXXI., LXXXV., etc., are intended to interest pupils in Nature. The wonderful things they can all see and know are too often hidden from them. Dwell on the habits of common creatures, and encourage original research by each pupil.

Lessons XVIII., XIX., XXXV., XCII., etc., are to be used to lead pupils to know the variety of climate, scenery, habits, and productions of various countries.

Lessons XXII., XXIII. and XXIV. The heroism of the ancient Jews, their sublime faith, their desperate courage, and their influence over other nations, are too little understood to-day. These lessons not only illustrate this, but show the great changes that have taken place in warfare.

Lessons XXVII. and XXVIII. Dwell on Burritt's life and example. Education can be gained by anybody who wills it. The right use of time will give good results. Little by little the body and mind grow.

Lesson XXXVIII. Dickens always had an object in his stories. He pictured life as he saw it,—somewhat overdrawn, perhaps, but real life. Select other extracts from this novel, and read them to the class.

Lessons XL. and XLI. This story is said to be true. At least it shows truthfully the instinctive affection animals have for those who love them.

Lesson XLV. Human nature is always the same. Plutarch's stories of the Greeks and Romans picture the same instincts and desires that are common now, only differently clothed.

Lessons XLVII., LXVII., and LXVIII. It is hardly to be expected that these extracts will be fully understood at first. The object of Cervantes' celebrated book should be explained, the habits and customs of men when it appeared, and enough of the story told to make this intelligible and interesting.

Lesson XLVIII. These strange legends have a common origin. Nearly every nation has similar myths, but few are more elaborate and complete than Rip Van Winkle.

Lesson L. When we criticise others they may be treating us in the same way. The dress and habits of different nations seem good to themselves, although strange to others. Even those of the same nation change rapidly.

Lessons LV. and LVI. Education in England, in the time of Dickens, was almost worthless excepting in the higher schools. This picture is a fair criticism of the common methods then in vogue.

Lesson LVIII. This beautiful lesson is full of instruction. Its style and thought should be studied, illustrated, and understood.

Lessons LX. and LXI. The popularity of Poor Richard's sayings rests on their teaching everybody in a pleasant, jovial, yet forcible, way. In these lessons make as many personal applications as you can of the proverbs.

Lesson LXIV. Talk of the times when this happened, the people who lived in Mexico, the various modes of battle, the changes there and here before and since our war with Mexico.

Lesson LXXI. If you have sketches of other crusades, their causes and results, tell them briefly to the class. Compare the different ones.

Lesson LXXII. This is one of the Caudle Lectures. They were intended as a lesson to scolding wives, but perhaps contain many a sly hit at husbands who give cause for scolding.

Lessons LXXVII. and LXXVIII. Thought-shadows are often effective in results. This extract deserves much study. The play of the shadows in human life may be as real as shadows on the wall.

Lessons LXXXIX. and XCI. Civilization has made great changes in the manner of living, and in the relative positions of the various classes. A study of life, then and now, is full of interest and instruction. Make such comparisons as pupils will appreciate.

PART II.—Great care has been taken here to give favorite selections that cultivate a love of country. It is said that few Americans can repeat more than one stanza of our National Hymn. If you can increase your pupils' knowledge of, and love for, our land while teaching them to read well, you will carry out the author's idea in these selections

TABLE OF PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

PREFIX.	ADJECTIVE.	MEANING.	PREFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
un-	*un* truth'ful	*not* truthful.	**a-**	*a* rise'	to rise *from.*
in-	*in* act'ive	" active.	**ab-**	*ab* solve'	to free "
dis-	*dis* sim'i lar	" similar.	**de-**	*de* cry'	to cry *down.*

PREFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.	PREFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
fore-	*fore* tell'	tell *before.*	**af-**	*af* fix'	to fix *to.*
ante-	*ante* date'	date "	**ad-**	*ad* join'	to join *to.*
pre-	*pre* oc'cu py	occupy "	**at-**	*at* tach'	to fasten *to.*

SUFFIX.	NOUN.	MEANING.	SUFFIX.	NOUN.	MEANING.
-er	bak'*er*	*one who* bakes.	**-ness**	dark'*ness*	*being* dark.
-or	sail'*or*	" sails.	**-dom**	free'*dom*	" free.
-ar	beg'*gar*	" begs.	**-ship**	clerk'*ship*	" a clerk.
-eer	auc tion *eer'*	" auctions.	**-ty**	safe'*ty*	" safe.

SUFFIX.	ADJECTIVE.	MEANING.	SUFFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
-ful	fruit'*ful*	*full of* fruit.	**-fy**	pu'ri *fy*	*to make* pure.
-y	grass'*y*	" grass.	**-en**	hard'*en*	" hard.
-ous	dan'ger *ous*	" danger.	**-ize**	fer'til *ize*	" fertile.

Prefixes: UN-, IN-, (IG-, IL-, IM-, IR-,) with adjectives or adverbs, and NON-, DIS-, DI-, DIF-, mean *not* or *opposite to.* ANT-, ANTI-, COUNTER-, CONTRA-, CONTRO-, mean *against* or *opposite to.* AD-, (AC-, AF-, AG-, AL-, AN-, AP-, AR-, AT-, AS-,) mean *to.* BENE- means *good* or *well;* BI-, *two;* BIS-, *twice;* UNI- and MONO-, *single* or *one;* MULTI- and POLY-, *many;* OMNI- and PAN-, *all;* TRI-, *three;* HEMI- and SEMI-, *half;* CIRCUM-, *around* or *about;* SUB-, (SUF-, SUC-, SUP-, SUG-, SUS-,) *under, after, up;* SUPER-, SUPRA-, SUR-, *above, over;* TRANS-, *across;* ULTRA-, *over, beyond;* INTER-, *among, between;* INTRO-, *within, into, in;* CON-, (CO-, COG-, COL-, COM-, COR-,) and SYN-, (SYL-, SYM-,) *with, together;* E-, EX-, (EC-, EF-), *out of, from.*

Suffixes: -LESS means *without;* -ABLE, -IBLE, *may* or *can be;* -MENT, -AGE, -ANCE, -ANCY, -ENCE, -ENCY, -ION, -URE, *the act of, being, office, state or quality of being, or place;* -AN, -AR, -ARD, -ER, -IAN, -ITE, -OR, -EER, -NER, -STER, -YER, -ZEN, *one who, skilled in, pertaining to;* -CLE, -ICLE, -ET, ETTE, -LET, -KIN, -LING, -ULE, -CULE, *little, young, dear;* -AC, -AL, -ARY, -IC, -ILE, -ID, INE, *like, pertaining to* (in adjectives), *the art of, one who, act of, place* (in nouns).

NOTE.—The last letter of a prefix is sometimes omitted or changed to a letter whose sound, taken with the initial sound of the word, will be pleasing to the ear. These changes are shown in parentheses.



